Oct. 14, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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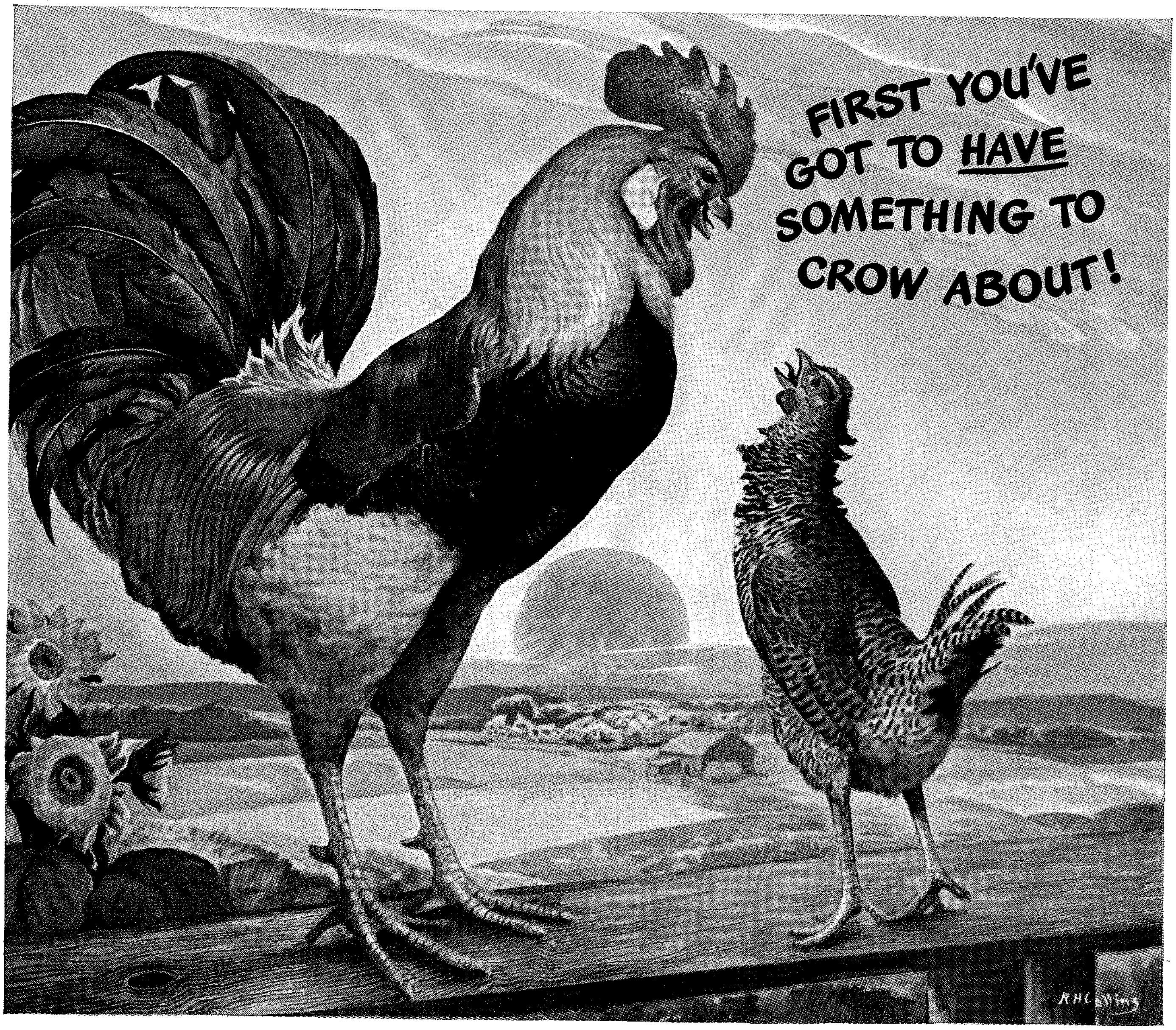
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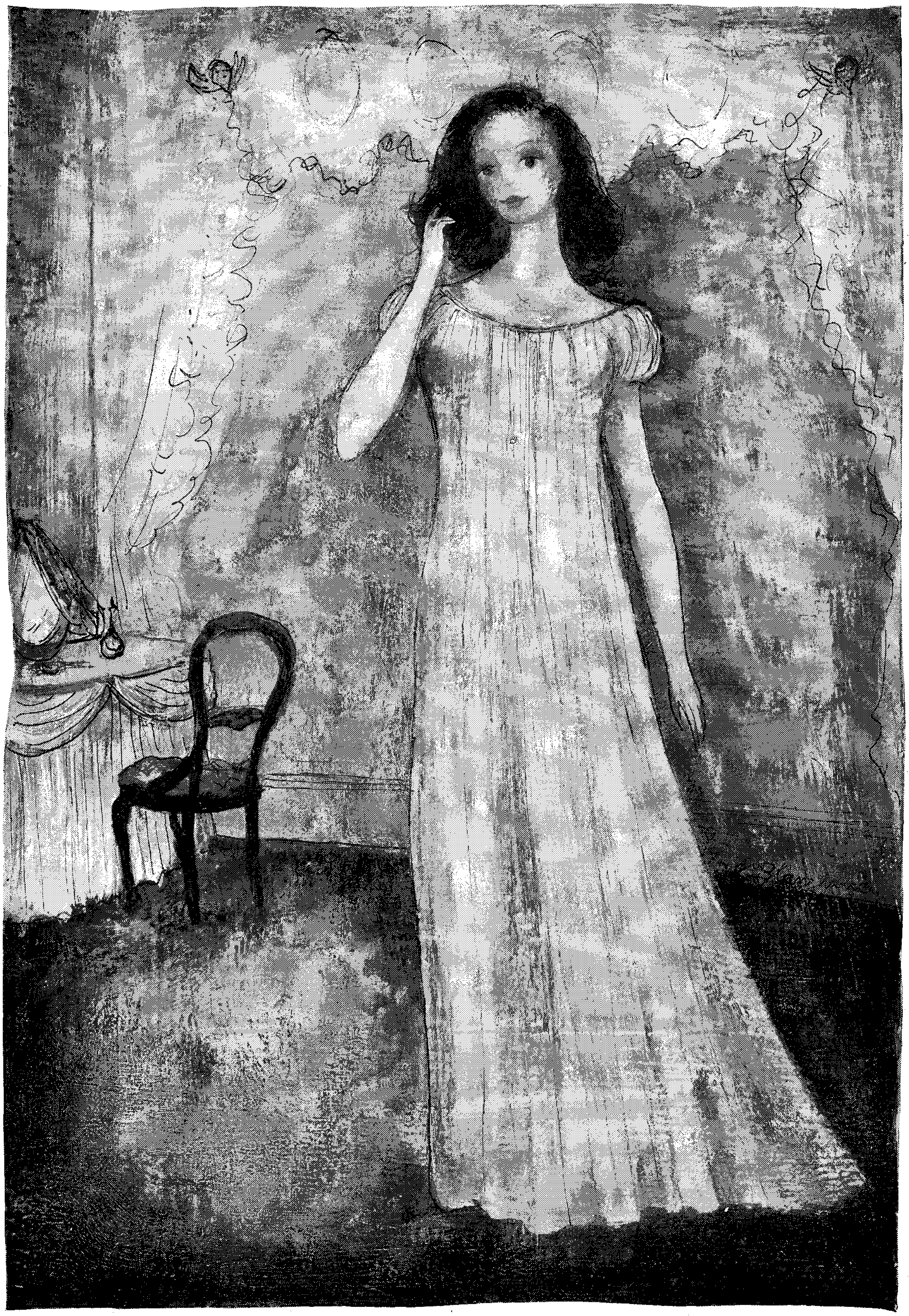

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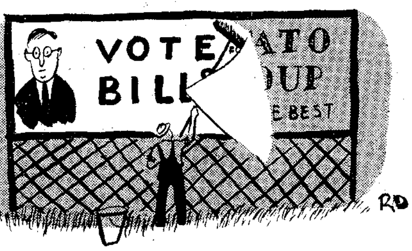
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12,
THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

THE THEATRE

(This week, as indicated below, the regular mid-week-matinée schedule has been somewhat revised because of Columbus Day. There may be further, last-minute changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are those principally involved. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West's own version of Russian history. Miss West's new tendency to confuse herself with Duse rather spoils what might have been a funny show. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is rounding out its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Men to the Sea—Eddie Dowling's direction isn't enough to save this rather amateur piece about how girls are apt to behave when their men go to war. Toni Gilman, Randolph Echols, and Joyce Mathews are in the cast. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken up with another one about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott and Myron McCormick. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8;35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

While the Sun Shines—An American bombardier gets mixed up in a love affair between two titled Britons, but nothing much comes of it. George S. Kaufman directed this Terence Rattigan comedy. Stanley Bell and Anne Burr are prominent in the cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in a short return engagement of the New Opera Company's production of this operetta. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon, and Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performances Thurs. Aft., Oct. 12, at 2:30, and, as a benefit for the Stage Relief Fund, Sun. Eve., Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	59
BOOKS	73
THE CURRENT CINEMA	52
FOOTBALL	54
MUSICAL EVENTS	68
OF ALL THINGS	70
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	56
THE RACE TRACK	66
A REPORTER AT LARGE	47
THE THEATRE	40

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C. D. V. O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—A handsome operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Star Time—Lou Holtz in charge of a rather routine collection of vaudeville acts, including Benny Fields, the DeMarcos, and the Berry Brothers. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Meet a Body—A mystery play by Jane Hinton, with Al Shean and Whitford Kane. Staged by William Castle and produced by H. Clay Blaney. Opens Mon., Oct. 16. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. the first week and Sat. and Sun. thereafter at 2:40.)

The Visitor—An adaptation, by Kenneth White, of the novel by Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith, with Walter Greaza, Frances Carson, and Ralph Forbes. Produced and directed by Herman Shumlin. Opens Tues., Oct. 17. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka in a play by John van Druten, based on a novel by Kathryn Forbes. Staged by Mr. van Druten and produced by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Opens Thurs., Oct. 19. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The yearly visit of the cowboys and cowgirls. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Wizard of Oz" and a musical revue with Jerry, the puppet. Sat., Oct. 14 and 21, and Thurs., Oct. 12, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—"Waltz Academy," "Aleko," "Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 12. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Petrouchka," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Oct. 13. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Quatre," "Fancy Free," and "Barn Dance," Sat. Aft., Oct. 14. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Fancy Free," "Judgment of Paris," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Oct. 14. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Aft., Oct. 15. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Waltz Academy," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Eve., Oct. 15. . . . "Giselle," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Fancy Free," Mon. Eve., Oct. 16. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Pas de Deux," and "Gala Performance," Tues. Eve., Oct. 17. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Tally-Ho," and "Pillar of Fire," Wed. Eve., Oct. 18. . . . "Swan Lake," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 19. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," and "Waltz Academy," Fri. Eve., Oct. 20. . . . "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Oct. 21. . . . "Swan Lake," "Aleko," "Pas de Deux," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., Oct.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 35, October 14, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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The devil-may-care spirit that guides some notables in their choice of hats is not shared by all New Yorkers, many of whom regard odd headgear with horror.

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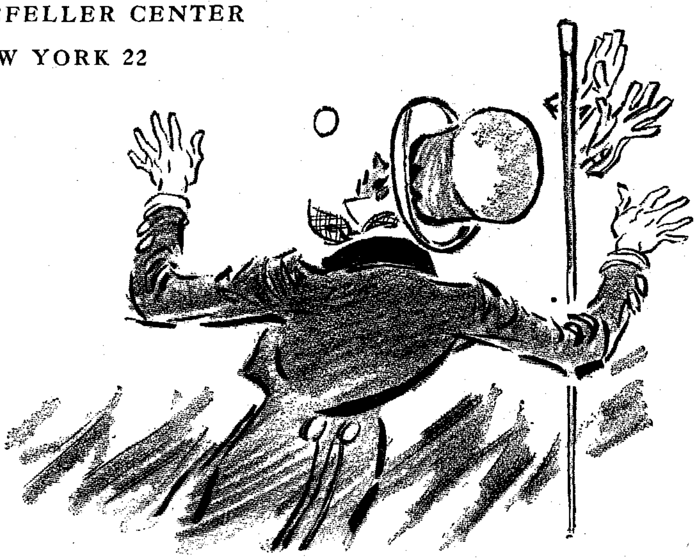

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

21. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Pearl Primus—With her group. Nightly, through Sat., Oct. 14, at 8:40. Mat. Sat., Oct. 14, at 2:40. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067.)

Ted Shawn—In a solo program. Sat., Oct. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. ST 9-1391.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—On Thurs., Oct. 19, Jules Lande's orchestra will move from the Garden to the Trianon Room, where he will doubtless provide the same sort of polite music for the same polite dinner and supper crowd.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has a new ice show constructed around the highly decorative Joan Hyldoft; Enoch Light's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Burl Ives, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; that is to say, little room for improvement. Little room for dancing, either, by the way.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with solid folk songs by Josh White and solid music by Benny Morton's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis filling this enormous room with sound and fury. Dance music by Abe Lyman's orchestra. Never mind the rest of the show. . . . The Copa Bar has music by the Adrian Rollini Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there are the sweet and familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras to dance to.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very regal, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Dr. Giovanni, the accomplished pickpocket, at work. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde begins her mad race around the Persian Room on Wed., Oct. 18. Bob Grant's orchestra and Mark Monte's ensemble are there right now, tuning up.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra plays for dinner and supper in the handsome Iridium Room, and there is also a small show. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is Tommy Dowd, a magician who is certain to make you laugh, and a couple of orchestras to dance to.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, elaborate and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by two small orchestras. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on Nurse's night off. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge does his entertaining pianoforte monologue in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, when Mischa Borr's neat little band is also around. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for dancing throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): pointed comedy by Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey, helter-skelter songs by Day, Dawn, and Dusk, background by Cedric Wallace's Trio. . . . **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Maxine Sullivan, George and Gene Bernard, the Herman Chittison Trio, Stuart Ross, and Pearl Bailey at play in this twilit room. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her ballads about the special problems of life in New York. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): quiet and pleasant, with Ted Hunter rambling along at the piano.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Bela Bizony's ensemble after 10 P.M. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): the littlest of them all; George Morris's orchestra for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls and (at the supper hour) Dwight Fiske, with his raised-eyebrows songs; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): dagger dances and Russian torch songs, but the cooks are the stars here; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of fairly Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **havana-madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): Rosario and Antonio being the reason for looking in here.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—**nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): music by Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and their companions. . . . **pied piper**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's band, now equipped with Wilbur de Paris and his trombone; James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith at the piano in between times. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page's quintet and Stuff Smith's trio in full stride. . . . **downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins, his eminent saxophone, and his band, abetted by Harry Gibson's frenetic piano and Billie Holiday's desultory songs. . . . **hickory house**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala, Adele Girard, and their band at their old stand. . . . **three deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Slam Stewart's trio doing a nice warm job; piano interludes, fast and furious, by Robert Crum. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio hard at work; dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a Village cellar, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—About six hundred of the twenty thousand prints made by the Mexican, Posada (through Sun., Oct. 15); also, water colors of the oil industry by Reginald Marsh, Adolf Dehn, David Fredenthal, and Millard Sheets (through Nov. 12). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Mary Callery—A first show of sculpture: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

Jay Connaway—Maine seascapes in the traditional style: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Esteban Francés—First show in New York by a Spanish artist who goes in for dazzling effects: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

Oronzo Gasparo—Water colors and a few oils: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

Antonio Gattorno—Surrealist paintings with a strong Italian character: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

Graphic Art—At the **st. etienne**, 46 W. 57: French prints from Géricault to Picasso. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21. . . . **kleemann**, 65 E. 57: lithographs by Matisse. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **society of illustrators**, 128 E. 63: work by members of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, in the first print show by this group since 1938. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Groups—At the **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57: a pre-season exhibition by seventy-three group members and guest artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14. . . . **midtown**, 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce, Fletcher Martin, and William Thon. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 28. . . . **babcock**, 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14. . . . **macbeth**, 11 E. 57: paintings by Ogden Pleissner, Andrew Wyeth, Peter Hurd, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14. . . . **artist associates**, 138 W. 15: pictures by Robert Gwathmey, Helen Ratkai, Zoltan Hecht, and other members of this co-operative gallery. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M. (also Mon. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 10); through Sat., Oct. 21. . . . **downtown**, 43 E. 51: Stuart Davis, Bernard Karfiol, Charles Sheeler, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and others showing recent paintings and sculpture. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 28. . . . **international print society**, 38 W. 57: paintings by Mary Aiken, Yun Gee, Frank Neal, and others; also, a collection of serigraphs and other prints. Thurs., 9:30 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21. . . . **new art circle**, 41 E. 57: paintings by such moderns as Adolph Gottlieb, Marcel Gromaire, and Waissily Kandinsky. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 23. . . . **kraushaar**, 730 Ave., at 57: new oils by Andrée Ruellan, Guy Pène du Bois, Russell Cowles, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Impressionists—Sisley, Monet, Renoir, and several others: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Murray and Janet Jones—Water colors by Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who paint people and nature with a light touch: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

S. Lev-Landau—Paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

Loren MacIver—Recent paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and fifty paintings of the American scene, from the recent competition sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company and Artists for Victory. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

Murals—An instructive display, in photographs and designs, of war murals, mostly by service men: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—American battle paintings, from 1776 to 1918 (through Nov. 12); also, about a hundred water colors and drawings by Soviet children (through Nov. 19); and paintings by Jacob Lawrence, including his series "Migration of the Negro" (through Nov. 5). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

William Palmer—Small oils and wash drawings: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

Abraham Rattner—Recent paintings by an American colorist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

Umberto Romano—Turbulent paintings based on the war, and calmer flower-pieces: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Kay Sage—Surrealist paintings by the wife of Yves Tanguy: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

Ross Sanders—Recent work: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—A large show of paintings and water colors by Winslow Homer. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Note—The semiannual outdoor art show in Washington Square will be held daily through Sun., Oct. 15, from 12 noon until dark.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 12, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 13, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Oct. 15, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Oct. 19, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Oct. 20, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloist: Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Oct. 19-20.)

Jazz Concert—Eddie Condon the guitarist, in charge of thirty hot musicians, including such people as Jess Stacy, piano; Peewee Russell, clarinet; Billy Butterfield, trumpet; and Cosy Cole, drums. Mon., Oct. 16, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Salmaggi Opera—"Aïda," Sat., Oct. 14; "Rigoletto," Sun., Oct. 15; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat., Oct. 21; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn

"I'm too old to dream"

She couldn't have been more than twenty...or five foot two, standing against the Chippendale chest she had just bought.

"My husband is overseas and I'm living at home. But instead of just dreaming about my home-to-be, I want a part of it with me now...to touch and love and write Bob about. Somehow this chest has already made me feel more grown-up and married, more content. Send it soon as you can, won't you?"...she said.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

JANOS SCHOLZ—'Cello. Sat., Oct. 14, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ROLAND HAYES—Baritone. Sun., Oct. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

RUTH POSSELT—Violin. Tues., Oct. 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SIDNEY FOSTER—Piano. Wed., Oct. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

MISCHA ELMAN—Violin. Fri., Oct. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—College game: N.Y.U. vs. Temple, Ohio Field, Sat., Oct. 14, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional game: Brooklyn Tigers vs. Giants, Ebbets Field, Sun., Oct. 15, at 2 P.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica at 1:45 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21. (Continental Handicap and war-relief charity day, Oct. 12; Correction Handicap, Oct. 14; Remsen Handicap, Oct. 18; Gallant Fox Handicap, Oct. 21.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. from 11:15 A.M. to 1:20 P.M., and Sat. from 10:45 A.M. to 1:25 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: an exhibition of photographs, charts, and dioramas dealing with the organization and accomplishments of the Polish Underground. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 15. . . . CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.

CITY PLANNING—New York City's postwar plans for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., demonstrated by a large exhibition of scale models, maps, and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Thurs. and Sun., Oct. 12 and 15, from 12 noon to 6 P.M.; and Fri. and Sat., Oct. 13-14, from 12 noon to 9 P.M.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—The Americana collection of the late Mrs. J. Amory Haskell, including furniture, glass, silver, and pottery: Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 12-14, at 2 P.M. . . . Literary and historical autograph manuscripts and letters, from the collection of the Drexel Institute of Technology: Tues. and Wed., Oct. 17-18, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Nineteenth-century genre paintings and objects of art owned by the Drexel Institute of Technology: Wed., Oct. 18, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:15 P.M.

NOTES—Registration places for voting in the November elections will be open daily through Fri., Oct. 13, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Sat., Oct. 14, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

The deadline for mailing gifts to service men overseas is Sun., Oct. 15. The following post offices will accept packages until midnight of that date: Main Post Office, 8 Ave. at 31; Church Street, 90 Church; and Grand Central, Lexington at 45. All other Manhattan post offices will be open until 8 P.M. on Sat., Oct. 14. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in length and girth combined; the weight is limited to five pounds.

ON THE AIR

ROOSEVELT AND DEWEY—Speaking on the *Herald Tribune* Forum some time between 9:30 and 10:30 P.M. on Wed., Oct. 18, WJZ.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Oct. 15, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Oct. 14 and 21, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 14 and 21, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting; soloist, Marian Anderson, Sun., Oct. 15, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Ballet Theatre, Thurs., Oct. 12 and 19, and Sun., Oct. 15, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Oct. 14 and 21, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Football: Dartmouth vs. Notre Dame, Sat., Oct. 14, at 2:15 P.M., WOR; Army vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., Oct. 14, at 2:30 P.M., WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., and Tues. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. (except Oct. 12) at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Sumner Welles, Wed. at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Faithful adaptation of the comic stage success of several years ago, with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey in addition to some of the tested troupers who played it on Broadway. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Oct. 19.)

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY—A nice, familiar story, with certain alterations. Francis Lederer, Lynn Bari, Akim Tamiroff, Nazimova, and Louis Calhern. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 17-19.)

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY—A girl from Vermont marries an attractive but spoiled Southern aristocrat, with gloomy consequences. Deanna Durbin and Gene Kelly. Based on a novel by Somerset Maugham. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 14-16.)

DANGEROUS JOURNEY—Travel picture from Africa and Asia, somewhat better done than usual. Strictly prewar. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Fri., Oct. 20.)

DRAGON SEED—Lavish but honest tribute to China's courage in war, with Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Katharine Hepburn, and Akim Tamiroff performing stoutly in fancy dress. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Oct. 18.)

48 HOURS—An ingenious piece of British self-torture about what might have happened if German parachutists had landed in an English village. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and others. (Art, 36 E. 8; and Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Wed., Oct. 18.)

GOING MY WAY—An easygoing, homespun account of some of the practical functions of the Catholic Church. Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, and Risë Stevens. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Oct. 13.)

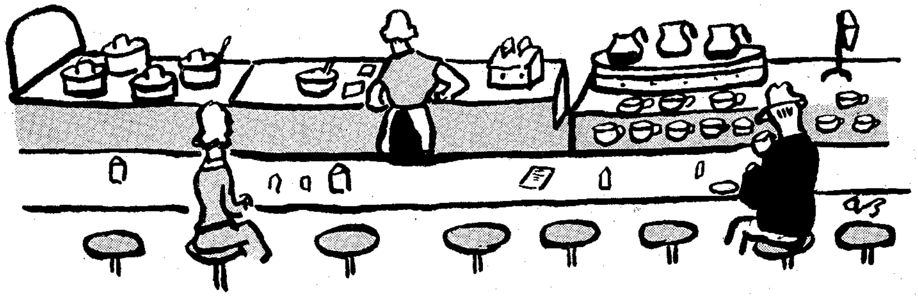
HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO—A funny comedy of Marines adrift in politics, written and directed by Preston Sturges and nicely played by Eddie Bracken, William Demarest, Freddie Steele, and others. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Oct. 16. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Oct. 18.)

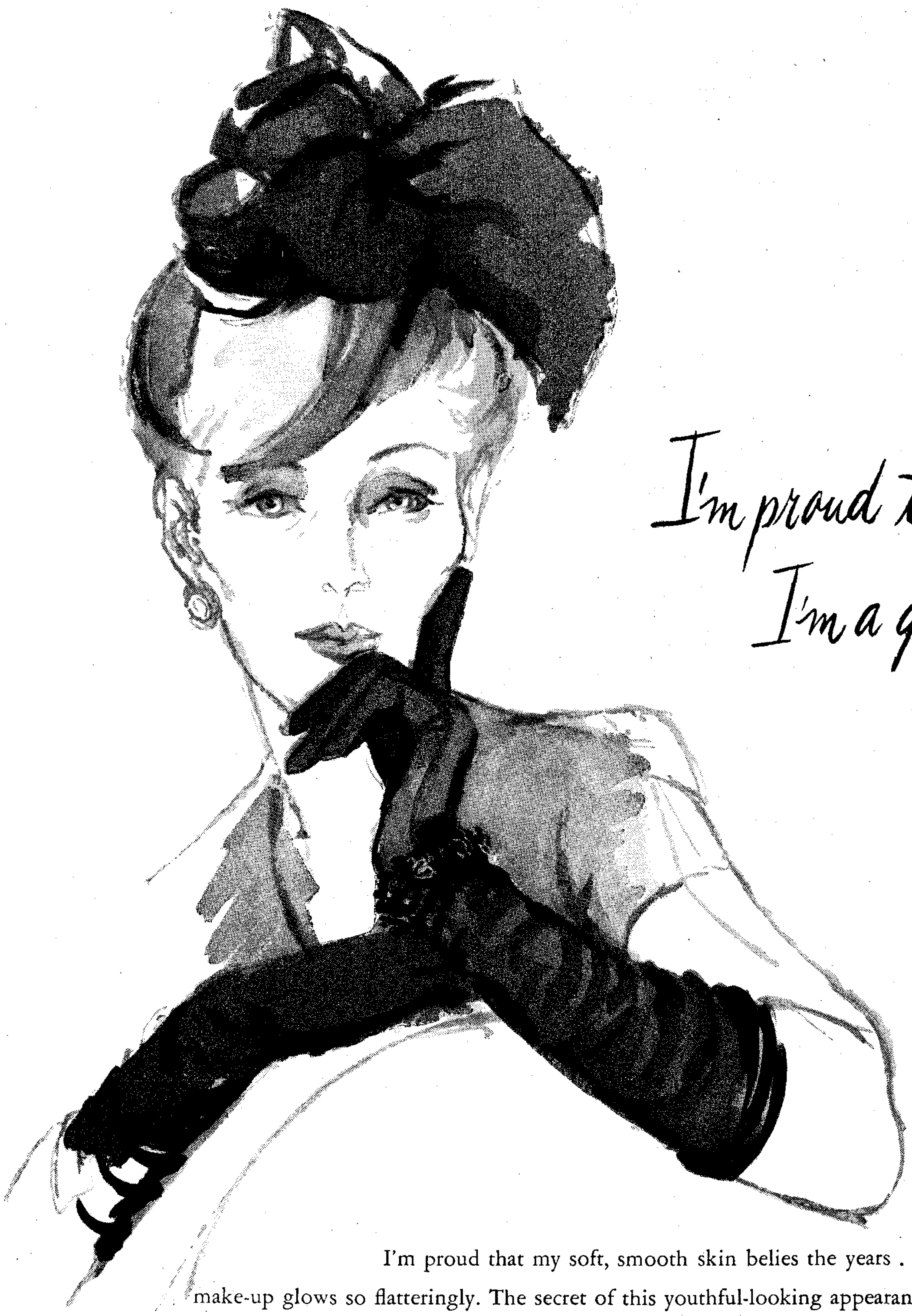
THE HITLER GANG—Hitler and his gang portrayed, with surprising authenticity, by Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and others. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., Oct. 13. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Oct. 14. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 18-20.)

HOME IN INDIANA—A very pleasant picture about young love in the Middle West, with harness racing as a background. Lon McCallister, Walter Brennan, and Jeanne Crain. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 15-17. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 17-19.)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW—A rather neat fantasy about a man who knows what's coming twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Oct. 13.)

KISMET—Another Hollywood excursion to Bagdad with Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman being





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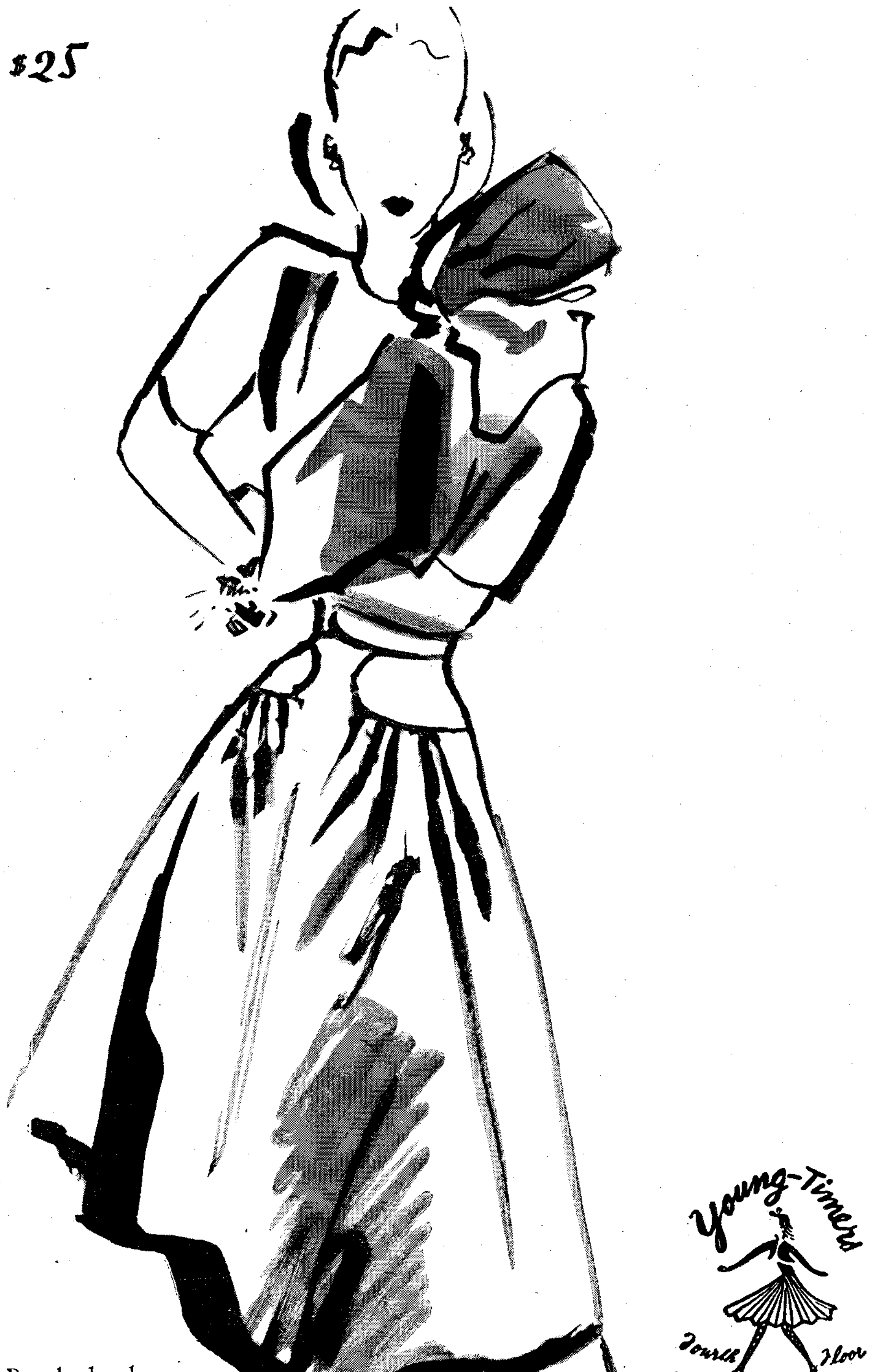

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

picturesque in Technicolor. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Mask of Dimitrios—A slow but workmanlike version of an Eric Ambler thriller. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 17-19.)

Mr. Skeffington—A Bette Davis vehicle, and notable mainly as such. It's about a man who loves his wife in spite of the trouble she gives him, which is plenty. Claude Rains is the man. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 17-18.)

The Pearl of Death—Mildly engaging item in the Holmes-Watson adventure cycle of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, with the usual deviations from the gospel according to Doyle. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Oct. 14. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Oct. 16.)

The Seventh Cross—Spencer Tracy and other good players in a smooth translation of a popular novel about Germany before the war. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Thunder Rock—Michael Redgrave and a good cast in a fantasy about defeatists dead and living. An English job and a not unattractive one. (World, 153 W. 49; through Fri., Oct. 20.)

To Have and Have Not—Not much like the Hemingway novel, but a good war melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart, Walter Brennan, and Lauren Bacall. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Two Girls and a Sailor—A variety show featuring Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, Ben Blue, Harry James, and Xavier Cugat, but mainly Jimmy Durante. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Oct. 16.)

Wilson—Darryl Zanuck's life of Wilson, running more to length than depth but cataloguing the phrases and characters of the time with neat showmanship. Alexander Knox is the President. In Technicolor. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

Note—"Battle for the Marianas," a short Marine Corps documentary film, made up of terse and vivid action pictures photographed by combat cameramen, is being shown at the following theatres—8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 15-17. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 16-18.

REVIVALS

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 13-15.)

Ball of Fire (1942)—Professors, gunmen, and American slang. Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 17-18.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Oct. 14. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 13-14. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Thurs., Oct. 16-19.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 15-16.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 15-17.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentative, Sat. through Sat., Oct. 14-21.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German film, now with English dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 12.)

The New Gulliver (1936)—The Russian picture with 3000 puppets and one human being. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; through Fri., Oct. 20.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching in the West, with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 12.)

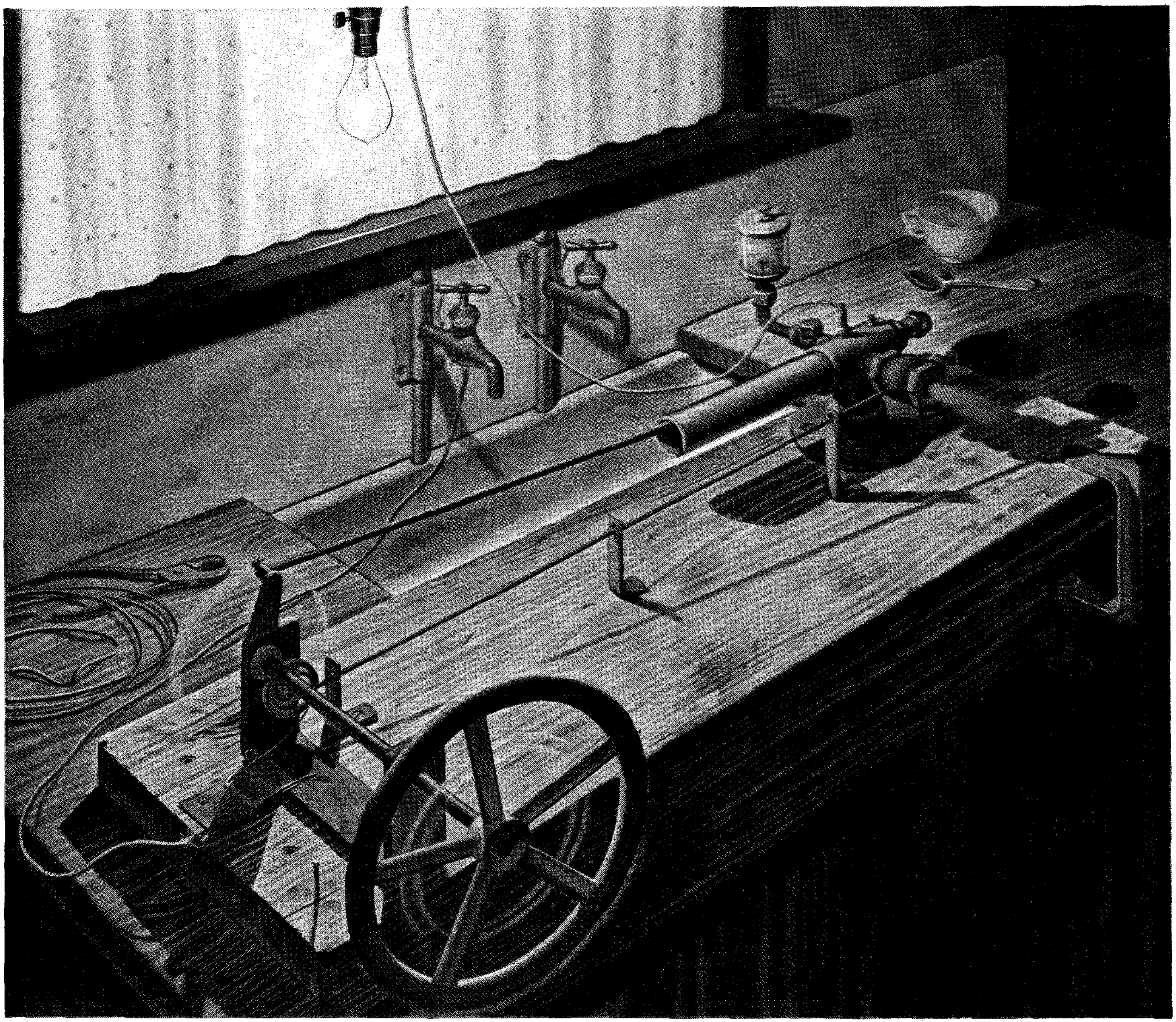
Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Oct. 12.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Oct. 13.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentative, Sat. through Sat., Oct. 14-21.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Oct. 14. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 13-14. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Thurs., Oct. 16-19. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Fri., Oct. 17-20.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Columbus Day and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30



In the Ford kitchen . . . this little trial engine sputtered into life

IT HAPPENED far back—in the very early 1890's. In the kitchen of his Detroit home, a young engineer, named Henry Ford, was testing a principle of the internal combustion engine.

His apparatus, clamped to the kitchen sink, was a piece of one-inch gas pipe, reamed out for a cylinder—the flywheel, a handwheel from a lathe. Gasoline was fed from an oil cup. A wire connected to the kitchen light furnished the spark.

He spun the flywheel. Flame came from the exhaust, the sink shook and the trial engine was running under its own power. Mr. Ford was satisfied. He put the engine aside. It had served its purpose. His idea was proved.

But he did not stop to applaud himself. "The man who thinks he has done something," Mr. Ford once said, "hasn't even started." His mind was already stirring with thoughts of a new and larger engine for transportation use.

Just ahead lay the pioneering which was to produce the Ford automobile of world-wide use. Ahead lay the creation of the first industrial assembly line, hundreds of inventions and improvements, the building of 30,000,000 low-cost motor cars and trucks to serve the needs of *all* the people.

Today, at Ford Motor Company the pioneering still goes forward. New methods, new materials, new devices are continually being developed. Outsiders don't hear about many of these important advancements, because Ford assignments now are subject to military restrictions.

But one day the story of this modern pioneering *can* be told. It will be told, you may be sure, through the medium of Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars so advanced in both style and engineering that new millions will seek to own them—for comfort, for smartness, for reliability, and for economy.

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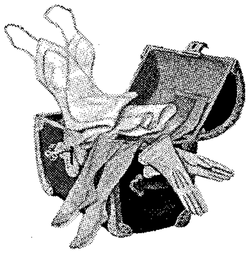

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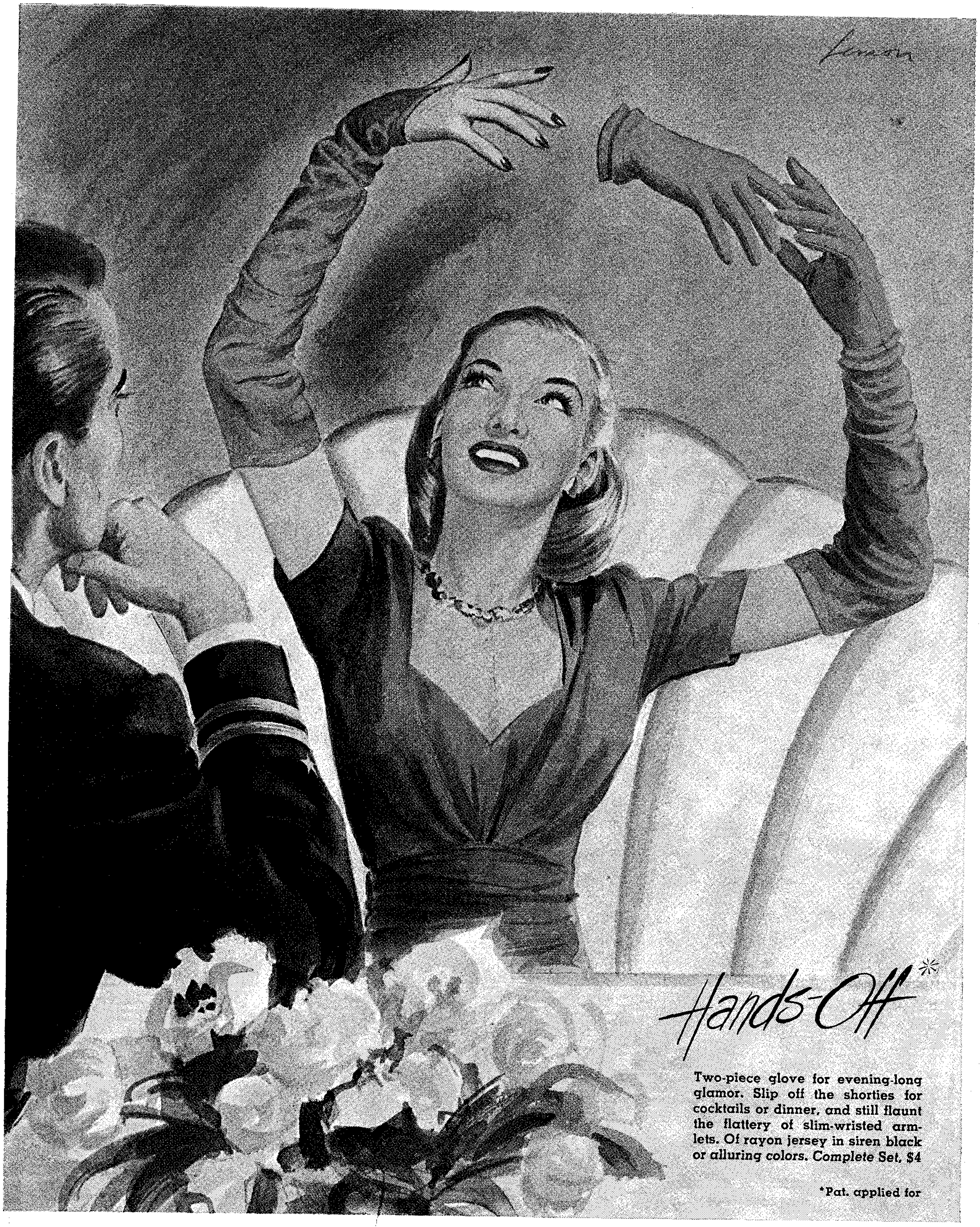

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

P.M., on the following schedule: **THROUGH SUN., OCT. 15:** "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone.... **FROM MON., OCT. 16:** "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935), with Charles Laughton and Clark Gable.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week as receptionists in Department of Health clinics; women to work two or three half days a week as assistants in nursery schools.... **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; women to take a short course and then work four hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals.... **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores (PL 3-6487).... **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to take a short course and then work one five-hour day a week in the social service departments of hospitals; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as dietary, clinic, or surgical-supply aides and (especially on weekends) as ward aides.

NATIONAL WAR FUND—The annual fund-raising campaign for war charities is on, and the C.D.V.O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 17) are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the campaign.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Red Cross is greatly in need of Type O blood, to be flown overseas in whole-blood form. Volunteers who are Type O, as well as all other donors, whose blood is needed for plasma, are urged to call MU 5-6400 for an appointment.... A drive is on to collect practical clothing, in good condition, to be sent to the liberated countries of Europe; contributions will be accepted by all churches and synagogues, which will turn them over to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration for distribution.... The Army and the Marines have appealed for dogs to be trained immediately for overseas service. The Army wants good-sized dogs, from fourteen months to two years old, and gray or tan in color. The Marines need Doberman pinschers and German shepherds, males only, between one and four years old and weighing at least sixty pounds. Owners who wish to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60 (PL 9-6470).... American Relief for France, 457 Madison, at 51 (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the organization's offices.... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, radios, records, pocket-size books, and pool and tennis tables. Two organizations which are collecting contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976).... Books are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370).

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SUZANNE'S
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perfume
for a vibrant
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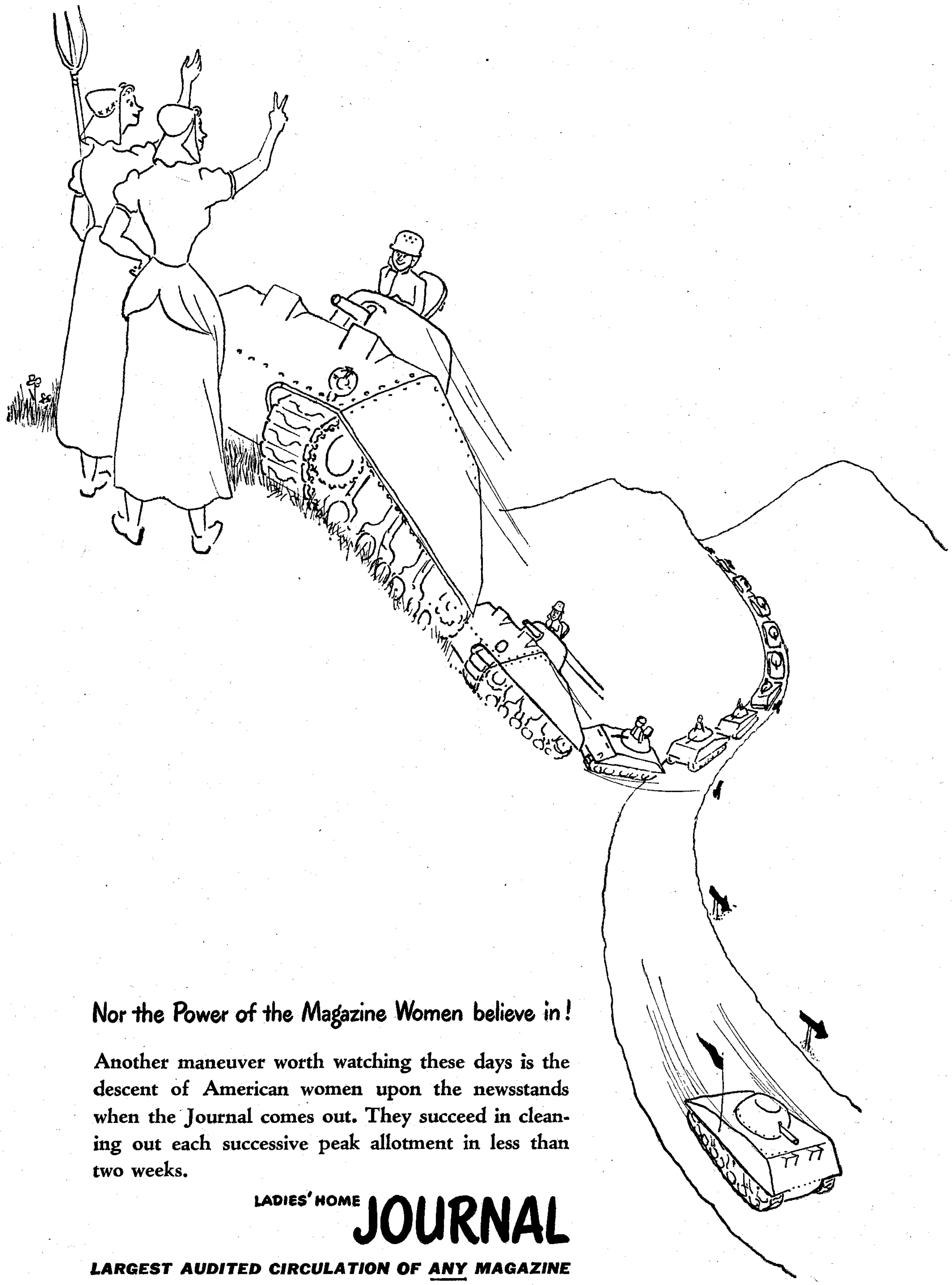

Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

Another maneuver worth watching these days is the descent of American women upon the newsstands when the Journal comes out. They succeed in cleaning out each successive peak allotment in less than two weeks.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

LARGEST AUDITED CIRCULATION OF ANY MAGAZINE

GIUSTI
GRUEN
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He missed his train by 1/10,000 of an inch

A tiny part of his watch movement was 1/10,000 of an inch off . . . result: his watch lost a fraction of a second. But what's a fraction of a second? Listen . . . It's a lost train . . . a lost contract . . . a lost appointment! Yes! 1/10,000 of an inch can be mighty important in a watch . . . That's why we at Gruen have never been satisfied with anything less than precision accuracy since 1874 . . . Remember, Gruen is the only watch in the world permitted to carry the trademark, "Precision"!

While we have been manufacturing large quantities of vital precision instruments for war, we also continue to produce fine Gruen Watches for civilian use . . . but of course the demand for these watches far exceeds production possibilities today.

THE PRECISION WATCH

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SMART because it has that new mandarin look.

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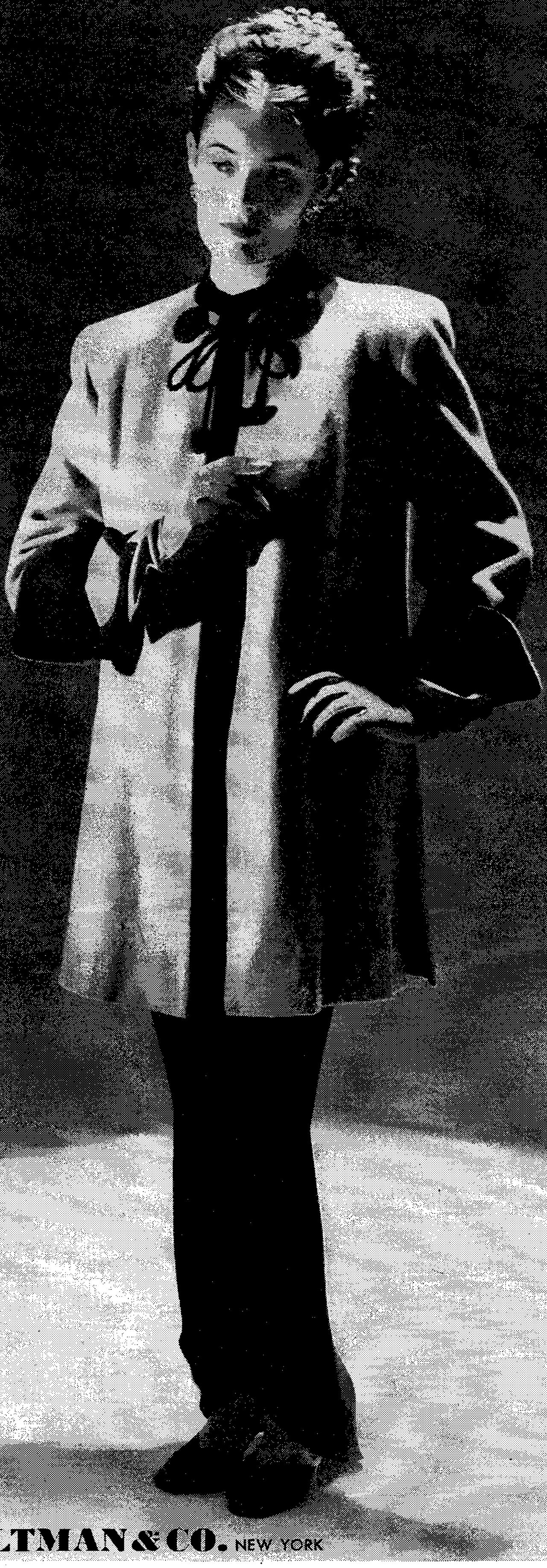
Altman evening coat fashions, third floor



FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

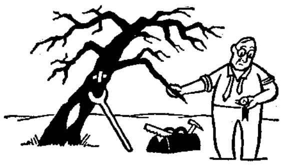
Notes and Comment

Note on the Manpower Shortage: The Plaza's breakfast menu is offering a banana for twenty cents and a sliced banana for thirty cents.

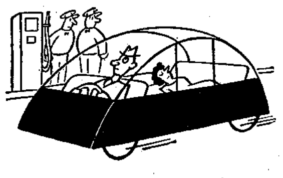
Note of Gloom: Not only have Manhattan kids been deprived of the hurdy-gurdy, since it offended the delicate ear of Mayor LaGuardia, but now they've lost even the throaty oompah-pah which accompanies all normal merry-go-rounds. The carrousel in Central Park has been stripped of its music contraption and whirls to a ceaseless radio, commercials and all.

International Amity Note: After worrying along since June 22, 1941, the powers-that-be behind the Eddie Cantor program have finally got together and decided that the Mad Russian shall be called Our Russian Friend.

ACCORDING to *Life*, John Foster Dulles, who will probably be Secretary of State if Dewey is elected, is a tree surgeon by avocation. We have known two or three tree surgeons in our time, and from bitter experience we would say that a tree surgeon doesn't seem to be a very likely man to guide a nation's foreign policy. A tree surgeon is a natural ultra-conservative, a man who will never give up a tree in any state of decay but will continue to graft it, patch it, brace it up, feed it with chemicals, fill its crannies with tar, and even sit up nights massaging its trunk when the tree is in extremity, and who, when it is only a hollow shell, no longer capable of bringing forth so much as a leaf, will fill it up with concrete and continue to cherish and defend it. This frame of mind would be exceedingly dangerous if applied to foreign policy, and it seems to us that one question the American voters should face is whether they want to have a Secretary of State who will putter around a decayed foreign policy, trying to bring forth a couple of buds, when it's only ten per cent solid timber and ninety per cent concrete, or one who would cold-bloodedly scrap it and grow another.

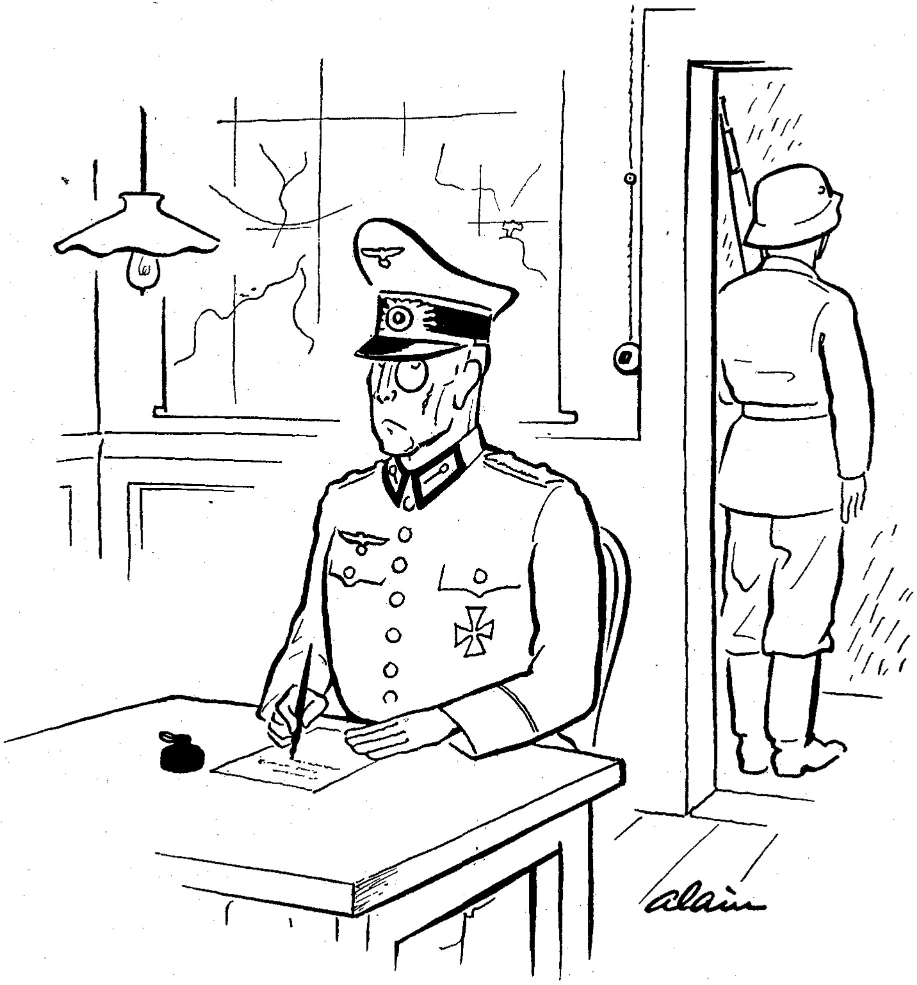


WE have the Gulfway Service Station in Port Washington, Harry Nelson and Fred Lamac, proprietors, to thank for providing us, by pamphlet, with the best view of the car of the future. In many respects it is like other tomorrow buggies that we have seen, but there's one noticeable difference—in addition to the transparent plastic top, the automatic sun shades, the fluid-cushion suspension, and the rear-end motor, this particular car has a woman stretched out flat in the back seat. (We can see her because the car is pictured in cross section.) She is wearing a blue dress and no hat. Her eyes are closed, or nearly closed. The driver, a man in a hat, seems unconcerned. It would be very hard to say what this postwar woman is doing, lying there like that—whether she has passed out or is having a postwar baby, or whether it simply means that postwar women are supposed to stay off their feet.



FOR nine months now, the Army has been giving a gram of sulfa a day to nearly a million men in an effort to head off epidemics. The experiment has been a success. Like many other achievements of science, however, it has its dark side. A sulfa authority told us recently that two out of a hundred bacteria are resistant to sulfa, and whereas these two little rebels used to be shoved into the background by the ninety-eight others, now, with the ninety-eight out of the way, the two sulfaproof bacteria will have a much better show. "May result in some new plagues," said our informant. "It will certainly change the entire behavior of the germ world. May even change human behavior," he added cheerfully.

A PUBLICITY release from the Bureau of Fashion Trends has just reached our desk, and from it we learn that the new fall jewelry is to be not only "decorative and highly desirable from an aesthetic point of view" but functional. Thus, "a watch may be hidden in a jewelled flower worn on an evening bracelet" and "necklaces may be trained to hold up the low front of an evening gown by attaching the clip as a pendant," like a Paris garter. We got to thinking about this business, especially about one of the new season's high spots—solid-gold miniatures of jeeps, mobile guns, and trucks, studded with real jewels, "with a tiny spring that releases the gunner or the driver from his hidden post"—and while we were at it we designed an item of our own, both decorative and functional. It is a solid-gold, jewel-studded miniature B-29 bomber, for wear on the front of a strapless evening gown. The moment the front of the gown begins to slip, a hidden spring releases the miniature crew members, who bail out in tiny jewelled parachutes. One of the little fellows lays a smoke screen from a portable generator, two of them tear their parachutes into strips and rig up impromptu shoulder straps, and the rest engage in an intricate military diversion on the floor, to distract the attention of



"Schönes Liebchen:—Exciting news! One more successful retreat and I shall be in your arms."

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the company. It should be a little hard to get into production, but as we have always said, anything for the war effort.

Our Own Baedeker

THE Philippine Islands have been counted, as you may well imagine; the final tally was 7,083. Only 2,441 of them have names and only 462 are a square mile or more in area. Two of the islands, Luzon and Mindanao, account for two-thirds of the total area of the whole group. Manila, the capital, is on Luzon; the only other cities of any consequence in the group are Zamboanga, Davao, Cebu, and Iloilo. A product peculiar to the islands is Manila hemp, used, naturally, in all Manila rope. Three thousand varieties of tree have been found in the Philippine forests, a thousand of them of commercial value. There are nine hundred varieties of orchid. Collectors will pay good prices for the rare ones. The Philippines also rejoice in four hundred edible plants and seven hundred and fifty species of bird, including eagles that catch and eat full-grown monkeys. Nobody has ever had a sunstroke there.

There are all kinds of natives in the Philippines, and it doesn't do to generalize about them. For instance, an awful stink resulted when the management of the St. Louis World's Fair presented a band of naked Igorots simply as Philippine natives; Manila's Rotary Club bunch, who wore pants and went to the office every day, formally protested this misrepresentation. To get down to fundamentals, the natives (except for a small clique of frizzy-haired pygmies called Negritos) are of Indonesian-Malayan stock that migrated from Asia in prehistoric times, bringing a rather superior culture. When the Spanish missionaries arrived, they found the natives writing and reading a script like that used by the Hindus, and they also had a calendar, a legal code, a system of weights and measures, and some knowledge of the advanced principles of agriculture. The missionaries waded right in, doing their work so thoroughly that today ninety per cent of the population is Christian and the ancient culture has vanished without a trace. The unregenerate ten per cent is made up of fifty-seven tribes, and that isn't a joke. They have preserved their individuality, and they have their good and bad points. Head hunting is the commonest foible. On the credit side there are such examples of ingenuity as a scarecrow with hydraulically operated movable arms.

The biggest tribes are the Igorots and the Ifugaos. The Igorots have the reputation of being excellent messengers; you can stop one anywhere, give him an errand to do, and be sure that he'll attend to it. Their favorite food is roast dog, and they have an unreliable sort of bamboo flute which they thump with a fist instead of blowing, meanwhile fingering the holes with their other hand to produce notes. The Ifugaos live in ratproof houses and grow rice. Their rice terraces, up in the mountains north of Luzon, have been under cultivation for more than four thousand years and are certainly the most elaborate agricultural establishments in the world. The retaining walls of the terraces, which are fifteen to thirty feet high and eighteen inches thick, twist around the mountains a total of fourteen thousand miles. The Negritos are a timid little people—much teased by the other natives—who love to carry umbrellas, eat python meat, and dispose of the old folks by burying them alive in pits up to their neck. The Moros are Mohammedans, probably converted by outsiders who came up from Borneo around the fourteenth century. They have a history of piracy, opium smuggling, and general hell raising. They originated the practice of running amok. One of their more notorious leaders was Kiki-Diki of Jolo, in the Sulu Islands. He was only thirty-three inches high and had a court of dwarfs.

The Christian natives—the Filipinos, in the common sense of the word—act more or less like Americans, except that they are perhaps a little more sober and take more baths. The women manage the money. The men are very clothes-conscious and like to gamble. The University of Santo Tomás, in Manila, is the oldest university under the American flag. There are sea gypsies on the Sulu Sea, who sail about in boats with gaily patched sails and get sick on land. Probably it doesn't mean anything, but the Philippine Islands are the only region in the Far East where there are no rickshaws.

Semantics

OVER in Brooklyn, a batch of high-school freshmen were being instructed by the school librarian in the uses of the reference books, indexes, and so on. In the course of her talk she used the word "worker," whereupon one little girl anxiously whispered to the girl beside her, "Worker! Isn't that a Communist word?"

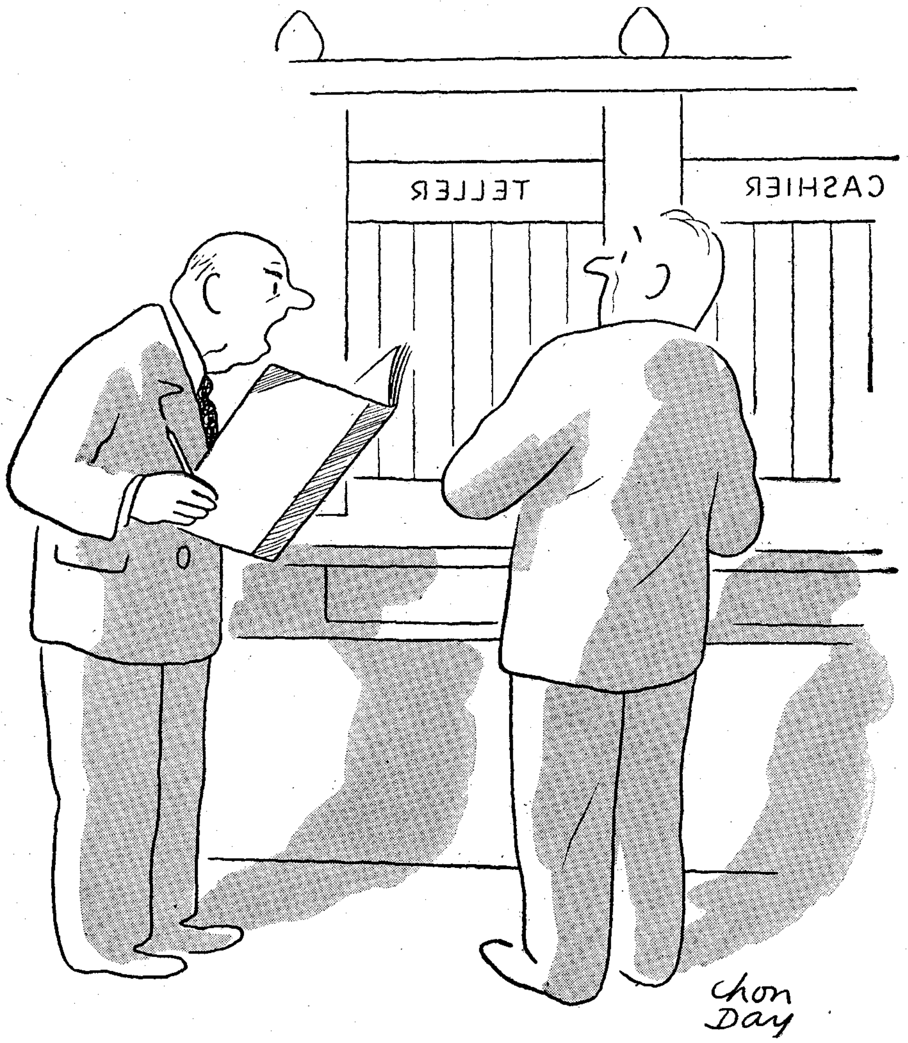
The Professor

WE held a brief, two-man seminar one day last week with Denis Brogan, Professor of Political Science at Cambridge University, adviser to the North American Service of the B.B.C., and author of a variety of books, among them a volume entitled "The Development of Modern France" and a detective story in which a girl removes a man's trousers in order to prevent his escape, a measure sufficiently drastic to satisfy the British reading public. Mr. Brogan's latest work, "The American Character"—published recently in England under the somewhat less tactful title of "The American Problem"—is about to be distributed here by Book-of-the-Month. The Professor, who is widely regarded as the foremost foreign expert on American politics and whom we found to be insistently hep to American slang, has spent the past month, part of a long vacation from Cambridge, as a reporter, covering the Presidential campaign for the Manchester *Guardian.* He is a small, round-faced, energetic man of forty-four with a wild taste in ties. He considers Roosevelt's election in the bag.

We asked the Professor if he didn't, as a foreigner, feel a certain terror at pointing out our faults as well as our virtues. "Not a bit," he said. "After all, nobody can say to me, 'If you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?' They know I *am* going back. Once I called the Chicago *Tribune* the Chicago Drainage Canal, and someone wrote offering to shoot me, but it ought to be pretty obvious from my books that, though I'm a pessimist about nearly everything else in the world, I remain an optimist about America. In 'The American Character' I try to show why you Americans are what you are: where, for example, your talent for boosting things, your extraordinary reverence for the flag, your persistent isolationism spring from. I hope I've succeeded. I've been in forty of your forty-eight states, I've hundreds of friends here, and I'm bound to have picked up a sounder point of view than the average visiting English lecturer. Matter of fact, I've never lectured here and I'm not English."

Brogan was born in Glasgow, of Irish parents. His father, a tailor, subscribed to a number of American newspapers and magazines when Brogan was small. At the age of eight, Brogan read of the election of President Taft, and his interest in our politics has never waned since then. He got his first degree from the University of Glasgow, a B.A. from Oxford, and an M.A. in American History at Harvard, where he spent two years. Returning to England, he lectured at the University of London, then at Oxford, and was made Professor of Political Science at Cambridge in 1939. He was considered something of a prodigy; there are said to be fewer full professors in all England than there are in the average American college.

The Professor is convinced that our movies do more to foster good relations between England and the United States than any polite exchange of scholars, students, or government experts. "People in England recognize Times Square faster than they do Westminster Abbey," he said. "After all, they see it every week in the movies. And American soldiers have been especially welcome in England because they live up to expectations. On my way to the cathedral in Salisbury not long ago, I saw a crowd of townspeople gathered outside the local bank. Some American soldiers with machine guns were standing by an Army truck, while other soldiers had gone into the bank to pick up some cash. I don't suppose there's been a robbery in Salisbury since Robin Hood's day, and the crowd was delighted to see those machine guns cocked outside their bank. It was a perfect



"You don't happen to have $35,821.03 in your pocket by any chance, do you, Ferguson?"

Grade-B Warner Brothers' performance."

Alarm

AT the Army's proving ground in Aberdeen, Maryland, there is always on hand, naturally, a considerable quantity of high explosives waiting to be tested. You can imagine, then, the excitement that was caused a while ago when a fire was reported in the powder room. It turned out not to be as severe an emergency as it sounded, though; somebody had been careless about cigarette butts in the Wacs' retiring room.

Safer

THIS will put our readers abreast of our State Department of Labor's campaign to make life safer for window cleaners and those in the street below them. Acting through its subsidiary Board of Standards and Appeals, the Department of Labor last spring put into effect a new code governing the equipment and working conditions of window cleaners—or, we should say, the equipment and working conditions of window cleaners when they're not working on apartment houses six stories or less in height, or on any building three stories or less in a community with a population of less than forty thousand. These exceptions may sound arbitrary, but that's just because you're not a power in the real-estate lobby or an upstate assemblyman. The pro and con groups had been deadlocked for six years on the new code, and it probably never would have got through unless concessions had been made. This magazine played a tiny part in the reform, we have learned; among the insurance statistics, engineers' specifications, and other pertinent data submitted for the legislators' consideration was a cartoon drawn for us last year by Peter Arno, showing a foolish-looking window cleaner with a frayed safety belt saying to a fellow-worker, "I wish I could remember to buy a new belt. This one's about shot." For all we know, this may have turned the balance.

Window washers now damn well have to pay attention to their safety belts or take the consequences, which are a fine, a jail sentence, or a nasty fall. Leather belts are no longer acceptable—too likely to crack and break. They must be of fabric, woven and stitched to specifications, and be capable of supporting a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound weight in a four-foot fall. The cleaner is solemnly enjoined to fasten one end of the belt to the sash before stepping outside; some debonair souls have formed the habit of getting out on the sill and then leaning back and fastening their belts in one motion, which is a good trick if it works but otherwise fatal. Passing from one window to another on the outside of a building is forbidden, and so is working outside when the sills are coated with ice. It is against the new code to clean a window which has a broken sash cord; the reason, we gather, is that the window might stick and the cleaner fall out or strain himself while trying to budge it. Glass draft deflectors, which make it just that much harder to climb out and in, must be removed before the cleaner starts on a window. If a cleaner works on a ladder more than eighteen feet high on a public street, there must be a man holding the bottom, and painted ladders of any length may not be used, because they may be slick and slippery.

The obligations of the building owner are concerned chiefly with the anchors—the hooks onto which the men fasten their safety belts. They must be provided on all windows the bottoms of which are six feet or more above the ground. Anchors now must be of a special corrosion-resisting alloy with a tensile strength of fifty-five thousand pounds a square inch, drop-forged or machined, and fastened to the window frame as specified in the code. Anchors of cast iron must be replaced and anchors that are not properly attached must be fixed. By and large, window cleaning isn't too hazardous a profession. Among the twelve hundred members of the Window Cleaners Union, Local No. 2, there are on an average only a dozen serious accidents a year and only three or four fatalities. In spite of the fact that the union is doing one quarter more work than usual, with only eighty-five per cent of its normal peacetime complement of men, there have been only three minor accidents and one serious one since the new safety rules went into effect.

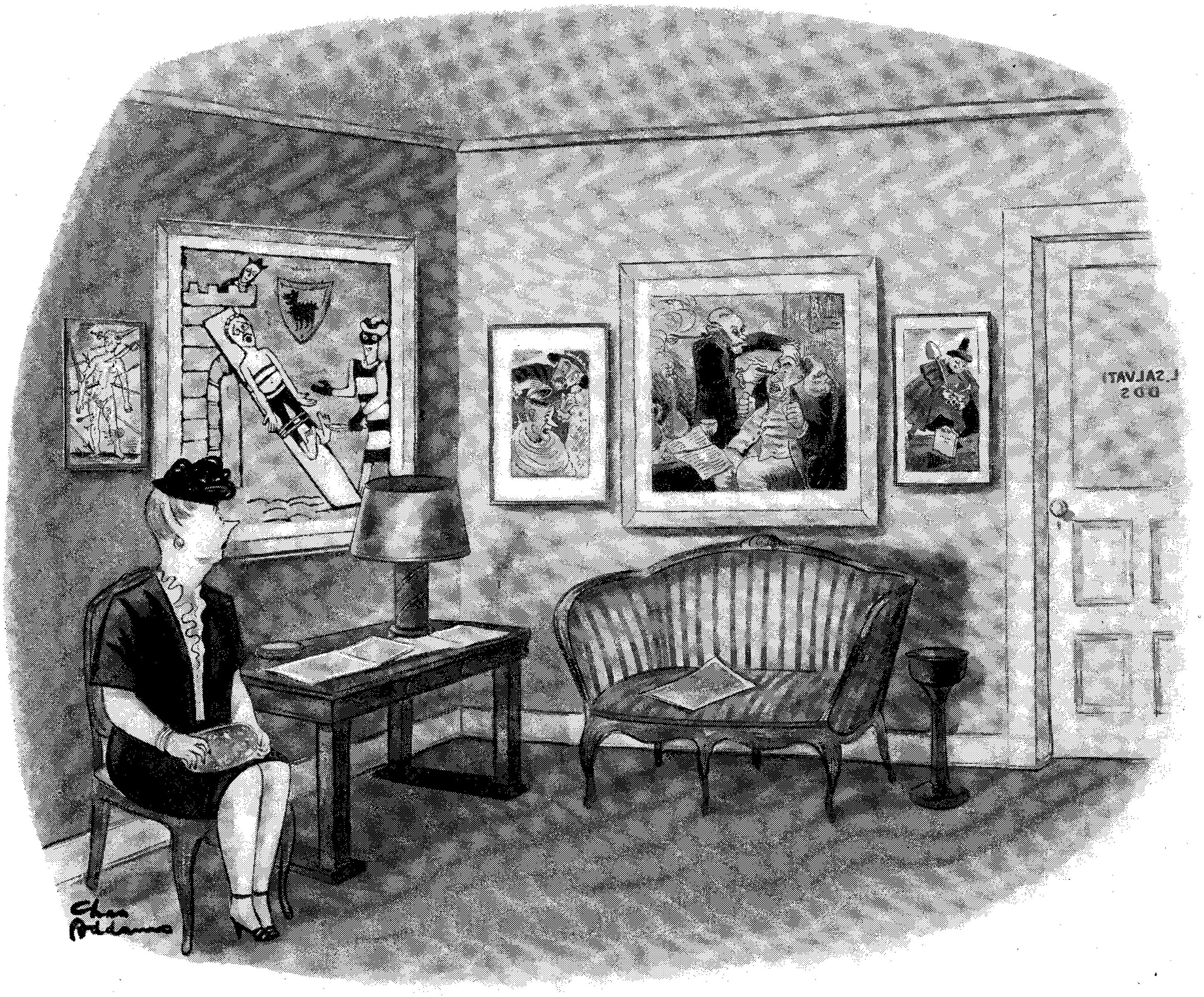
Complication

A YOUNG couple were overheard deep in conversation on the top deck of a Fifth Avenue bus. "First you put it in low," the girl was saying. "That's right," the boy said. "Then you put it in high . . ." "In second," the boy said, interrupting softly. "There!" she cried. "*That's* what messes me up!"

Boogie-Woogie Democrats

THIS is a preliminary report on an entertainment unit billed as the "FDR Victory Bandwagon," which, between now and election eve, will be playing a series of one-night stands in auditoriums all over the country, bringing to doubtful political districts what might be described either as a political rally with a sugar coating of entertainment or a revue heavily spiked with Democratic propaganda. As outlined to us by the originator and principal backer, Mr. Edward Royce, the "FDR Victory Bandwagon" is like the usual revue—including singing, dancing, boogie-woogie, and skits—except that the songs forthrightly boost Roosevelt and disparage such prominent public figures as Dewey, McCormick, Nye, Wheeler, Fish, and Pegler. Mr. Royce, who is a local art dealer, has had this idea for a long time. Last spring he experimented with it by putting on a show up in Harlem to help Clayton Powell launch his campaign for Congress. It drew such a good audience that Mr. Royce felt justified in sinking all his spare cash in the present venture. He doesn't expect to make a profit. He is going to charge a nominal admission, and figures that he'll be doing well if he breaks even. And if his man gets in, of course.

"When you campaign from door to door, you reach only a few hundred people," Mr. Royce said. "This way we reach thousands. They come in and hear Mary Lou Williams sing 'The Ballot-Box Boogie in the Key of Franklin D' and they go home singing it. Pretty soon the whole town is pro-Roosevelt." In the opinion of the entrepreneur, "Ballot-Box Boogie" will be one of the song hits of his show. Another, he thinks, will be one called "Let's Go Out and Ring Doorbells," which is the big finale number. "That'll warm the cockles of democracy," he



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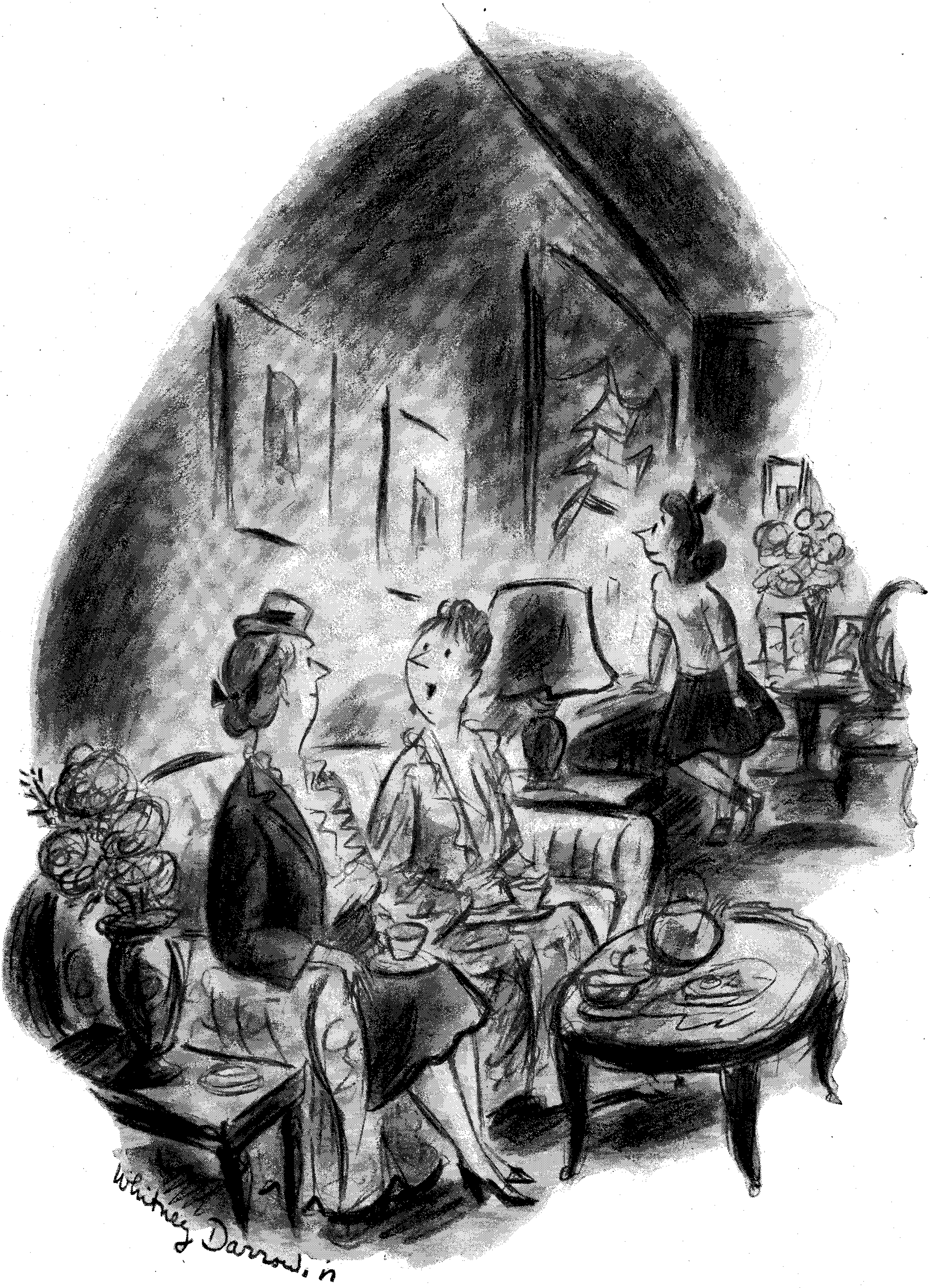
told us. "Just imagine—people all over America out ringing doorbells for Roosevelt. It's terrific. It's America." Doing his bit for the fourth term is Royce's chief goal, but he also likes to think that he is helping to introduce a number of potential stars. Most of them are old friends of his. "I said to myself," he said to us, "now, Royce, you want to do things for Roosevelt and you've got all those wonderful friends who sing and dance and things, so why not put the two together? So I did." Further, Royce believes his show represents international unity. "We have two Cuban dancers in the show," he said. "What does that mean? Latin-American hemispheric unity. The cast is half Negro. What does that mean? Interracial unity. Pro-Roosevelt unity. Beauty goes American. It's terrific."

Royce himself is international, having travelled all over in the line of business. He particularly admires Balinese art and anything Chinese. "I wish we could have got something Chinese into the show," he remarked. "Wish I'd thought of that angle sooner." Mrs. Royce, a musical young lady from Tennessee, has directed the singers, and Mr. Royce assured us that the job couldn't have been placed in better hands. "She and two other girls dubbed in that scene where all the girls are bicycling and singing with Deanna Durbin in 'Mad About Music,' " he said. "There were supposed to be twenty girls, and she and two other girls sang for all of them." Between now and November 6th, when the final performance of "FDR Victory Bandwagon" will take place, Royce is going to let the art business ride and tour with the show. "We'll bring the beauty of democracy—delightfully, beautifully, subtly arranged—to the sticks," he told us, pounding one knee with a fist. "We'll let them smell democracy and happiness."

Sic Transit

A LIEUTENANT stationed at an airfield near Rome writes us of an encounter he had with a couple of sergeants in a jeep one evening when he was trying to thumb a ride back to his quarters. The jeep pulled up at his signal and one of the occupants genially inquired, "Which way you going, Lieutenant?" The lieutenant said he wanted to go past the Colosseum and out along the Appian Way. The man behind the wheel merely looked blank at this, but his friend enlightened him. "*You* know," he said. "The road out of town—past the officers' Red Cross and the warehouse where we drew the beer ration, and out along the streetcar tracks."



"Marcia has been so lost since the Army declared her out of bounds."

THE LONGER THE LIP, THE SMOOTHER THE GRIFT

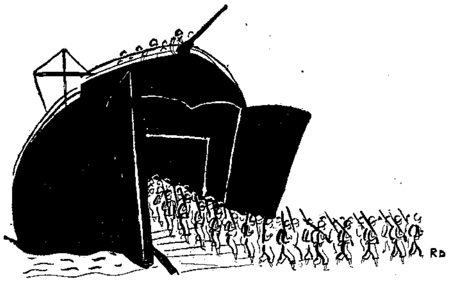
DO young men nowadays still become hopelessly enamored of married women easily ten years their senior who have mocking, humorous mouths, eyes filled with tender raillery, and indulgent husbands? Back in the twenties, when it was a lot easier for a woman to be ten years my senior than it is now, I was privileged to know one who fitted these specifications and who inflamed me deeply. By the time the lava cooled, I found that the tender raillery in her eyes was actually pseudoblepsis, a form of myopia, and that her husband was somewhat less indulgent than I had supposed. The experience, nevertheless, had a certain salutary effect. It forever dispelled the notion I had cherished from boyhood that a mustache makes you irresistible to the opposite sex.

I grew one that summer in a dogged attempt to bridge the disparity in our ages, modelling it on those worn by the Coldstream Guards I remembered in the pages of *Chatterbox*. It was a dismal tuft—cinnamon-colored, rather spiky, inclined to droop at the corners in a depressing Mongol fashion. If I resembled anybody, which was questionable, it was Ginger Dick or Russet in W. W. Jacobs' stories. After carefully grooming and disbudding it for three weeks, I entered the lady's presence in snowy flannels, negligently plucking a round-bellied mandolin. There was no immediate reaction. At length I yawned, flicked an infinitesimal speck of zwieback from my lapel, and inquired lightly, "Notice anything different?" "God, yes," she replied in a strangled voice. "You look like a dentist. A mechanical dentist," she added cruelly, bursting into a shriek of maniacal laughter. I arose, my lip curling as far as the mustache would permit, and, stumbling over a rubber plant, swept out of her life.

I bare this early scar only to prove that my credentials are in order now that the Presidential campaign has brought the mustache back into the limelight. As the race gathers momentum, the newspapers seem to be blossoming out with all manner of vital mustache news. The Chicago *Tribune*, for instance, reports from Polo, Illinois, that a Thomas E. Dewey Mustachio Club No. 1 has been organized there "for males who will agree to encourage the growth of mustaches in the style of the young governor of New York and Republican nominee for the Presidency" (just in case you might confuse him with some other Thomas E. Dewey who happens to be running for public office at the moment). The New York *Post*, with commendable enterprise, sent its inquiring photographer out to ask five mustached citizens at random, "Is a mustache an advantage or a disadvantage to you in the business world?" Every man interviewed replied without equivocation that a mustache had aided him immeasurably in his career. All concurred that it gave them a "more mature and distinguished appearance" and inspired "confidence." One of them, a stock clerk, stated, "I am 21, and I find that the mustache makes people think I am much older, and they seem to have more confidence in me." Another, a salesman who claimed that he was known to the business world as "Lester with the Mustache," said, "A mustache seems to give the customer confidence that he is dealing with a person who knows his business."

Now, Christmas knows I approve wholeheartedly of anything that tends to banish distrust and engender a universal spirit of faith, but I doubt that a few hundred hairs on the upper lip, no matter how silky, can supplant a triple-A rating in Bradstreet. The most reassuring mustaches I ever saw were those worn by automobile salesmen around Hollywood, a notoriously factitious crew. These foxy-nosed brethren all had rich mahogany sun tans, luxuriant mustaches stiff with pomade, and prematurely white wavy hair. Max Beerbohm once observed that men with prematurely white hair are invariably charlatans. The average Hollywood foxy-nose was acutely aware of this (he was, needless to say, a constant reader of Beerbohm), and he sought to offset it by camouflaging himself with a solid, executive mustache. He fooled nobody—nobody, that is, except me.

HOW the particular one I recall ever tracked me to the dispiriting hacienda where I lay brooding I cannot imagine; it was the least prepossessing in a weedy suburb full of raw-food addicts, astrologers, and obscure fire worshippers. I found him smirking on the doorstep one dank forenoon as I was reaching for my morning avocado. He wore a rough shooting coat of hypertweed and woven wire, a primrose-yellow muffler tied Ascot fashion, brogues that had been perforated until they were simply scraps of leather, and a silver signet ring weighing just under four pounds. The twin points of his mustache were needle-sharp and he exhaled a scent of fabulously expensive cologne.



"Howdy, Aguinaldo," he saluted, clapping me familiarly on the back. "The lady of the house in?"

"I'm the lady of the house," I said coldly, sacrificing accuracy for hauteur. Before I could raise the drawbridge, he slid past me into the living room and zipped open his briefcase, his eyes taking rapid inventory of the furnishings.

"Gloomy little hole you've got here," he commented. "What do you do, store roots in it?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out," I parried. He pretended not to have heard my riposte and drew forth a limp leather manual.

"Now, here's the way it figures, Mac," he began. "The best we can do for you on a new Moosup convertible is fourteen hundred skins."

"Hey, wait a minute!" I protested. "I never—"

"Quiet!" he ordered. "I'll do the talking around here. Now, judging from this layout"—he looked about critically—"you want to buy the car on time. Suppose you let us have twelve hundred down—"

I interrupted and, mincing no words, made it clear I already owned a car that he could see on his departure, which I hoped was imminent.

"You mean that stem-winder in the driveway?" he sneered. "That's not a car—that's transportation!"

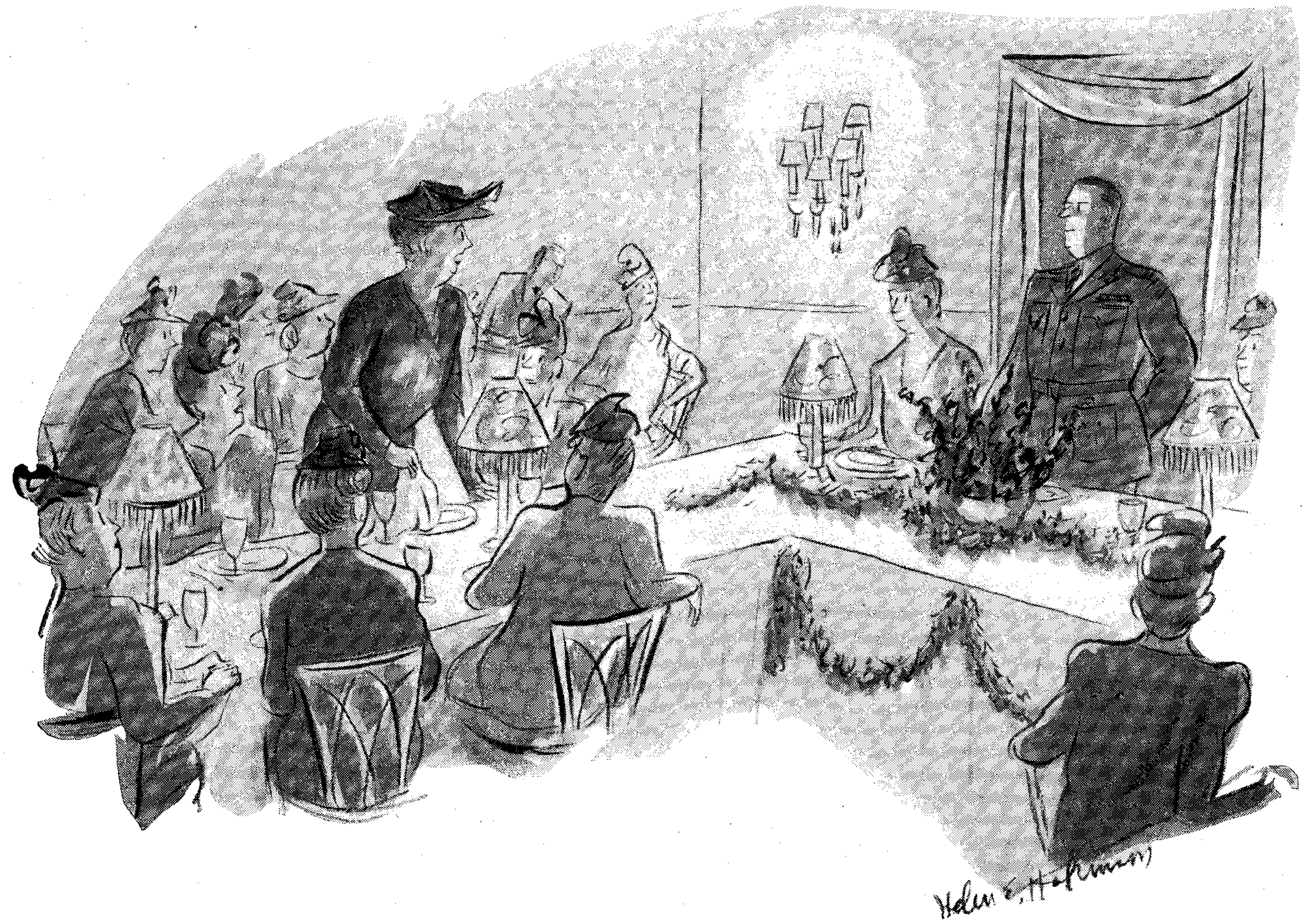
The cheap gibe at my little bluebell stung my cheeks to flame.

"It's good enough for me," I blazed, "and anyway, I'd drive a—a brewery wagon if it got me there!"

"Where?" he asked.

"Where—wherever I was going," I replied weakly.

"Where *are* you going—to a dog fight?" He chuckled. "You certainly have the clothes for it." I suddenly realized I no longer held trump cards and laid my hand authoritatively on his coat



"But does Westchester ***want*** *a strong Yugoslavia?"*

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collar. He brushed it aside without rancor.

"Look, friend," he purred, "you've got me wrong. Hatcher & Gonsdorf don't sell automobiles—we sell *good will.*"

"You do?" I asked, struck by this profound merchandising philosophy.

"Of course," he said. "Do you think I'd sacrifice flesh and blood for a measly commission? I'd rather have your friendship." His honest emotion shamed me; I saw I had done him a deep injustice.

"I like you, too," I said shyly. We shook hands.

"They don't come any whiter than you, old man," he said, his voice husky. "Now, get your coat. I want to see you behind the wheel of a job I've got outside. Test its fingertip control, self-annealing shock absorbers, and forty-seven big new features. I don't want you to buy it. As a matter of fact, it's not for sale."

IT was either the man's hypnotic mustache or some drug like scopolamine he introduced into my coffee; anyway, on the dot of noon I issued dreamily from the Friendly Finance Company with an empty poke in one hand and the title to a new juggernaut in the other. My chest swelled with pride as I paused on the curb and surveyed its sleek black body edged with glistening chromework, its virginal white-wall tires. Then, reversing my cap like Barney Oldfield's, I crawled in and pointed the nose of the machine toward the open road. Motorists and pedestrians alike bit their lips in envy as I streaked past, annihilating time and space with a casual pressure of the foot. At a traffic light I overheard two old ladies in a battered blue sedan discussing me in awed whispers. "That's Luis Escobar, the South American matinée idol," murmured one. "They say he commands upward of ninety thousand reals a picture. A woman isn't safe with a man like that." I lounged back, my eyes heavy-lidded with boredom, and contemplated trips to Baja California, the Everglades, the Gaspé Peninsula. I might even have Buckminster Fuller design me a Dymaxion trailer, embodying certain innovations I had projected for a long time . . .

Five miles from the Friendly Finance Company, a horrid temblor shook the motor. Some instinctive mechanical bent warned me to pull into the nearest gas station. I had barely drawn up before a mosque-shaped lubritorium when the car emitted a deep, phthisic cough. Almost simultaneously, a Marmon engine of the vintage of 1928, covered with barnacles, dropped out of the hood and lay steaming between the front wheels. Two minutes later, an incredibly handsome young man, whose prematurely white hair proclaimed him a rare mixture of charlatan and chump, crept out of the driver's seat, borrowed a nickel from the attendant, and rode home on the streetcar. He's still looking for a certain auto salesman, formerly in the employ of Hatcher & Gonsdorf—chap with a dashing black mustache. As I get the story, he wants to pull it out by the roots. —S. J. PERELMAN

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1. Would an American woman be allowed to join the guerrilla forces of another nation, say China or Russia? She is anxious to do some real fighting for herself. 2. Are skirt hangers scarce all over the country?—*Boston Daily Globe.*

Hang your skirt on your gunrack and get going.

SILICON DIOXIDE

THE Japanese Army and Navy made no attempt to stop the Chinese looting that followed the surrender of Hong Kong, but they did set aside a few establishments for themselves and protected them. Scarcely had the dead been buried when a committee of Jap businessmen moved smoothly into the British-owned department stores and began to take stock as if they had worked there for years. For a long time the higher-ups squabbled over the spoils, especially at Lane, Crawford, which was full of imported food, and before the shop again opened its doors, under a Japanese name, a huge lot of this invaluable stuff was commandeered by the armed forces. I knew rather more about this than I did about most Jap activities, because it affected my own household.

Dr. Selwyn-Clarke, Director of Medical Services, had been retained by our conquerors in his special capacity after most of the other enemy nationals had been locked up in the internment camp out at Stanley. The Japs called him "adviser to the Imperial Government," but actually he went on pretty much as he had before Pearl Harbor, running the medical and health services of the colony. He had, of course, to contend with Japanese interference, but he was accustomed to governmental interference and there was little the Japanese could do to him with red tape that the British hadn't done before. Dr. Selwyn-Clarke's wife, Hilda, used to say that she believed sometimes he forgot there had been any change at all in the government. If Hilda had made that remark about anyone else, I would have taken it as a joke, but where Selwyn was concerned Hilda was always serious. He was a man who came to life only when he was working. The outside world and his home were all a dream to him. His comfortable home up on the Peak had been requisitioned by the Japs, and he and Hilda and their five-year-old daughter had been forced to move out. But Selwyn still had his office; he still had departmental rows. There was still cholera, there was dysentery, there was tuberculosis. He still got up at dawn to go to work; he went without lunch and came home when most people were going to bed. He ate his reduced rations and lived like a refugee without noticing his changed circumstances.

No, this is not quite true. I have forgotten the difference made by Stanley Camp; Selwyn never forgot Stanley, even in his sleep. His duties were double those of prewar days, for he had not only the Asiatic population to care for but the collection of his own people—twenty-five hundred of them—who were crowded behind barbed wire and dying slowly of malnutrition. As a doctor, he realized that their health was deteriorating, but as a human, he was not especially sympathetic, for he himself didn't like to eat. He surveyed the problem and suffered purely as the Director of Medical Services. To him it was the usual job of convincing a stubborn government against its will, of cozening somebody out of necessary supplies. He did a masterful job. I suppose a man more in touch with the normal world couldn't have coped with the situation at all.

The Selwyn-Clarkes were now living next door to me, in a flat which had been ransacked by the looters. Hilda moved her family in and persuaded a Japanese medical officer to give them a permit to stay there. We were all kicked out by the military later on, but for a month we remained neighbors, pooling our resources, including my cook, Ah King, and having our meals, such as they were, together. One night, Selwyn threw one of his hand grenades into the conversation.

"By the way, sweetheart," he said to Hilda, "I've invited Captain Yamaguchi to dinner tomorrow evening. It's rather an important occasion, so let's put our best foot forward."

There was a dreadful hush. For years Hilda had realized that it was no use expostulating with her husband, but, unlike him, she was human and there are limits to human self-control. "Dinner?" she demanded. "How on earth are we to feed a Japanese officer? On what?"

"Oh, chicken," said Selwyn. "Chicken would be very nice, I should think. Tell the servant to buy a good chicken in the market."

Hilda looked at me. I looked at Hilda. Selwyn then did one of those amazing things that made him so maddening; he reached into his pocket and pulled out a packet of Hong Kong currency. "That ought to be sufficient," he said. As far as he was concerned, the subject was closed. He drank some water.

"Where did you get it?" demanded Hilda. "I thought I handled all the money in the family."

"Oh, no, my dear." Selwyn was obviously making an effort to concentrate on the conversation. "I often need money for extraneous purposes and so I carry it about. Only yesterday I had to keep the baker out of internment. I had to pay those people off, you know. We need a baker in town. I gave them two hundred dollars."

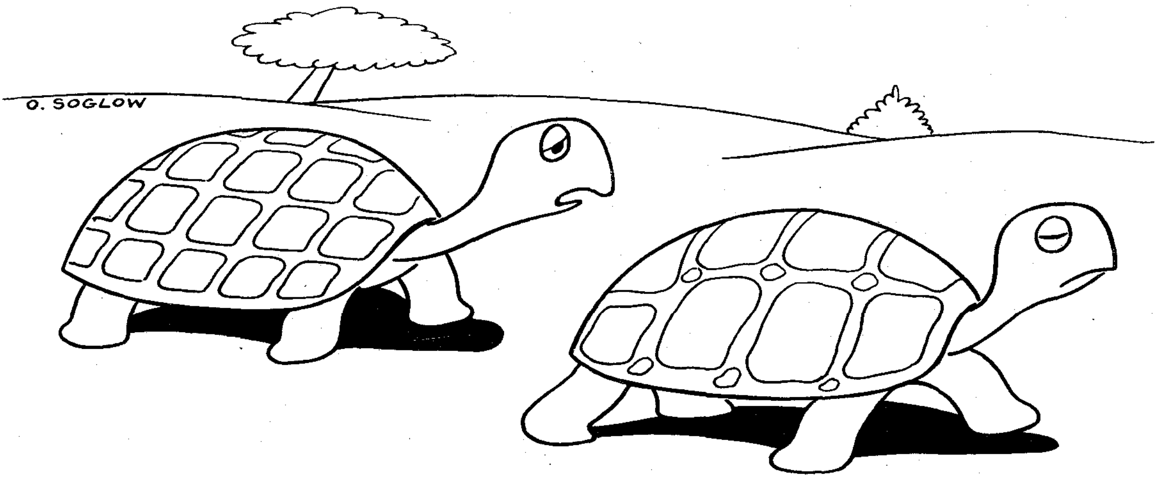
"Two hundred dollars!" Hilda wailed.

"Bread is needed," Selwyn said, reasonably. "They need bread at Stanley and there are no ovens out there. I couldn't allow him to be interned."

"But where do you get this money?" she asked.

"People give it to me," he said. "A gentleman walked up to me in the street and handed that lot to me last Monday. A perfect stranger. I've never seen him before in my life."

This story really wasn't phony, except the part about not knowing the gentleman. People in Hong Kong were always trying to help Selwyn, scared



"You ruined the best two hundred years of my life. I hope you're satisfied."

people who couldn't resist making surreptitious efforts. It made the Japs furious.

Hilda counted the money. "We'll have a chicken," she said. "Is Ah King good with chicken, Mickey?"

"If he hasn't forgotten how to cook one," I said.

We decided that roasting was the most economical way to deal with it. We would have rice, mixed with peanuts, instead of potatoes, and the Hong Kong imitation of spinach. "I'll make a cake," Hilda said. Then she looked at Selwyn and took a deep breath. "And hadn't I better get a bottle of whiskey?"

"Certainly not. I see no necessity," he replied.

"But the Japanese always expect something to drink with their food. He may be insulted if we don't give him something, Selwyn."

Selwyn frowned portentously. He never touched alcohol, even beer, and he couldn't understand why other people should wish to. He tried to understand, but he couldn't. "I have no desire," he said, "to provide an, uh, orgy for this captain. It is my intention to give him a quiet family evening. He said that he wants to know the British, to understand them better. He said he wanted an evening—those were his exact words—of scientific conversation and music." We listened in respectful silence. Selwyn pushed back his chair and explained to us carefully. "I have invited him because he can be useful," he said. "Captain Yamaguchi is the man placed in charge by the Army of all the foodstuffs they requisitioned from Lane, Crawford."

"Oh!" Hilda and I gasped. Selwyn smiled grimly at his effect.

"Yes. You see now what a lot he can do for Stanley if he wishes. So far, in my dealings with him, I have found him not unsympathetic. He is the only officer I have yet encountered who seems at all inclined to coöperate. Already he has granted us leave to take away a few cases of those ration biscuits compounded by the Health Department last year—you know them, sweetheart. They're made of peanut flour and wheat and other ingredients, and two of them a day, counted in calories, should keep a normal adult alive indefinitely."

"The ones that taste like dog biscuits?" asked Hilda. "The iron ration?"

"Those are the ones. It is fortunate that they taste no better; the Japanese have not acquired a liking for them. And I am trying to get permission from this Captain Yamaguchi to take the rest of them out to Stanley before somebody discovers what they are. And he has other supplies that we could use. Oh, we could certainly use them. So I have invited him to dinner. He speaks English of a sort." Selwyn's glittering eyes found my face. "We will depend upon you, Mickey, for the conversation," he said. "You studied some sort of science at the university, I believe?"

"It was a long time ago," I said.

"No doubt you still retain sufficient knowledge to tide us over for one evening. And, sweetheart, about the music . . ."

"None of us plays the piano," said Hilda, "and anyway, there is no piano. Do you think we could get yours across to this room, Mickey? We shall have to take your dining-room table, as it is. This card table won't be big enough."

"Do what you can," Selwyn said, rising and making for the door. "The little amenities—flowers, salted peanuts, that sort of thing." He was gone.

"It's all very well saying 'salted peanuts,'" muttered his wife, "but peanuts are so scarce we have to count them. And if we have nothing to drink, what shall we do before dinner?"

"Bring in Mary," I suggested. Mary was the Selwyn-Clarke child. "She always gets them; it's those long curls. About that piano, Hilda—"

"It wouldn't be practical," she admitted. "None of us plays and we don't know if he can. Have you any good gramophone records—classical, I mean?"

"I have a few, but no gramophone."

"Mary's toy gramophone still works, I believe," Hilda said. "That will have to do. First thing tomorrow we must get to work on the table. Thank goodness it comes apart."

We worked our heads off all day. Ah King, after weeks of compounding meals out of nothing, was jittery about his grave responsibility, and I had to soothe him at intervals. We all ran back and forth between the apartments, carrying furniture. We even collected wood for the fireplace, and that was quite a feat. I had just time to get dressed before six o'clock, when the Captain was due to arrive. I wore my long dress, partly because of the special air it would lend the occasion and partly because it was my only other dress. It was creased and moldy and discolored, but I didn't think anyone would care. Over it, for warmth, I put on an old Ch'ing-dynasty coat. You can wear Chinese coats in New York but not in China, and Ah King's wife and daughter had hysterics when they saw me. But I did look

V DAY

Savor the hour when it comes. Preserve it in amber.
Instruct the mind to cherish its sound and its shape.
Cut out the newspaper clippings. Forever remember
The horns and the ticker tape,

The flags, the parades, the radio talking and talking,
Ceaselessly crying the tale on the noisy air
(But omitting for once the commercials), the sirens shrieking,
The bulletins in Times Square,

The women kneeling in churches, the people's laughter,
The speeches, the rumors, the tumult loud in the street.
Remember it shrewdly so you can say hereafter,
"That moment was safe and sweet.

"Safe was the day and the world was safe for living,
For Democracy, Liberty, all of the coin-bright names.
Were not the bomb bays empty, the tanks unmoving,
The cities no more in flames?

"That was an island in time, secure and candid,
When we seemed to walk in freedom as in the sun,
With a promise kept, with the dangers of battle ended,
And the fearful perils of peace not yet begun."

—Phyllis McGinley

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civilized, from a distance. I looked like a lady going out to dinner. I ignored the shrill cackles in the kitchen and sailed into the Selwyn-Clarke flat with my head up.

Selwyn hadn't arrived yet with the Captain. We had scarred the table a little bit, getting it through the door, but it looked nice with folded paper napkins in the glasses and flowers in the middle and white kitchen candles in holders. Hilda and I were very nervous. We walked around and swished our dresses and sat down by the fire and stood up again.

"It's terrible," I said suddenly, . "making all this fuss for a Jap. Don't you hate it?"

"My dear, it's dreadful. I've been trying all day to justify myself. Sometimes Selwyn is really too British. How can a dinner make any difference to this little beast of a captain? People who aren't English don't attach the same importance to a social gesture, but I can never make Selwyn see that. It isn't as if this captain couldn't get himself a far better dinner."

BLANKET
SALE
U.S. ARMY
REJECTS
Geo. Price

"Ask Marshall! Ask Eisenhower! How should I know why it was rejected?"

"He's probably curious from an ethnological point of view," I said. "He wants to put it down in his diary—the habits and tastes of the native Briton."

The doorbell rang and we hastily assumed attitudes of languid, well-bred welcome. Selwyn, tall, skinny, and stooping, ushered in the Captain, who came only up to his host's middle. The Captain stood in the doorway, clicked his heels, and bowed smartly, just like a German. He was stocky and spectacled and could have been a model for a wartime cartoonist; there were the teeth and the simian grin and the bandy, booted legs. Unlike most of his brother officers, Captain Yamaguchi had not shaved his head; instead, he affected a Prussian haircut, half an inch long and bristling like a brush. He was carrying brown-paper parcels in his arms, and he bestowed them upon Hilda. We lost our languor when she opened them. There were a bottle of good Scotch, a pound of Kraft cheese, and a carton of Camels. All of these things were rare luxuries; the Captain evidently knew his stuff. Selwyn looked like a goose which had astonished itself by laying a golden egg.

In the background, the Captain's chauffeur put down a few other parcels near the door, and melted out of sight. Yamaguchi unbuckled his sword, bowed a few more times, and sat down in the best chair, near the fire.

"Ah, very nice," he said. "Nice English house."

"You know England, Captain Yamaguchi?" Hilda asked, pouring out whiskey.

"No, very sorry. Germany I know. I study in Germany one year. You speak German? . . . Ah, too bad. I speak German. My English too bad."

The drink should have loosened things up a bit, but it didn't. I was hardly surprised. Selwyn was never the life of any party, even at the best of times, and the Captain seemed content with things just as they were, stiff and embarrassed. Our talk limped forward, creaking and ill at ease. There were, after all, few things one could talk about. "How do you like Hong Kong, Captain?" Hilda asked. She was being a hostess.

"Very nice. Is very beautiful landscape. Some of it like Japan. Very nice."

"Have you pleasant quarters?"

"Very nice, thank you. Matsubara Hotel." That hotel, I recalled, was where my typewriter had been swiped by the Japs.

"When it gets too warm, you must go out and stay at the Repulse Bay Hotel," said Selwyn. "It's a charming spot."

"So?" Captain Yamaguchi wrote the suggestion down in a notebook. I thought of the dances and swims we had had at Repulse Bay. But probably it was all looted, anyway.

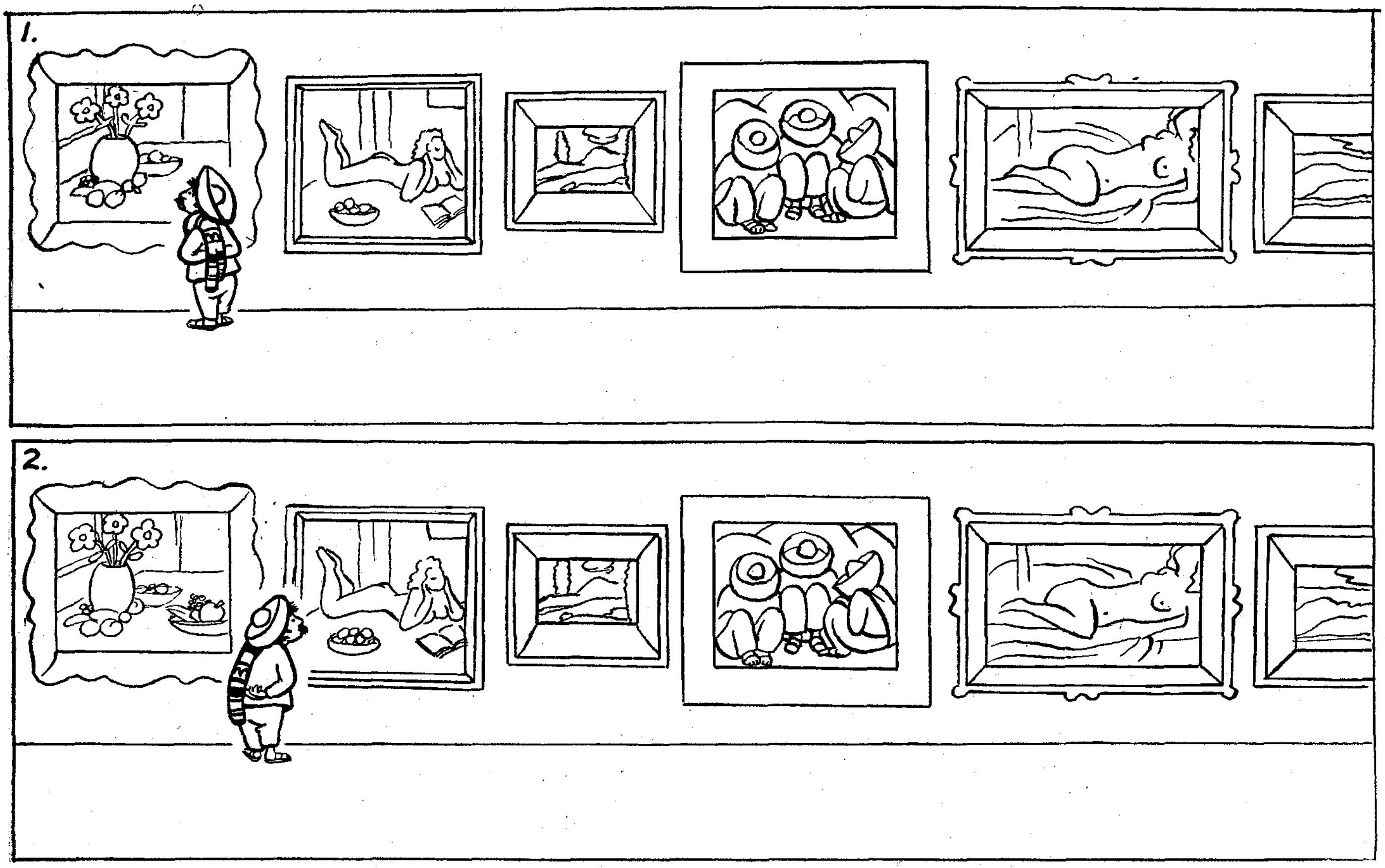
"I look for a house," said the Captain abruptly. "The hotel not so good for all time. So many houses spoiled. Too bad. You know any house?"

Hilda said helpfully, "Well, there's our own house. I think you'd like that one, Captain Yamaguchi. It has a lovely view. As far as I know, the furniture is still there."

"Colonel Nguchi has taken our house, sweetheart," said Selwyn.

"Oh," said Hilda. Their eyes met.

The silence that followed was awkward, but the Captain did not seem aware of this. He glanced around the flat as if he were wondering how it



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would do for him, and apparently he decided against it. Then he noticed me and became curious as to my standing in the family.

"You live here also, Madame?"

"Next door," I said, "with my baby."

"Baby! Ah, *so des*. Your husband also?"

I smiled as politely as I could. "He's in prison camp," I said. "Wounded."

"So."

There was another one of those pauses.

"Have you a family, Captain?" asked Selwyn. "In Japan?"

"I have wife, unfortunately no baby. No time to have baby. I have been six years fighting in China Incident." The Captain smiled.

"What a shame," said Hilda. "How this war does interfere, doesn't it?"

The Captain looked at her oddly, but Ah King announced dinner just then. We were all relieved.

WE devoured the chicken silently. The Captain must have enjoyed it, because he ate a lot. No drinks were served at the table. Nobody had had more than one glass of whiskey, under Selwyn's disapproving eye, but we had come to the tacit conclusion that the Captain did not expect an orgy anyway. After dinner, we went back to the fire and took our old places and the Captain proceeded to the first item on his program—scientific conversation.

He tried to ask a question, but twice he bogged down in it because he kept slipping into German. Then he took out his notebook and wrote something down on a piece of paper, which he passed to Selwyn. "Please," he said.

Selwyn adjusted his glasses, raised his bushy brows, and peered down at the paper in the flickering light of the fire. He passed it on to me. "Does this come within your orbit, Mickey?" he asked.

The Captain had written in Germanic script, "What are chemical composition of glass?"

Everyone looked at me with polite expectation. I could see the Captain's spectacles gleaming hopefully. Out of the misty past, something—not much, but something—came and whispered itself into my ear. "Silicon dioxide is an important ingredient," I said loudly, restraining myself with difficulty from standing up to recite. "In other words, common quartz. Usually employed in the form of sand."

The Captain beamed—the first sign of emotion he had shown since entering the house. With real enthusiasm he applied himself to writing the next question: "Science has traced relationship between solid and liquid. When will similar relations between liquid and gas be equally clear?"

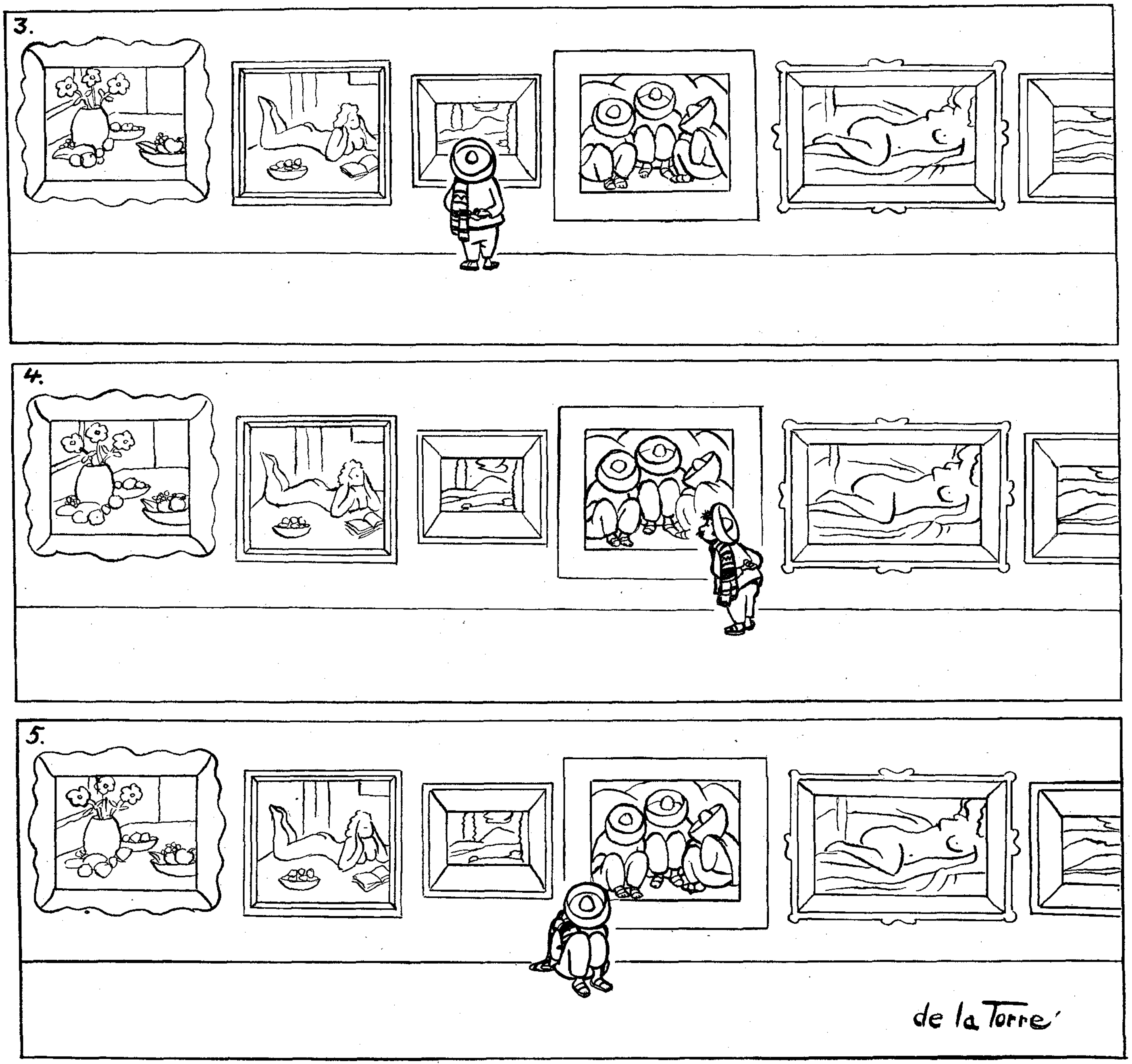
"I thought it was," I said, perplexed. "I mean, you melt ice into water and you can reduce water to oxygen and hydrogen in turn, can't you?"

"Please?" asked the Captain, handing me his notebook and pencil. I wrote it down. Selwyn gave me one of his very rare glances of approval and then took over. For the rest of the scientific-conversation period he did the honors nobly. The Captain soon ventured into the realms of metaphysics, but what with the difficulties of language, they didn't get very far. You could see that the Captain felt happy, just the same. I began to understand the little man. He was trying to transcend the war. He was trying hard to spend an evening of civilized intercourse as Westerners would do it.

An hour or so after the scientific conversation started, he brought it to a close. "We will now have the music," he announced. I was about to get my records—the "Nutcracker" Suite and something played by Heifetz—when I was halted by the sight of the Captain lugging a large portfolio from the corner where his chauffeur had left it. He opened it near the fire.

"Beethoven," he said proudly. "Kreutzer Sonata. Very nice."

It was the complete set. My job was to wind up Mary's little gramophone, one of those blue ones with Walt Disney



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designs all over. It was so small that one winding was not enough for a big record, but when you got the hang of it you could catch it and rewind it before the music lagged. The tiny sound box wasn't enough for the vibrations and the louder parts sounded tinny, but the Captain didn't care. He nodded as the music swept along and sometimes he hummed with it. Everyone else sat motionless in the shadows, looking at him, thinking.

"It was good of you to bring those records, Captain," Hilda said when it was over. "Amazing that you should have found such things in times like these. How did you do it, may I ask?"

The Captain, after lovingly putting his records away in the album, looked about for his sword. "I found them in Government House," he said absently, "the day after the surrender."

He picked up his sword and buckled it on. He bowed low to us all, clicking his heels, and then went out into the dark, accompanied to the car by Selwyn with a lantern.

"The Governor's records," said Hilda. "Sir Mark was very fond of Beethoven."

We began to laugh, cautiously, with our eyes on the door. We couldn't stop. After a little, we couldn't even be cautious about it. We had several hours' self-control to make up for. Selwyn, returning in the middle of things, did nothing to interfere with us. In his way he was pretty cheerful himself.

"Got 'em," he said. "The dog biscuits. I'm to send for them tomorrow."

I caught my breath. "I'm willing to contribute the 'Nutcracker' Suite, Selwyn," I said, "to the cause. Give it to him when you get the biscuits."

"Scarcely necessary, I should think," said Selwyn. "He was thoroughly pleased with the evening. In my opinion, it was the silicon dioxide."

For a moment I thought he was going to pat me on the head.

—EMILY HAHN

* * *

Married recently, Miss Manners is practically on her honeymoon, except that her husband, Lieut. William J. Walker, is at an Army Air Force base in Tennessee, where he is in the administrative department.—*Cleveland Press.*

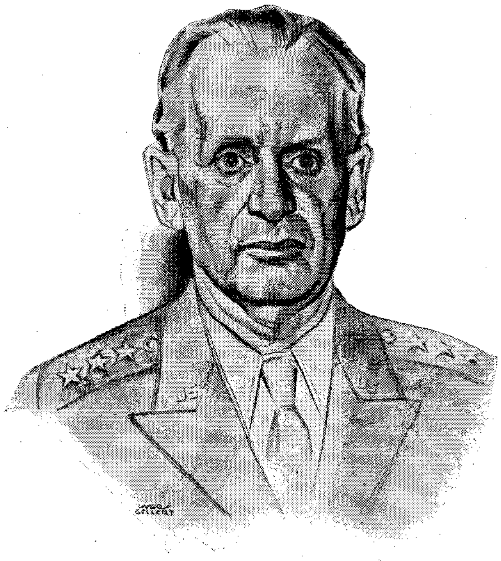
Don't let's split hairs.

PROFILES

EDUCATION OF AN ARMY—I

IT is perhaps natural, in time of war, that the story of a man should begin with his death. Lieutenant General Lesley James McNair was killed on the Normandy front on July 25th. It was first officially announced that his death had been caused by "enemy fire," but it was later revealed that he had been killed by an American bomb. The General's career came to an end only eleven days after the announcement that he had been shifted from his job in Washington as commanding general of the Army Ground Forces, which he had held since the creation of that command, to take on a new job in the European Theatre of Operations. It is still too early to calculate the debt this country owes him. The full value of his work will not be known until we have won our final victory. He is the man who trained our overseas armies—the infantry, field artillery, coast and anti-aircraft artillery, cavalry, armored, and other soldiers who comprise our combat ground forces. Whatever the debt turns out to be, it is certainly a large one, and, like most war debts, the payment on it can be only of the token variety. On August 3rd, while General Marshall and a number of other Army leaders looked on, Secretary of War Stimson presented General McNair's widow with two posthumously awarded oak-leaf clusters to the Distinguished Service Medal with which her husband had been decorated by General Pershing after the last war. The War Department's decision to honor him with two clusters at once (one was for a job completed twenty-eight months before his death) was in a way an admission by the high command that there were no medals which could convey its appreciation of the part he had played in winning this war.

McNair was the first three-star general in our history to die on a battlefield. He had already achieved the distinction of being our only lieutenant general to be wounded in action in this war; he was struck, and nearly killed, by fragments of a German shell while he was on the Tunisian front in the spring of 1943. He was hit on his very first day of North African battle. This bad luck, some people might believe, should have rendered him immune to further harm.



Lieutenant General McNair

However, he had scarcely arrived in France when he fell in action. Many of our rank-and-file have been through months of combat without suffering a scratch. That a three-star general, whose battle experiences on two fronts amounted to only a few hours, should have been seriously wounded at the first front and killed at the second was illogical and unprecedented. It was equally illogical and unprecedented that his only son, Colonel Douglas McNair, a gifted young field-artillery officer serving on Guam as chief of staff for the commanding general of the 77th Infantry Division, should have been killed by a Japanese bullet only twelve days after his father's death. The most logical explanation for both tragedies is the one offered by the Washington *Star* in tribute to the General. "He was wounded because he went where other men were being wounded," an editorial in the paper said. "And he was killed because he went where other men were being killed."

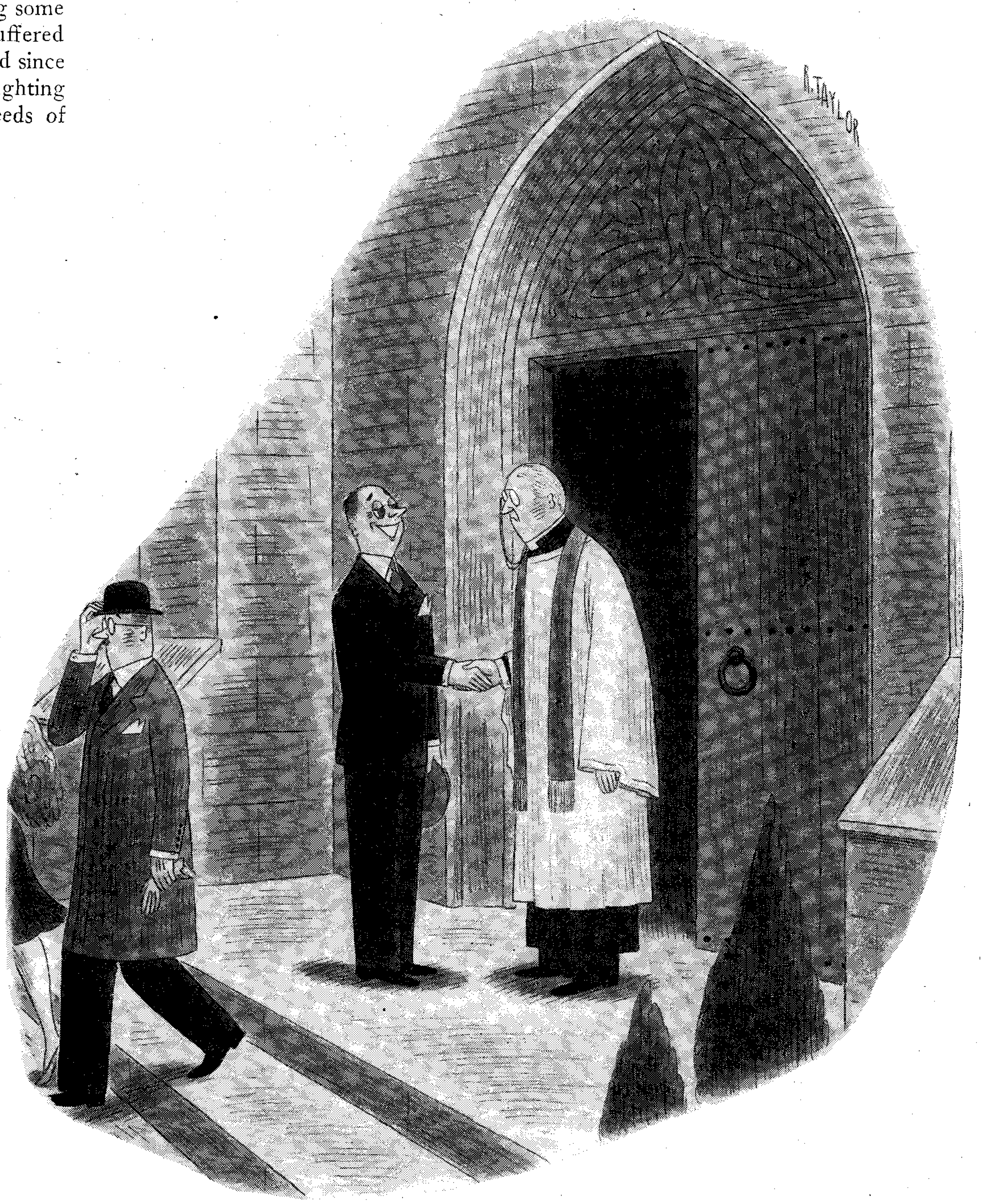
Oddly, at no time during this war did General McNair hold a combat command. When he was killed, he was observing front-line action preparatory to taking over an important post which press dispatches from London have since indicated was the command of all American ground forces under General Eisenhower. Before that, General McNair had been at the head of the Army Ground Forces, whose function is the purely domestic one of training troops for combat overseas, and thus he had had no direct jurisdiction over any soldier outside the continental limits of the United States. But there is no American ground soldier anywhere in the world who does not bear his imprint. Between August 3, 1940, when McNair arrived in Washington to become chief of staff of the then recently established General Headquarters and to be second only to General Marshall in the job of running the Army, and July 13, 1944, when he was succeeded as ground commander by Lieutenant General Ben Lear, every one of our ground combat soldiers—and enough others to bring the total to well over three million—trained under McNair.

General McNair was killed near St. Lô when some fifty American heavy bombers, operating in close tactical support of ground troops, dropped fragmentation bombs six miles short of their target. The General was with an infantry unit which was waiting to start the American offensive that subsequently rolled through Normandy and spilled out into Brittany. It was peculiarly ironic that he should have been killed by one of our own bombers. His public statements about the effectiveness of air warfare had always been models of tact, and he had flown more miles during the war than many a leader of the Army Air Forces, but he had always felt that the plane was a weapon whose helpfulness to ground troops had been slightly exaggerated. Unlike those military experts who cheerfully deduced from the German conquests of Poland and France that infantry was no longer the decisive factor in battle, he did not believe that bombs alone could accomplish tactical gains or that victory could be achieved, as one persistent oracle puts it, through air power. Many makers of such predictions have lately modified them. Basically, it is now fairly well agreed, even among them, that the war is following the gory tradition and will be decided only when our infantry and its supporting ground elements impose their will on the enemy by seizing and holding hostile territory and by incapacitating or forcing the surrender of hostile armies. McNair never doubted that this rôle was the destiny of his men—specifically, of his infantrymen. "Our

Army is no better than its infantry," he said last fall, "and victory will come only when and as our infantry gains it; the price will be predominantly what the infantry pays. These days the entire nation is following operations on its war maps. It is to be noted that the front lines of these maps are simply where the infantryman is. It is true that he is supported magnificently by artillery and air, but this support is behind and above him. There is nothing in front of him but the enemy."

The General's appraisal of the rôle of the infantryman was based not only on professional sympathy but on statistical fact. During our first two years in the war, our infantry, numbering some twenty per cent of the Army, suffered more than half our casualties, and since then the intensity of ground fighting has increased. The urgent needs of the infantry have had a pronounced effect upon the recent distribution of manpower in the armed forces. Thirty-six thousand men who had been accepted for training as pilots, for instance, were summarily transferred not long ago to the Ground Forces, where they made an agreeable splash in a bucket that never reached a level wholly satisfactory to McNair. Soldiers in all other branches of the Army were encouraged to volunteer for combat duty in the infantry, and Selective Service officials began to concentrate on drafting younger and stronger citizens, on the theory that older and softer men could not stand up to the harsh demands of ground fighting. Such manifestations of a changing emphasis were gratifying to McNair. He had always said that the contributions of all the other branches of the armed forces could only be preliminary and supporting to the painful progress his foot soldiers would have to make along the well-publicized roads to Berlin and Tokio.

THE Army Ground Forces, in some respects, is the Cinderella of the three commands into which the War Department divided the Army on March 9, 1942. McNair, like General Henry H. Arnold of the Army Air Forces and Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell of the Army Service Forces, took charge of his third of the realm at the start, but he received far less publicity than his two colleagues. Never in his life did he attain any public notice remotely approaching the spreading headlines and eulogistic editorials that were inspired by his death. He would have been startled by the tributes in his obituaries. In a way, he was himself responsible for his comparative obscurity. He kept determinedly out of the public view. His one interest was the accomplishment of his assigned task. "Briefly," he once said, using an adverb that conditioned many of his statements, "the mission of the Army Ground Forces is to create units and train them so that they are fit to fight." In a little over two years he created thousands of units and trained hundreds of thousands of soldiers whose fitness for fighting has been attested by the manner in which they have fought. As A.G.F. commander, he had complete jurisdiction over all ground combat soldiers until they left their training camps for ports of embarkation to become members of fighting units overseas. He was thus constantly losing his best men to the various theatres, but he kept right on training new units, replacements, and reinforcements. From Washington, where



"I don't show up here as much as I'd like, Doctor, but I always try to catch your stuff on the air."

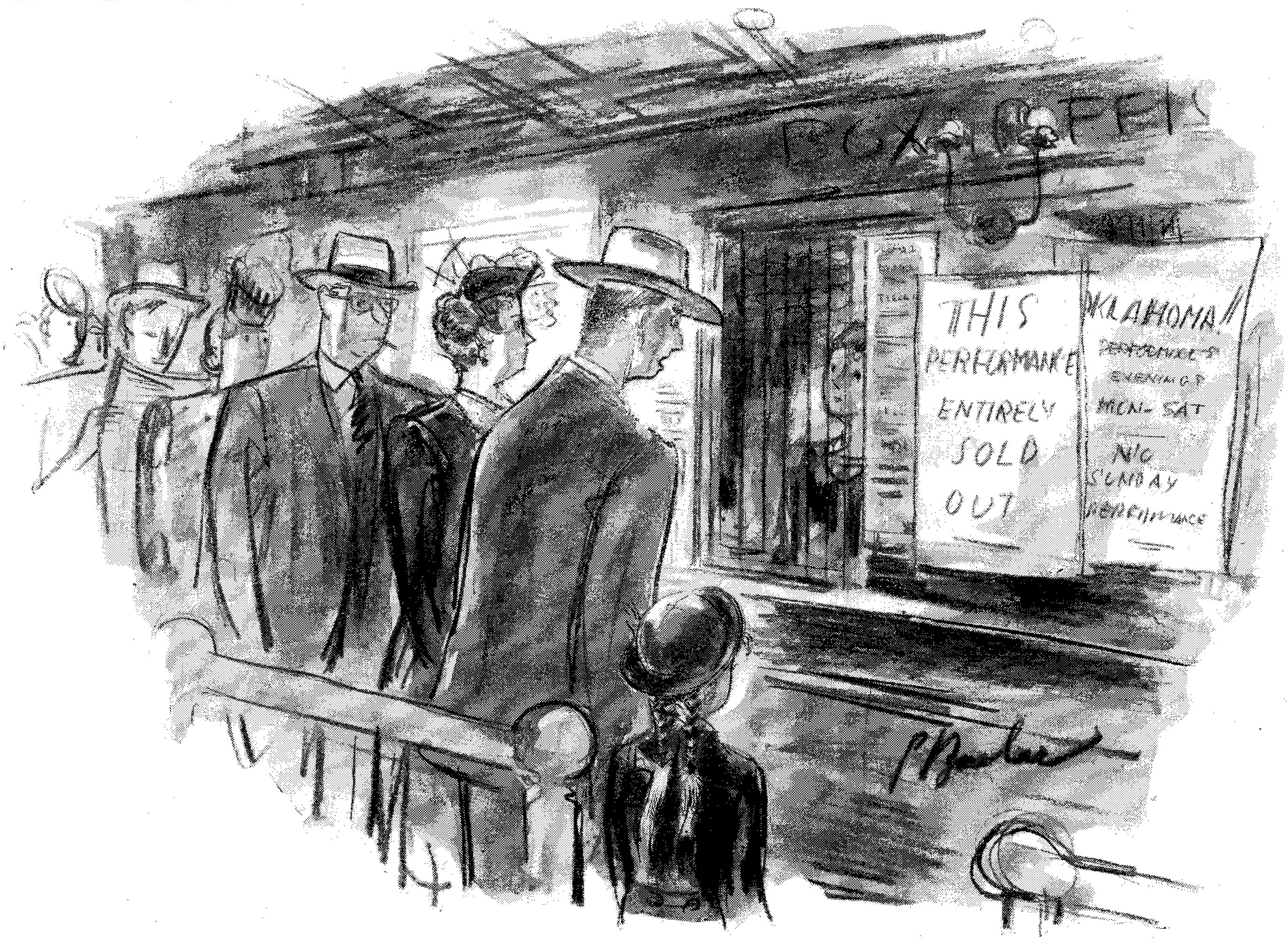
he spent less than half his time, he controlled a sprawling military empire containing several armies and corps, each consisting of a number of infantry, armored, or airborne divisions; two replacement depots for "casuals" coming and going; a Replacement and School Command, consisting of armored, cavalry, coast-artillery, field-artillery, infantry, parachute, and tank-destroyer service schools, armored and tank-destroyer centres, and fifteen replacement-training centres, in which the majority of selectees get their basic training; an Anti-Aircraft Command, consisting of a school, two replacement-training centres, and six unit-training centres; and an Airborne Center, which is the home base for all parachute and glider troops. These organizations occupy seventy-one Army installations, scattered from one side of the country to the other.

The founder of this vast instructional plant, an accomplished mathematician passionately attached to his slide rule, was a slim, trim, light-haired artilleryman who was sixty-one when he died. While he was alive, he only twice achieved anything like fame. On Armistice Day of 1942, appearing on a nationwide broadcast as the North African invasion was getting under way and before the public had come to understand the necessary horrors of combat, he shocked a good many complacent listeners by telling them the truth. "Our soldiers must have the fighting spirit," he began, mildly. "If you call that hating our enemies, then we must hate with every fibre of our being. We must lust for battle; our object in life must be to kill; we must scheme and plan night and day to kill." At this point, no doubt, a few clergymen and politicians began to blink and mutter. "There need be no pangs of conscience," McNair went on serenely, "for our enemies have lighted the way to faster, surer, and crueller killing. Since killing is the object of our efforts, the sooner we get in the killing mood, the better and more skillful we shall be when the real test comes." In the same speech he told his soldiers, "It is the avowed purpose of the Army to make killers of all of you." This forthright statement of intentions, with its deliberate repetition of an unfashionable word, provoked a flood of remonstrative mail from people who had never before heard of McNair.

General McNair attracted attention for the second time when he was wounded in Tunisia. Newspapers all over the country published editorials wishing him a speedy convalescence and a rapid return to active duty, and the *Daily News* honored him in its own quaint way by publishing on its front page a large picture of the General kissing his wife on his arrival home, a kiss which the caption writer described as "fervent." The General was unimpressed by all this attention. Returning from abroad with his right arm in a sling and a neat patch on the back of his neck, he was prevailed upon, when he reached Washington, to appear at a press conference in the Pentagon Building. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I have been brought here by main force."

McNair was an Army officer for forty years and one of national influence for four. He was a lieutenant general before Pearl Harbor, and, as a kind of elder statesman, he was frequently asked for advice about military matters not strictly within his province. Asked once for some inside Washington dope, he protested that his questioner had come to the wrong source. "I know too little, being a pick-and-shovel man," he said, employing one of his favorite autobiographical phrases. Some people innocently took this to mean that he was a rough, earthy character. He was not. Several of McNair's colleagues called him the most intellectual of American generals. General Marshall, a man not ordinarily given to overpraise, has often been quoted as saying that McNair was "the brains of the Army." One of the most welcome presents his wife ever gave him was a copy of Fowler's "Modern English Usage," a reference work beloved by literary men but rarely consulted by day laborers. His occasional speeches, which he wrote himself, were clear, smooth, and often eloquent maneuvers in prose. "Sometimes," one of his associates said recently, "he reminded you of a Scotch Presbyterian pulpit speaker—all irony and intellect." This comparison was not without foundation, for McNair's parents were Presbyterians and his father was born in Scotland.

TOP commanders must always look at what military men are fond of calling "the big picture." A private often has the impression, on receiving an apparently nonsensical order from his first sergeant, that nobody in the Army, especially the first sergeant, knows what is going on. The private understandably holds the topkick accountable. The sergeant, who will not, of course, admit to the private that he doesn't know what is going on either, secretly blames, say, the regimental commander, who in turn thinks division headquarters has gone out of its mind. The commander of the division, normally a major general, often doesn't know any more than the top sergeant about the order, and he attributes the entire infernal mess to the next higher headquarters. The sense of constant confusion that seems to prevail in the Army is inevitable, and reasonable enough if you look at the big picture. The Army is the largest business enterprise in the world, and it is one in which any expectation can be completely upset at any time. General McNair, for instance, might be directed by the War Department, the headquarters directly above him, to activate a certain number of divisions, in accordance with tentative estimates of the number of men who would be drafted within the following year and of the number in that group to be allotted to the ground forces. Activating a division means selecting a cadre of 185 officers and 1,190 enlisted men and having them train as a nucleus until some fourteen thousand other officers and men are assigned to bring the outfit to full strength. After the cadre had been established, the War Department just might not have the additional fourteen thousand men to give to A.G.F. In that case, the cadre would go on training by itself month after month, convinced that it had been most foully forgotten and that nobody in the whole Army knew what the score was. Or, for another example, say that a ship loaded with the equipment of an armored division heading overseas was torpedoed and sunk. The War Department, wanting to have replacements for that equipment as quickly as possible, would direct A.G.F. to take the necessary steps. These steps might involve appropriating the equipment of an armored division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"But surely you can do something for us. We're from Oklahoma."

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still in this country. This division might have just received its equipment when the order to give it back arrived, but, for reasons of security, not even the division commander would be told why. Accordingly, he and his subordinate officers and first sergeants and privates would console themselves by griping about A.G.F. High commanders become inured to these petty tribulations of rank.

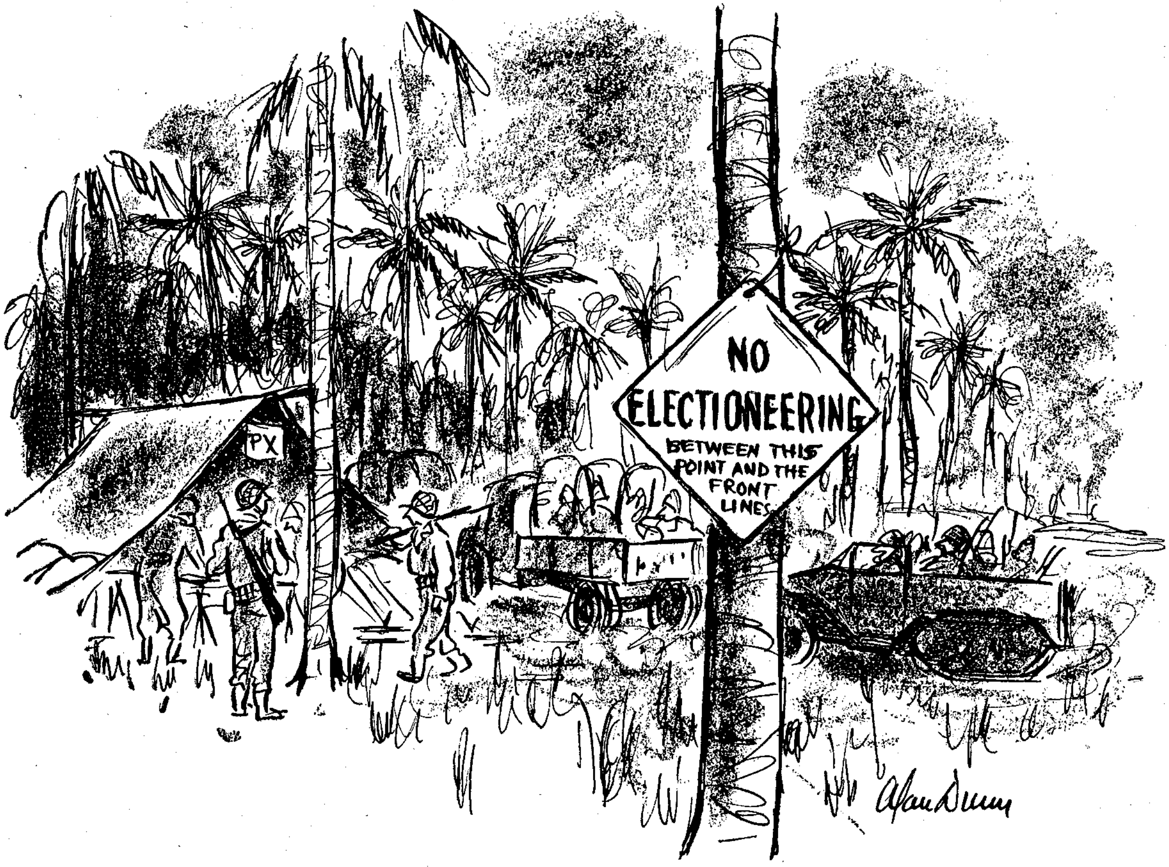
McNair was obliged to spend much of his time reflecting upon the big picture, but he had an extraordinary, occasionally frightening capacity for observing detail. Once, in a critique he wrote about a maneuver held in the Carolinas in 1941, he prefaced his remarks with the statement that they would be "rather general," and started off, in a general enough way, by saying, "The maneuver developed the most complete and informing armored action ever seen in the United States thus far." Further along, though, he was unable to resist becoming specific when he got on the subject of some dummy hand grenades, made out of burlap sacks, that had been used during the war games. "Four sacks have been found to contain rocks as well as flour and were thrown at persons instead of vehicles," he said.

A dry, dignified irony ran through many of McNair's utterances. Asked by a staff officer for a comment on the fact that an A.G.F. soldier had been seen on duty in a partially nude state, he scribbled on a handy slip of paper, "Uniform regulations provide a variety of uniforms which is deemed abundantly sufficient for all military activities. It is desired that the occasional instances of grotesque and non-regulation costumes, apparently intended to indicate toughness, be eliminated." He was opposed to overdoing paperwork, and once, after inspecting a motor pool, he remarked that "vehicles are maintained properly by tools, elbow grease, and dirty hands, not by pencils and forms." Sometimes his reserved attitude made him sound gloomy. Last January, in a New Year's greeting to one element of his command, instead of making the customary felicitous speech, he said, "Let us have no thought other than to defeat our enemies in battle. To expect their collapse for internal causes is idle, wishful thinking." In his infrequent moments of actual dejection, he even expressed worry about the whole Army, in which normally he had unlimited confidence. Learning right after we went into the war that only five per cent of the volunteers had indicated a desire to serve in the infantry or in armored units, he made a sharp speech in the course of which he said, "Does this figure mean that our soldiers prefer the more genteel forms of warfare? If so, the sooner we change our preferences, the better for our country."

Army Ground Forces' main directive to its subordinate headquarters declares that its primary objective is "to produce well-trained, hard-hitting fighting teams." Its standards for a combat soldier have become progressively more rugged as experience has shown what a soldier needs to know. In North Africa, General McNair was distressed by a tendency by some of our troops to fraternize with German prisoners. "Determination to destroy the enemy" was promptly made a part of our training doctrine. After the Sicilian campaign, training in night fighting was emphasized more than it had ever been before. The principal conclusion A.G.F. derived from our earliest battles was that our foot soldiers had to be as hardboiled as they could be made. "Troops must be toughened mentally," General McNair once stated in a training directive, "so that adverse conditions will not divert them from their mission. Fatigue, loss of sleep, limited rations, adverse weather conditions, and other hardships must not weaken their determination to find and destroy the enemy."

IN the summer of 1940, just after the Nazis had overrun the Low Countries, the War Department decided to decentralize the Army, and a General Headquarters was established to take charge of the training of our Army, which was to consist of mobile troops and harbor-defense troops, an air force called G.H.Q. Aviation, and a modest armored force. General Marshall had a dual rôle in the new setup; in addition to being Chief of Staff of the Army, he was Commanding General of the Field Forces, as the G.H.Q.-controlled troops were then called. The actual work of G.H.Q., however, was to be largely the responsibility of *its* chief of staff. To fill that position, Marshall selected McNair, then a brigadier general and commandant of the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. McNair reached Washington on August 3rd. When he arrived, there were less than two hundred thousand officers and men in the Field Forces. Our entire combat army, the size of which was limited by law, consisted of eight understrength infantry divisions, one armored division, and a little more than one division of cavalry. McNair was allowed a staff of a hundred and fifty-six officers to assist him in multiplying this dismally small force, but his dislike of having too many people around him restrained him so severely that by the end of a month he had chosen only seven. Nearly a year later, by which time the officers and men under him had reached a total of 1,400,000, he was operating with a staff of only twenty-three, which he described as the nucleus of the staff he expected to acquire later. "It was indeed a nucleus," one member of that group said a few months afterward, when he was regaining his strength. McNair favored a small staff on the theory that it could get things done with the least confusion and delay, an attitude distasteful, because of its simplicity, to some military men. Warning a group of officers against occupational inertia, he once said, "You may do the wrong thing, but do something." Few civilians, in 1940, knew what G.H.Q. was, and almost no civilian knew who its top men were. McNair and his handful of assistants wore mufti nearly all the time, and, like many soldiers in unceremonial robes, looked so undistinguished that they had a hard time now and then getting by the guards at their own gates. "General McNair's little staff had anything but a martial aspect," an Army historian of that era has written, hastily adding, "in spite of the warlike efficiency which it displayed."

At the start, General Headquarters had a threefold purpose: "To develop and state training needs, objectives, and methods; to inspect troop movements and follow up training programs; and to coördinate forces for common standards." Or, as McNair put it, explaining the situation to a staff officer, "The job to be done is to condition the American Army for fighting on standardized lines." Four days after his arrival in Washington, McNair made some sweeping recommendations for changing the structure of the Army, most of which were adopted. He suggested that "troop units be organized, trained, and administered by armies, corps, divisions, and similar tactical units, as though in the theatres of operations." McNair also wanted his soldiers "free to move strategically and capable of prompt and effective tactical action," and he put into effect certain new basic training principles. He insisted that training be progressive, beginning with teaching the individual the fundamentals of his trade, and going on through small-unit training; through combined-arms training, in which infantrymen, for example, are exposed to the idiosyncrasies of artillerymen, and vice versa; and, finally, to maneuvers embracing armies and corps. "These steps," he wrote to General Marshall, "are the foundation of military efficiency. They can be hurried and slighted only at a price." Obvious though these recommendations might sound to a civilian, they were, by Army standards, revolutionary. McNair wanted the men to have the most realistic training possible, but he was not dismayed, as were many contemporary critics, because, at first, maneuvering soldiers had to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Eugene Ormandy now resumes the brilliant series of concerts with the Philadelphia Orchestra on Saturdays over CBS (5:00–6:00 p.m. EWT). In his back pocket he has a personal invitation from General MacArthur to lead the Manila Symphony Orchestra in a victory concert the moment the Philippines are liberated. The General has even set a tentative date for the concert, but it cannot be divulged for reasons of military security. Ormandy talked to the General during his recent tour of the South Pacific where he conducted 29 concerts for American and Australian troops. The way MacArthur and Nimitz are going, Ormandy better rosin up that bow.

★

One morning an elderly woman with failing sight wandered from home in Kokomo, and couldn't be located by her family. When she was officially reported missing at 1 p.m. WKMO, CBS affiliate, broadcast a series of announcements at intervals of 3 minutes. At 1:15 a motorist listening to his radio on the outskirts of the city noticed a woman walking vaguely along a lonely road. She said she was lost. He brought her into town and she was soon back with her family. The family just won't listen to any other station now.

★

Trout run 35 pounds and 4 feet long around the Apostle Islands off the northern tip of Wisconsin. The weather can kick up a heavy, unsafe sea on Lake Superior. So twenty commercial fishermen living on the islands wrote KDAL, CBS affiliate in Duluth, pleading for a special nightly weather forecast between 6 and 7 p.m. to warn them whether it would be safe to fish more than 20 miles offshore. KDAL, with the help of its advertisers, cleared the time for a bulletin to the Apostle fishermen. Now the fishing boats sail with a feeling of security, and from time to time someone on the KDAL staff finds a new 40-inch trout in his morning mail.

★

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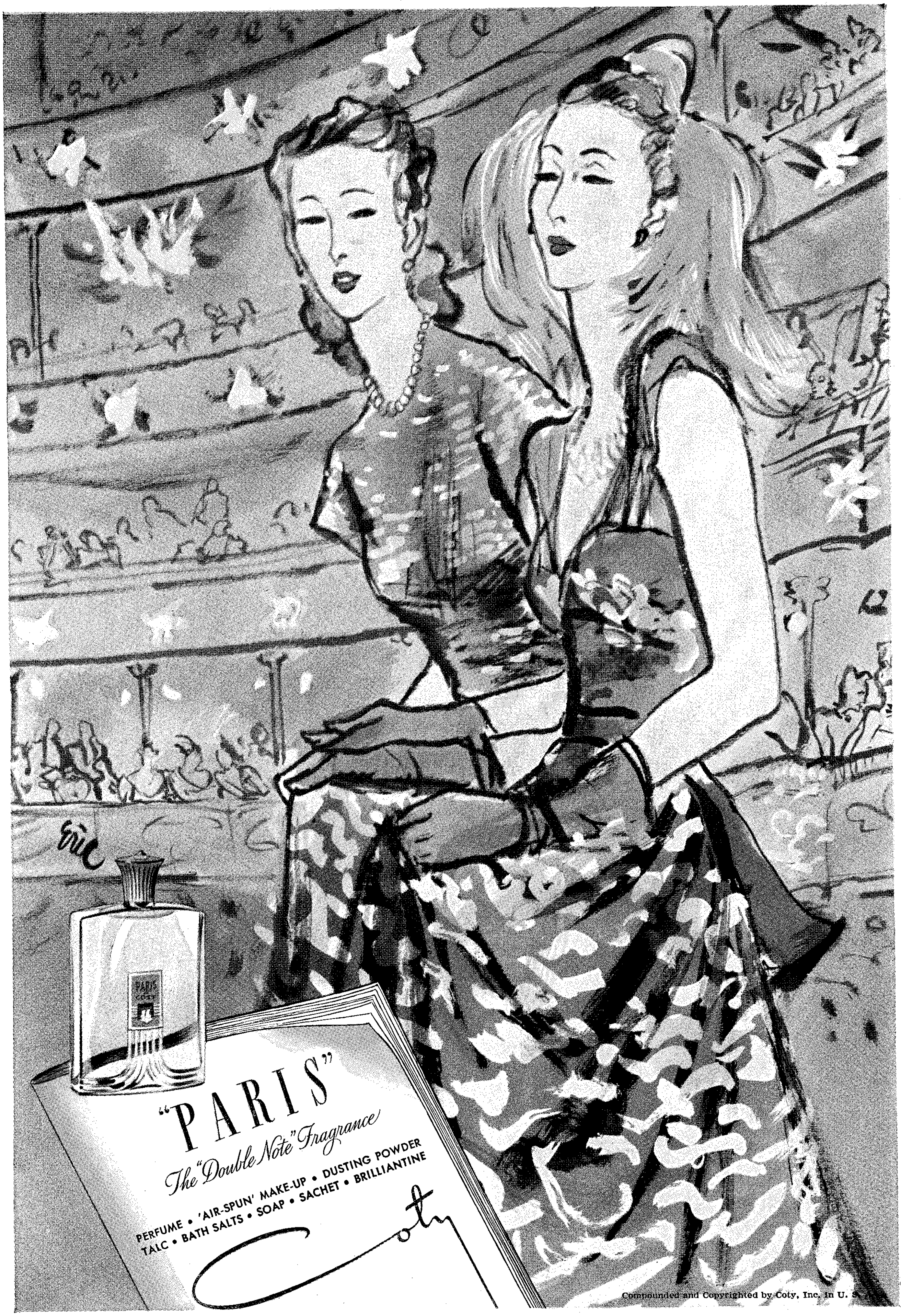
On September 16, 1940, the day the first of our eighteen National Guard divisions became a part of the Army, General McNair signed an order telling his assistants to prepare for the flood that would start in November, after the sixteen million men registered under the Selective Service Act began to be called up. "The success of the Selective Service system, as well as the efficiency of the Regular Army and the National Guard," the order said, "will be rightly gauged by the public according to the skill with which these elements of the Army receive, train, and amalgamate into their ranks the Selective Service trainees they may soon receive. Speed in preparing units for this task is imperative. The present national effort and the conditions which have caused it demand intensive training and the attainment of the highest standards. There will be no compromise as to quality." Four months after the first National Guard division went into active service, the seventeen others had been taken into the Army, and McNair's responsibilities were considerably increased. He was an indefatigable traveller; in one nine-month period he spent a hundred and eleven days away from his desk on field inspections. Every time a Guard division joined the Army, he paid a visit to the commander and staff. He was not too reassured by what he found. Many of the Guard officers, through no fault of their own, were far too old in their grades to be considered as combat leaders. In one Guard division, a member of his staff reported, McNair found "the chief of staff unqualified and the G-3 in a temporary daze." "The blind leading the blind," McNair remarked, summing up the situation. Men coming into the Army, both from the Guard and through Selective Service, often complained that they had been wrongly classified and were being poorly led by their officers. They were a far more articulate group of recruits than any our Army had known before, largely because of their superior education. Only a fifth of our drafted men in the last war had gone to high school, whereas two-thirds of our soldiers in this war have gone. The disaffection among erudite selectees, and among the less erudite ones, too, grew to serious proportions in the summer of 1941.

Not only did General McNair have to try to cope with the Army's weaknesses, of which he was unhappily aware, but, unlike a great many optimists who refused to concede the annoying possibility of our actually having to fight in the war, he had to prepare, and prepare quickly, for combat operations he by then believed were inevitable. "We didn't know how soon war would come, but we knew it was coming," he remarked to a reporter a short time before his death. "We didn't know when we'd have to fight, but we knew it might come at any time, and we had to get together *something* of an army pretty darn fast. We didn't dare stop for the progressive and logical building of a war machine. As a result, the machine was a little wobbly when it first got going. The men knew it. The officers knew it. Everybody knew it." Improving the quality of training and leadership was not an overnight process. McNair could not get rid of the inferior officers until he had better ones to substitute for them, and the supply of officers of any sort was decidedly limited. Nevertheless, he was glad to be able to detect flaws in the Army while there was time to eradicate them. "The truth is sought," he said in a round-robin letter to some of his generals, "regardless of whether pleasant or unpleasant, or whether it supports or condemns our present organization or tactics." Several of his staff officers pinned this maxim up on the wall over their desks, just as someone lower in the Army hierarchy might pin up Betty Grable.

One of the important accomplishments of G.H.Q. was effecting the triangularization of infantry divisions. This, in unmilitary phraseology, meant reducing each division's strength from four to three regiments. The purpose of the move was to create a more efficient operating unit with as little sacrifice of power as possible. G.H.Q. also held maneuvers bigger than any our country had seen before. It set up re-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placement-training centres and officer-candidate schools. It started to expand the Army's complement of parachute and other airborne troops. (In June, 1941, there was just one battalion of paratroops in the Army.) From July, 1941, until the following March, when, in another reorganization of the Army, G.H.Q. was abolished and A.G.F. was set up to take over its functions, McNair's headquarters prepared part or all of sixteen detailed offensive and defensive battle plans of operation to take care of nearly every turn the war could have taken. It also drew up plans for the garrisoning by American soldiers of Bermuda, Greenland, Newfoundland, Iceland, Alaska, and other places that seemed odd to a large number of young male Americans who had no idea that they would soon be going to much odder places. Many decisions of international importance were made by mere majors and lieutenant colonels, men of hardly enough rank to ensure a good table at a restaurant in Algiers today. Most of them are now generals. One of the group was Lieutenant Colonel Mark W. Clark, who later became McNair's chief of staff and still later the conqueror of Rome.

In the nearly two years of existence of G.H.Q., McNair built up our Army from a wisp until it was the backbone of the big expeditionary force to come, and consented, though with some misgivings, to increase his staff to a couple of hundred officers, plus sundry non-commissioned and civilian assistants. By December 7, 1941, we had an army 1,600,000 strong and reasonably well along in its training. McNair was not convinced that the rest of the country had kept pace with him. The day before Pearl Harbor, disturbed by the casual attitude so many people still had toward a war in which he felt certain our interest would eventually be more than vicarious, he made a speech that took the words right out of Hirohito's mouth. "I do not profess to understand the precise military objective of our Army," he said (probably few men understood it nearly as well), "but assume as obvious that it must be more than a passive hemispherical defense."

THE Army Ground Forces was established after we had declared war, and its first, gigantic mission was set forth simply but positively. It was "to provide ground force units properly organized, trained, and equipped for combat operations." The basic unit of maneuver in tactical warfare is the division, and our Army now has around a hun-

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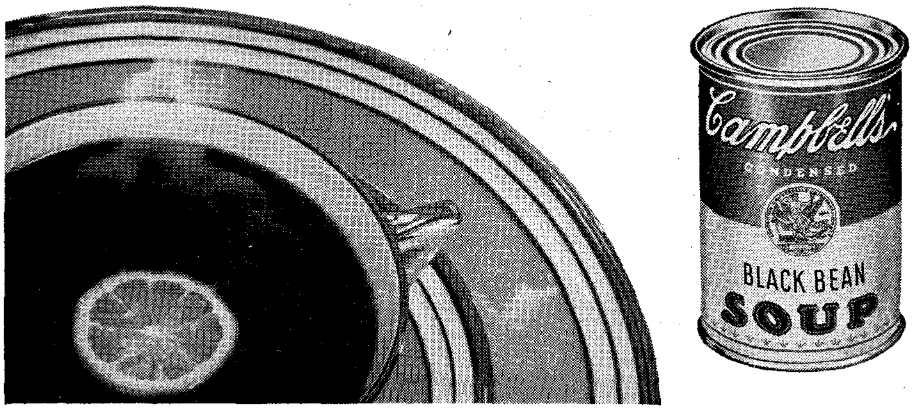

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dred trained divisions, as against the ten semi-trained ones McNair was handed four years ago. Training a division is not an easy task. It takes a solid year of hard work. Most of our divisions have been in existence for well over a year, and the chances are that we will have few, if any, new ones. Lately A.G.F. headquarters has been less concerned with activating additional units and more concerned with furnishing a stream of proficient replacements for old ones ravaged by battle. In the last war, replacements were often thrust into the lines before they had acquired as much as a nodding acquaintance with their duties. It is true that no replacements can hope to know at the start all the tricks familiar to a seasoned veteran, but McNair was determined that the men he shipped to fill the gaps should have had the best possible opportunity to learn whatever could be taught them beforehand.

McNair constantly changed his training concepts on the basis of the experience gained in battle. The A.G.F. headquarters has several sources of combat intelligence. The principal one is a rotating group of observers who wander into battle areas, peering inquisitively at everything, occasionally getting shot at, taking copious notes, and, now and then, being coolly received by the fighting men they come in contact with, some of whom have an antipathy toward itinerant representatives of high headquarters. These observers have brought back a good many scraps of information which have helped in keeping the training programs in this country up to date. It is their opinion that training cannot be too realistic. McNair always believed that. He introduced live ammunition, booby traps, and other explosives into maneuvers, which he felt had been insufficiently lively. "The American soldier who goes green into battle," he said last September, "has had more realistic pre-combat training than the soldier of any other nation in the world, including Germany." No American soldier goes into battle without having had the experience of hearing bullets skim over his head, enduring suffering and hardship, and exerting himself far beyond what he had believed were his capabilities. He has been taught everything except how it feels to kill. In the A.G.F. training during McNair's regime, more than 240,000 tons of ammunition were expended to familiarize troops with the monstrous sounds of battle. Calisthenics, or running through fields littered with old rubber tires, as football teams do, are no longer considered important. "Obstacle courses," McNair decreed, "should resemble the battlefield rather than the gymnasium." Largely through the efforts of McNair, whose interest in realism once caused someone to liken him to David Belasco, the men in training crawl through infiltration courses with machine-gun bullets barely clearing their heads, they maul each other in vicious hand-to-hand fighting, they advance under artillery barrages, they crouch in foxholes while tanks roll over them, they throw live hand grenades, they attack model cities, they run through battle-practice courses in which Japanese dummies spring into their paths to be bayoneted.

The war correspondents who were with our troops when they were about to embark on the invasion of northern France and who sent word back that they looked fit and ready were paying indirect tribute to McNair. So was General Marshall when, after inspecting the Normandy beachhead, he said that "probably the most reassuring aspect of the operations" was that untried American ground soldiers had handled themselves so commendably. There is little doubt among Allied military men that McNair would have made an equally able leader in the field. Any victories he might have gained, however, would have been part of a second and separate career for him in this war. His job was to train our Army, and he never lost sight of the importance of that job or permitted himself to be distracted by thoughts of glory. Once General Lear, who then commanded one of McNair's armies in training, wrote his boss that he would like to be given a combat assignment. "Dear Lear," McNair wrote back. "Training is the word."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

(This is the first of two articles on General McNair.)

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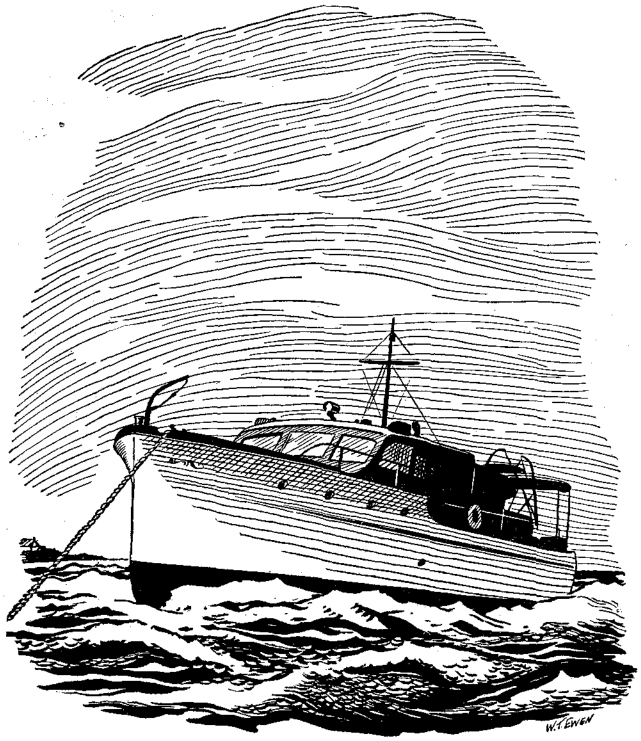
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Detroit News*]

WANTED:
OLD PHONOGRAPH
SO THAT NEW ONES
RECORDS
CAN BE MADE
5c A POUND
made by extracting the shellac from your
manufacturers. But new records can be
and broken PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.
old and broken ones. Bring your scrap
We will pay you 5c a pound for your old
teenth floor.
The war program has cut sharply the
ALL RECORDS ACCEPTED EXCEPT
supply of shellac available to record
records to Hudson's Music Store. Thir-
OKEH, EDISON AND COLUMBIA
THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY



HURRICANE AFTERMATH

IN SEPTEMBER hundreds of yachts were torn adrift by the hurricane, leaving them battered and broken on rocky coasts or twisted and strained on the beach.

The same storm destroyed or damaged thousands of homes and mercantile buildings from the Carolinas to New England—not to speak of motor cars, home furnishings, works of art and other personal property lost or ruined in that disaster.

Atlantic policies are available to give nearly every type of property protection against the hazards of fire, windstorm and water damage. Ask your own broker or agent about the advantages of Atlantic insurance.

1842 1944

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Detroit • Newark • New Haven • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Rochester

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THE THEATRE

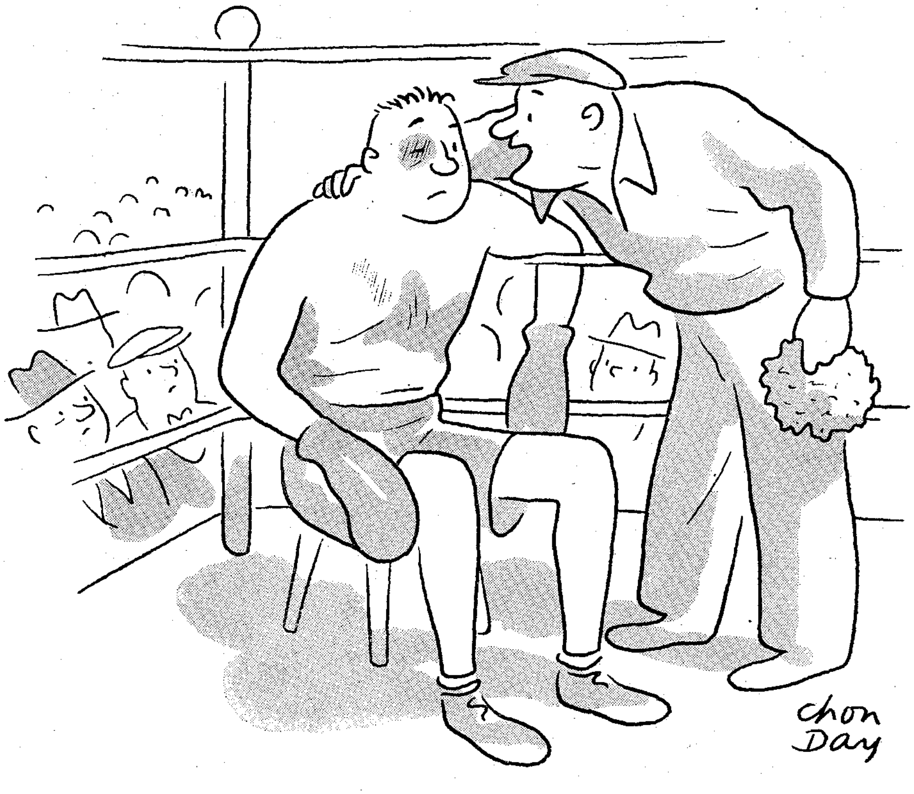
THREE BALLS, ONE STRIKE

IN a mild way, "Bloomer Girl," which had been widely advertised as a successor to "Oklahoma!," was a disappointment to me. There were, as a matter of fact, a good many similarities between the two performances. Both were period pieces, distinguished by a certain air of bright and bygone innocence; both were very handsomely acted; both featured superior ballets, designed by Agnes de Mille; and both were pictorially almost perfect, thanks to Lemuel Ayers and Miles White, who were responsible, respectively, for the settings and costumes. The weakness of "Bloomer Girl," as distinguished from "Oklahoma!," was that its book often seemed contrived and heavy-handed and its Arlen-Harburg music, while nice enough, never quite achieved the special, sunlit charm which made the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein songs one of the real delights of our time.

The story, adapted by Sig Herzig and Fred Saidy from a play by Lilith and Dan James, had to do with a feminist uprising in a place called Cicero Falls, in 1861. Horatio Applegate, it seems, was a prosperous manufacturer of hoopskirts, firmly set in his ways. He was, however, seriously harassed by two ladies of his household, who not only adopted the nefarious bloomers but also campaigned for office, put on a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and eventually went to jail for assisting the Underground. The younger of these females, Applegate's own daughter, further complicated the issues by falling in love with a handsome, slave-holding Kentuckian. It was, as you can see, quite a plot, with a considerable tendency to get in the way of the songs and the dancing. Incidentally, I may be a captious man, but whenever a character comes rushing out on the stage to announce that the Rebs have fired on Sumter, it takes me a good six minutes to get back into a respectful attitude. It is perhaps the great cliché of Civil War drama.

In spite of these complaints, the virtues of "Bloomer Girl" outweighed its faults by a more than respectable margin. The songs, although not distinguished, as noted above, were a lot better than most you've been hearing lately, and a few of them—notably "The Eagle and Me," "I Got a Song," and "Sunday in Cicero Falls"—even stuck in my memory the next day. Miss de Mille's Civil War ballet, a stylized treatment of the tragedy of women waiting for their soldiers, ranked with the best things she has done, and the scenery and costumes were witty and charming.

There isn't, I'm afraid, space here to say much about the performances at the Shubert. Celeste Holm, though occasionally inaudible as a singer, turned out again to be a tremendously appealing comedienne; Joan McCracken, as the Applegates' somewhat unusual parlormaid, was at least as fetching as she used to be in that play at the St. James; David Brooks was a handsome and melodious hero; Matt Briggs and Margaret Douglass, as Applegate and the original bloomer girl, seemed to have the brisk authority demanded by their rather peculiar parts; and a colored trio, led by Dooley Wilson, sang the best of the songs in a very inspiring manner indeed. Altogether, I'm sure you can put "Bloomer Girl" down as a hit. Ranking it with "Oklahoma!," however, is going to strike a lot of people as sacrilege.



"You're making a tremendous impression. Everybody's wondering how you can stand up under it all."

EDDIE DOWLING, who sometimes seems to combine the best and worst features of the Irish, is largely responsible for "Men to the Sea," at the National. He discovered the author, a socially alert reporter named Herbert Kubly, employed by the *Herald Tribune*; he cast and directed the play; and I'm sorry to say that what he achieved looks from here very much like an emotional botch. The difficulties young women are apt to get themselves into when their men go to war is, I suppose, a reasonable subject for the stage. The trouble with the performance at the National is that Mr. Kubly appears to be considerably too literary and ingenuous for his own good, and Mr. Dowling has, I should say, gone out of his way to underline every weakness in the script. The interminable and fancy references to the works of Villon and the prophet Hosea by a gun crew on a destroyer resemble probability only dimly; the idea of having a widowed girl take up with every sailor in Central Park, pursuing some dream of her dead husband, is the sort of device that calls for a reticence obviously not part of the author's equipment; and swinging "Silent Night" as a means of emphasizing a scene of debauchery and

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Now you can finish cutting corn, Pop!"

"I had to chase all over town for your pitman rod, Dad, but I finally found one. Good thing the Plymouth doesn't break down. It fetches parts for you, gets stuff to market, brings goods home. Just as Bud says, it's our 'service of supply' in this war. Thank goodness, we *did* buy a Plymouth."★

On country roads as on city streets, Plymouth is a thoroughly *useful* car. It owes its all-around reliability to sound engineering, precision manufacturing and tough testing.

Plymouth is the low-priced car with fine-car engineering. It is a big car — long and wide. It's a sturdy car — with all-steel body and double-channel frame.

This car has been matched against all kinds of driving conditions. Using the nation as their testing ground, engineers proved, improved and reproved parts and features in deep sand and winter mud, desert dust and far north cold, farm lanes and city streets.

Today, all Plymouth's facilities are going into plane and tank and gun production.

But Plymouths built before the war are proving their extraordinary value — reliable low-cost transportation reliably serviced by Plymouth's experienced dealer organization.

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● *TRUE YESTERDAY* —

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

● *IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW*

★ *Based on an actual interview in the Plymouth files.*

You'll enjoy Major Bowes Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

Rogers Peet..Authentic Fashions

new "Hand Paints"

$7.50

Pure silk

THE talented American artist who has grown famous through her secret hand-painting process (a secret she shares with no one) now makes an *exclusive presentation* through our Neckwear Department of her newest creations for Fall! Refreshingly different! $7.50.

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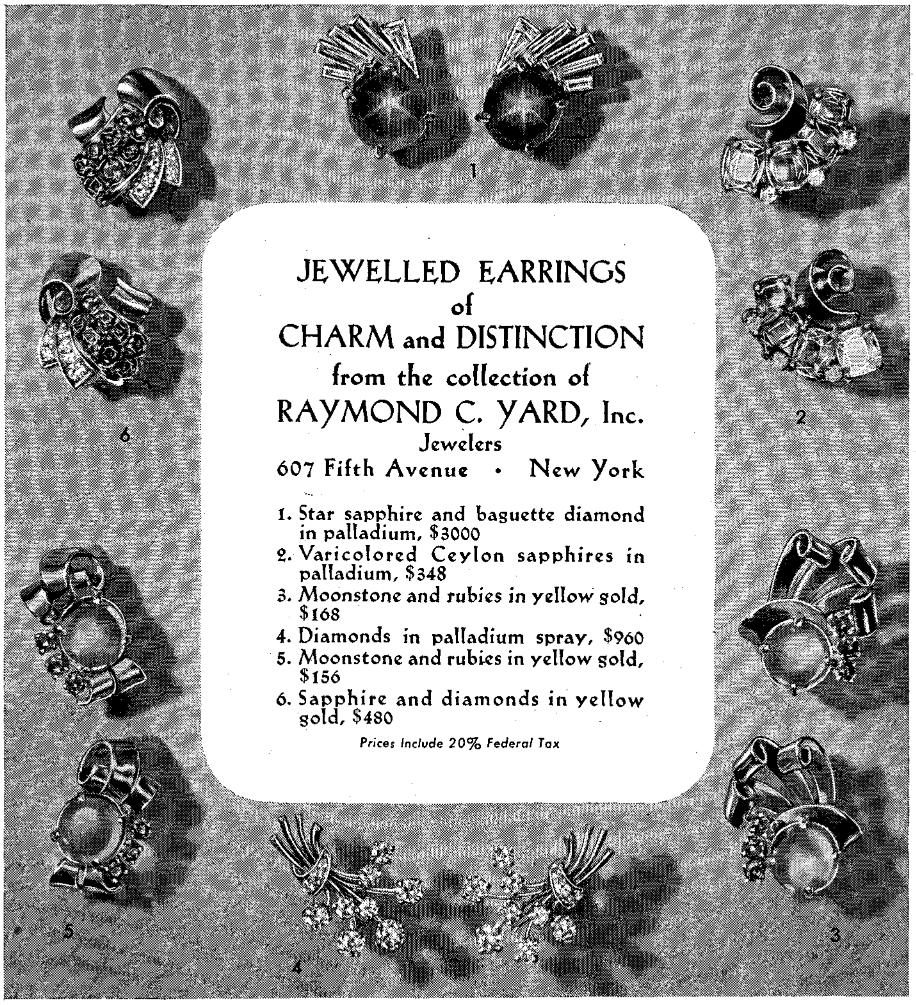
In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street — 13th Street *at* Broadway — Warren Street *at* Broadway — *And in Boston:* Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.



JEWELLED EARRINGS
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CHARM and DISTINCTION
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1. Star sapphire and baguette diamond in palladium, $3000
2. Varicolored Ceylon sapphires in palladium, $348
3. Moonstone and rubies in yellow gold, $168
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5. Moonstone and rubies in yellow gold, $156
6. Sapphire and diamonds in yellow gold, $480

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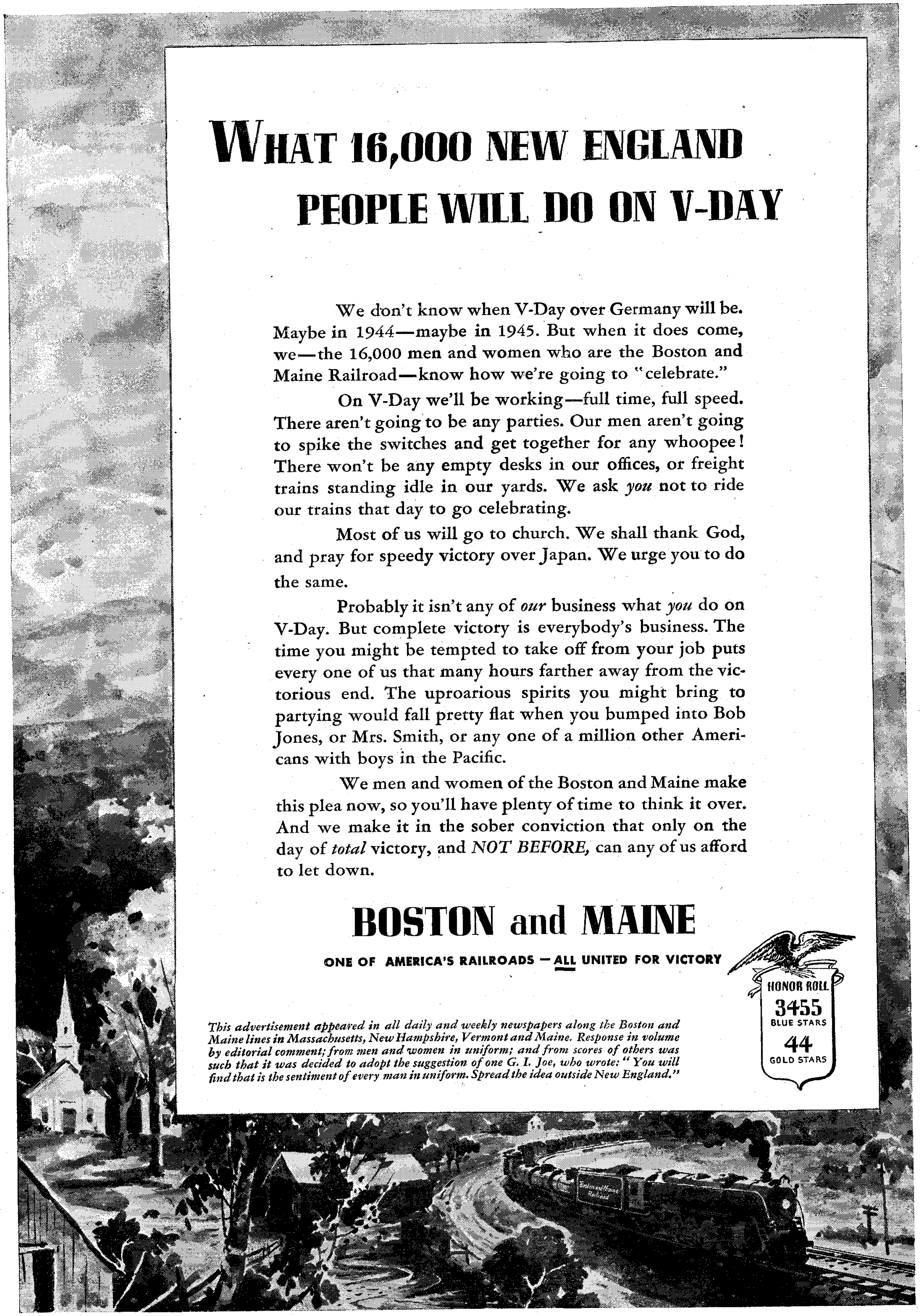
then delivering it in its pure, original form to contrast the austerity of life on the destroyer is one of those notions that would normally be discarded by a director after the tryout in Philadelphia. The essence of the whole exhibit might be summed up in the fact that the only *really* noble and thoughtful people on the stage are a colored couple called Reuben and Hyacinth. They often looked to me as if they were slumming.

IN "Soldier's Wife," at the Golden, Rose Franken has written a drama with nothing to recommend it, as far as I can see, except an occasional sample of the kind of humor dear and familiar to the readers of women's magazines. In capsule, Miss Franken is wrestling with the problems that are apt to beset a couple when a soldier is invalided home from the front. The lady is publishing a collection of the letters she wrote to her husband and seems well on her way to having hell's own success with them; he has some kind of childish job as a research chemist, paying six thousand dollars a year. This situation naturally leads to a good deal of bitterness, though not, in my opinion, to anything that looks like a play. The author's best inspiration was a male interviewer for the women's page of a great newspaper, but, even though stylishly played by Glenn Anders, this man is not enough to disguise the fact that Miss Franken has little or nothing on her mind. The saddest *thing* about "Soldier's Wife" is that so many attractive people have been employed to act in it. In addition to Mr. Anders, you'll see Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, Frieda Inescort, and Lili Darvas, who, aside from her personal distinction, is also the wife of Ferenc Molnár. They all give modest and sensible performances, but the script is just too much for them, as it certainly was

MURRAY HILL
HOTEL
Fink



WHAT 16,000 NEW ENGLAND PEOPLE WILL DO ON V-DAY

We don't know when V-Day over Germany will be. Maybe in 1944—maybe in 1945. But when it does come, we—the 16,000 men and women who are the Boston and Maine Railroad—know how we're going to "celebrate."

On V-Day we'll be working—full time, full speed. There aren't going to be any parties. Our men aren't going to spike the switches and get together for any whoopee! There won't be any empty desks in our offices, or freight trains standing idle in our yards. We ask *you* not to ride our trains that day to go celebrating.

Most of us will go to church. We shall thank God, and pray for speedy victory over Japan. We urge you to do the same.

Probably it isn't any of *our* business what *you* do on V-Day. But complete victory is everybody's business. The time you might be tempted to take off from your job puts every one of us that many hours farther away from the victorious end. The uproarious spirits you might bring to partying would fall pretty flat when you bumped into Bob Jones, or Mrs. Smith, or any one of a million other Americans with boys in the Pacific.

We men and women of the Boston and Maine make this plea now, so you'll have plenty of time to think it over. And we make it in the sober conviction that only on the day of *total* victory, and *NOT BEFORE,* can any of us afford to let down.

BOSTON and MAINE

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS — ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

HONOR ROLL
3455
BLUE STARS
44
GOLD STARS

This advertisement appeared in all daily and weekly newspapers along the Boston and Maine lines in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine. Response in volume by editorial comment; from men and women in uniform; and from scores of others was such that it was decided to adopt the suggestion of one G. I. Joe, who wrote: "You will find that is the sentiment of every man in uniform. Spread the idea outside New England."

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Walking for fun!

Stout comfortable shoes, casual clothes with plenty of room to swing and stride, the zest of Fall in the air—and just walking becomes a pleasure in itself. For outdoor lovers we have ample choice.

ALL WOOL SHIRT $7.50
Heavy outdoor shirt. In red and black or white and black checks.

GOLF JACKET $18.50
Lightweight cotton gabardine. Wind and water-repellent. Unlined. Bellows back. Sand shade.

SHERWOOD COAT SWEATER $20.00
For active sports or just relaxing. Tan, gray or blue mixture. Tweed front. Back and sleeves of knitted wool in harmonizing colors.

SUEDE COAT $35.00
For sport or country wear. Exceptionally fine skins in a warm autumn brown shade. Well cut and roomy.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

for most of my fellow art-lovers in the audience.

AT the opening night of "The Odds on Mrs. Oakley," the curtain began to come down in the middle of the third scene. This was apparently criticism or a suggestion on the part of the stagehands, and it is too bad that it was ignored, since the study at the Cort was a work of really grisly incompetence. Harry Segall, the brain behind it, thought it might be funny if a divorced couple shared the custody of a racehorse, especially if this beetle had something the matter with her head and would only run when she was in charge of the wife. Mr. Segall was mistaken. It was probably the worst idea for a farce since the one, a couple of years ago, based on the awesome fertility of Mr. and Mrs. Oliva Dionne. Not only was the author without a rational plot, he was also cruelly lacking in any knowledge of play construction, and his conception of a funny line might have pained even a comedian on the radio. ("Do you believe in reciprocity?" "I don't know. What race is he in?") Added to all this, "The Odds on Mrs. Oakley" was decorated with some extremely singular acting, especially on the part of Joy Hodges, the leading lady, who seemed to feel that any emotion could be expressed by batting the eyes and throwing the rear end out of joint. It was an evening I would not wish to inflict on anybody, even Hamilton Fish.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Syracuse Post-Standard*]

FEED UPON FUTURE

What a farmer thinks of milk subsidy:

I once was young but now I am old,
So I want to tell you what I have been told.

From the year of one until nineteen hundred, 'tis said,
From their mothers' breasts babies were fed.
From nineteen hundred until nineteen forty-three,
Babies were fed cows milk as you can see.

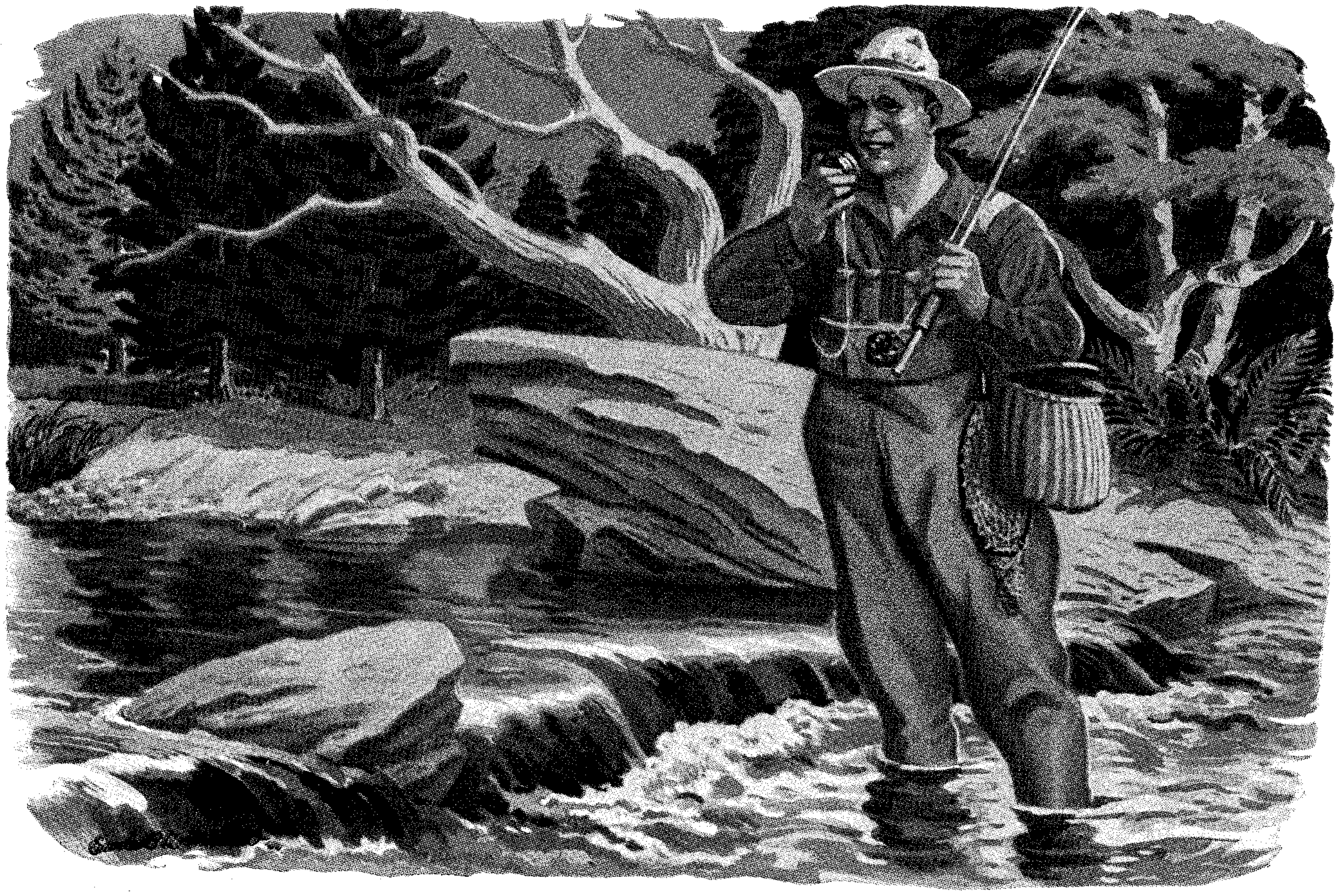
This has been changed. The president has decreed
Upon future generations babies must feed.

Backward, look backward, see what was right,
The babies belong to mother. What a beautiful sight?

The cow as a foster mother sure cannot be beat,
But this subsidy feeding the babies it will cheat.

JUST A FARMER.

Men Who Plan Beyond Tomorrow Like the Lightness of Seagram's V. O.



TOMORROW'S PRIVATE "WALKIE-TALKIE"

When you've caught your creelful of trout in a stream miles from anywhere, you can reach your wife by your personal, portable radio-telephone . . . ask her to invite the neighbors for dinner . . .

Then, driving home in your car, you can tell her just what time to expect you! . . . Fantastic? The portable radio-telephone is already in use by our Armed Forces. Today's weapon, tomorrow's convenience!

Six years ago, in 1938, the first stratosphere airplanes were being built . . . the U.S. tennis team defeated Australia in the Davis Cup matches . . . Delaware was celebrating its 300th anniversary . . . and Seagram was selecting the choicest Canadian whiskies. Light when they were first stored away, those whiskies in your Seagram's V. O. CANADIAN of today bring you the world's *lightest* highball—Canadian Whisky at its glorious best!

IMPORTED
Seagram's
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CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
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CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Meet the challenge of food rationing with this SMOOTH FULL-BODIED BURGUNDY

Bottled by the Winery
IN CALIFORNIA
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Produced and Bottled by Valliant & Son Vineyards, division of W.A. Taylor & Co. Santa Rosa, Calif.
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Established 1889
PETRO CELLI

Even the simplest foods take on new glamour when served to the accompaniment of Valliant Burgundy. Its deep ruby color makes your table look so inviting. Its pleasantly tart, fruity character blends so superbly with main course dishes. And its well-rounded flavor is so satisfying—especially to masculine tastes.

The choice quality of Valliant Burgundy traces to a happy combination of circumstances: To vineyard cuttings directly imported from Europe years ago—to California hills richly endowed by Nature—to conscientious developing and skilled blending. And to fully safeguard its precious flavor and fragrance, each bottle is bottled by the winery in California.

Valliant Wines cost only a trifle more than those less distinctive . . . and are well worth the difference. Ask for them by name. Sole distributors for U. S. A., W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City.

VALLIANT CALIFORNIA WINES

***Appetizer wine:** Valliant Dry Sherry*
***Table wine:** Valliant Burgundy*
***Dessert wines:** Valliant Port, Valliant Muscatel, Valliant Sherry*

EASY RULE FOR SELECTING TABLE WINE

Few households keep an assortment of wines. Many choose Burgundy as their regular table wine because they like it best. So—forget the "do's and don'ts" you've heard about serving wine and enjoy Valliant Burgundy with any food you like.

VALLIANT *and Son* **VINEYARDS**
under vine since 1849

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE EMPTY PORCH

SARATOGA SPRINGS is a slow-moving, rather spread-out town of thirteen thousand inhabitants, some thirty miles north of Albany, and for a good many years it has been famous chiefly for three things: its mineral springs, its August season of racing, and its two huge, fantastically Victorian summer hotels, the Grand Union and the United States. The springs—the Hayes, the Hathorn, the Coesa, the Spouter, the High Rock (from which Sir William Johnson, traveller and discoverer of the region, drank and derived benefit nearly two centuries ago), and the dozens of others in the locality—still flow, as they have always flowed. But the war has done great damage to the town's two other features. Except for harness races, there has been no racing season at Saratoga for the past two years, and since the two big hotels had come to depend almost entirely on the racing crowd for their patronage, the effect on them was catastrophic.

While the town held its breath, the Grand Union teetered for a time on the verge of bankruptcy; then it was taken over by a group of out-of-town real-estate operators, sold by them to a local syndicate, and kept going. The United States, or the States, as all Saratogians call it, has had no such luck. It had had an impressive past (it opened in 1872, and everyone from General Grant to Lily Langtry and E. Berry Wall stayed there at one time or another), but it had run down rather badly in recent years, and any project of rehabilitation was immediately stymied by the problem of its enormous size. It has nine hundred and twenty-six guest rooms, plus thirty-odd suites, or "cottages," in a tenement-like wing called Cottage Row, and the whole U-shaped structure, with the four-acre park it encloses, covers seven acres. It has two porches with a combined floor space of over an acre, and on these porches it formerly had a famous battery of a thousand wicker-backed rocking chairs, especially made for it by A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York. There was a time, in the eighties and nineties, when the States was probably the most famous hotel in the world, and even as late as the twenties it lived in a wistful dream of its former magnificence, a dream, incidentally, which its easy-spending patrons of the period encouraged. Though not one room in ten had a private bath, and scarcely more than that even had hot water, rates ran from fifteen to fifty dollars a day for a single room, American plan, and from a hundred dollars up for the cottages.

With the depression, things changed for the States. People no longer had so much money to spend, or if they had they felt a certain uneasiness about admitting it. The social prestige of the resort had already begun to decline, and as it did, the hotel's season was cut, first from five months to three, and then to two. Toward the end, it was opened only for as long as the racing lasted, which was usually thirty days, and Saratogians have told me that every year the last guest was hardly out of the building before the caretaker's crew was on hand, storing furniture away and shuttering windows. As the patronage declined, parts of the place fell into disuse. Like some vast antediluvian monster that could survive amputation of all but its most vital organs, the States died piecemeal. The great ballroom, a hundred and eighty feet long and forty feet wide, with a thirty-foot ceiling, wasn't opened for dancing during the hotel's last dozen years; it was used principally as a storeroom. So was a little villa, once used for gambling and set off by itself at one end of the enclosed park. Now and then, in one of the fifth-floor rooms beneath the roof—"bowl-and-pitcher rooms," they were called by the help, because they didn't have running water—the plaster would fall and the room would be abandoned. The place finally failed two years ago, and the process of dismembering the huge carcass has been going on ever since.

I RELATE all this because I went to Saratoga a short time ago in order to stroll through the hotel for a last look. Before that, I found it interesting to inquire into the story of its collapse. When the hotel failed, after being in financial difficulties for ten years, the town claimed the building and site for back taxes, and has been wondering ever since what to do with the place. It would cost a quarter of a million dollars to put the States in running order and at least twenty thousand merely to have it torn down. Meanwhile, the furniture and other fittings, which belonged to one of the former owners, have been sold at auction. Although by the time I arrived the auction was over, a good part of the furniture still remained to be carted away, and there was thus a certain amount of activity in the old building. I had an appointment with Mr. Leon Kaliski, of the New York auctioneering firm of Kaliski & Gabay, who handled the sale.

Before going in to see Mr. Kaliski, I stopped for a look around, and the thing that impressed me most was the air of shabby loneliness about the place. This is due partly to the immensity of the structure and partly to its run-down condition. The building fronts on the main street of Saratoga, called Broadway, and it probably represents the ulti-

ROY WILLIAMS

MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
MAE WEST
IN PERSON
Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
ROYALE THEATRE, 45th St. West of Broadway
Every Eve. (ex. Mon.) 8:40; Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:40

BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
Book by
HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Col. Day (Oct. 12) & Sat. 2:30

Pick-Up Girl
with WILLIAM HARRIGAN
by ELSA SHELLEY
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
48th STREET THEATRE, East of B'way
Eves. incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46TH ST. Theatre, West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade."
Winchell, Mirror
EDWIN LESTER Presents
The New Operetta Triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
IMPERIAL Thea. 45th St., West of Broadway
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"A gay comedy has come to town."
—Barnes, Her. Trib.
MAX GORDON presents The Hilarious Comedy Hit
WHILE THE SUN SHINES
by TERENCE RATTIGAN
with MELVILLE COOPER
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT — 2nd YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Royal BEAL
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THRILLS, LAUGHS, SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT." Rascoe, World-Tel.
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
BROADHURST THEA. • W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

mate expression of that hopeless attempt the Victorians seemed always to be making to combine the grandiose with the merely finicking. It is five stories high, and the ceiling heights are so great that its fourth-floor windows overlook the roof of a five-story building across the way. In addition, the mansarded roof erupts here and there in queer, flat-topped, slope-sided projections, like truncated cupolas, which add still further height to the building. The front façade is a block long and is ornamented with a porch that runs its full length. The body of the building is brick, painted a dusty yellow with chocolate trim, but the porch is of wood. It is this porch which has always been the chief source of the hotel's fame, at first as a kind of glamorous exaggeration of all those other Victorian front porches so dear to that era, and latterly as a curiosity. It is thirty feet wide and three stories high, and the roof is supported by twelve ornamented wooden pillars which, arising from bases that are vaguely Egyptian, soar fifty feet to flower into a perfect wilderness of Victorian scrollwork and gimcrackery. There is almost nothing about the building that is merely man-size. The majority of its windows are at least fifteen feet high. The hotel's east wing, eight hundred and six feet long, or about a seventh of a mile, runs more than two blocks down Division Street, from Broadway to the railroad station. The west wing, which contains the cottages, is about two hundred feet shorter.

The hotel is supposed by some people to look comic, but I didn't find it so. With its high, narrow windows, dull coloring, and endless façade, it looked to me like an aged, rather hollow-eyed factory which had been dressed up for a masquerade. It seemed to me at once monstrous and sad, and I got the same impression from its interior. The main entrance was locked when I arrived there, and so was a smaller side door, so I went in through an opened window on the porch, and found myself in what must have been a sitting room. There were a Japanese vase, a large grandfather clock, and some framed steel engravings in a corner; otherwise, the room had been cleared of its furnishings, and it served now as a passageway for the moving men trundling bedroom furniture down from the floors above. Through a door at one end of the room I could look into the lobby, its abnormally long desk littered with crumpled papers. A long, bare counter that must once have served as the cigar stand faced the desk. Looking in the other direction, I saw a room of imposing size which I afterward learned had once been the "small" dining room and later a sort of night club and grill room. It was crammed full of old-fashioned walnut dressers, and a man in a brown sweater and gray pants was wandering abstractedly among them with a hammer.

In the lobby I came upon Mr. Kaliski, an easygoing gentleman who stood watching the movers carrying things out to a big red furniture van that had been driven in along one of the paths of the inside park. "That's the twelfth to go out today. Things are moving now," he said, after I had introduced myself. The inner façade of the hotel—the one fronting on the park—has a porch that is only a slightly smaller version of the one in front. Mr. Kaliski led me out onto it and pointed down its length. "If you'd been here this morning," he said, "you'd have seen that porch packed solid with walnut bedsteads. A fellow named Schmidt bought most of them, in addition to a lot of other things—dressers, chairs, and so on. Eight freight-car loads he's taking out, and the funny thing is, they're all being shipped out to Texas; seems there's still a big market for this kind of old-fashioned stuff out there."

The sale had gone on for six days, eight or nine hours a day, Mr. Kaliski told me, and at times as many as a thousand people were in attendance. "We worked fast," he said. "We just started at the top and worked down, from room to room, and I want to tell you, at times it was a problem, handling that mob. Harry Loree—he was the auctioneer—he did a great job." More than eight thousand items had been put on sale, and twenty-one thousand pounds of linen and blankets and four or five tons of kitchen equipment, china, and table silver had been shipped to New York to be disposed of later. There was very little sentimental buying. "About the only bidding in that line that we could identify was for the old washbowls and pitchers from the top-floor rooms," Mr. Kaliski said. "They had 'United States Hotel' printed on them in Gothic lettering, and the bidding for them went to fifteen dollars a set. Mrs. Ogden Mills bought ten of them, to be sent to Gurnee Munn. Monty Woolley—he's an old Saratogian, you know; his father used to own the Grand Union—he was here and bought one." Mr. Kaliski grinned, as if some entertaining thought had just struck him. "There was about fifty of the things at the start. Trouble was, before the sale began we had given a couple dozen of them away, just for souvenirs.

"But for the most part," he went on, "it was just plain business buying, though there were some odd sales there, too. American Locomotive, for instance—they've got a big plant over in Schenectady, you know, eighteen miles from here—they bought six hundred old wardrobe closets. Only thing we could figure out was that maybe they couldn't get any more steel lockers for the men at the plant and thought they'd use these."

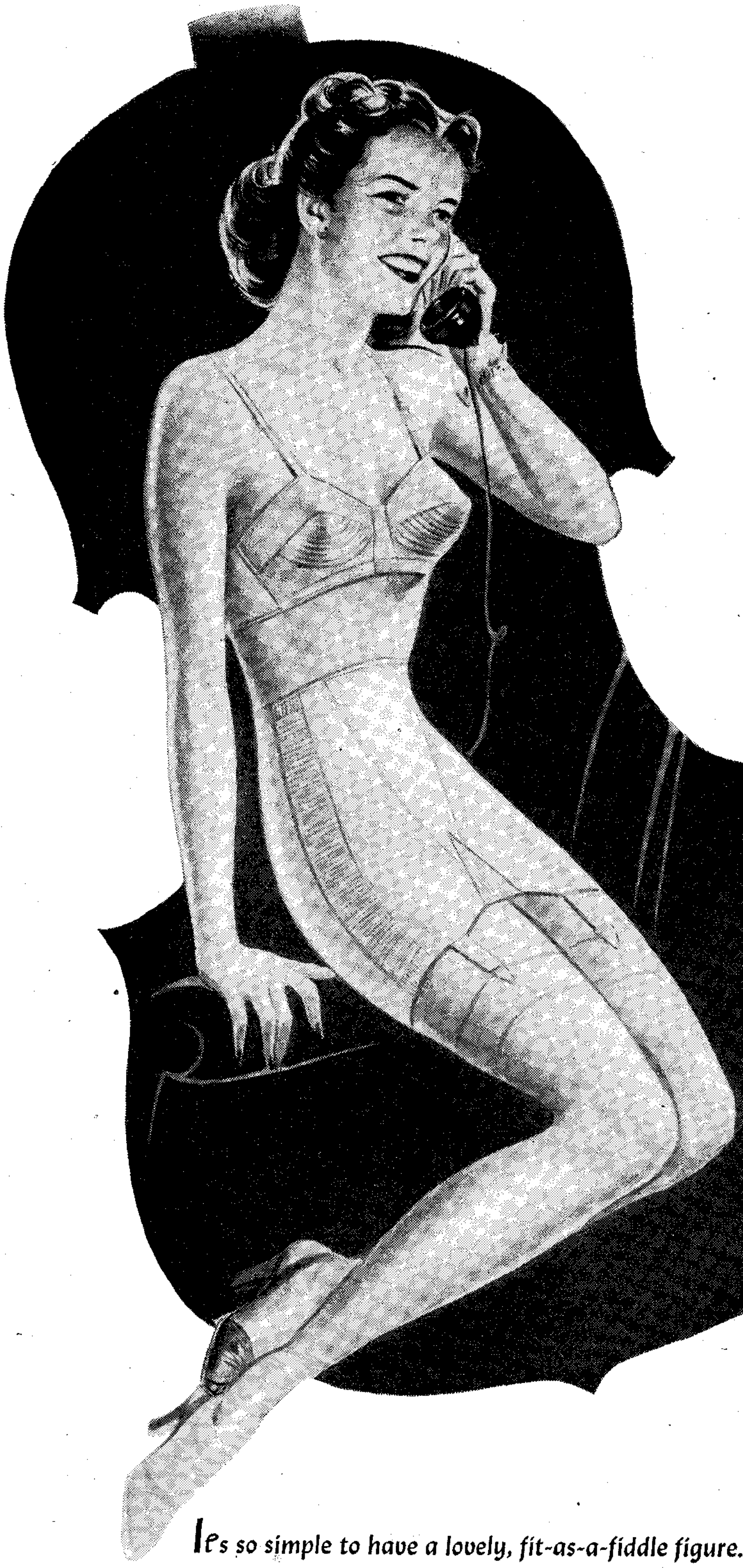
We had been moving down the wide inner porch as we talked, and as we passed the grill room the man in the brown sweater and gray pants poked his head out a window. "How'd you like some nice broiled chicken, Leon?" he called. "Only a few years old." He had a cardboard carton in his hands, and as he spoke he put it down on the porch flooring. Inside it was a shrivelled whole chicken, split and broiled, on a dinner plate, and on another plate were several helpings of what looked like coconut layer cake, dried and shrunk with age.

"Well, my God!" said Mr. Kaliski.

"I found it stuffed into one of these cupboards inside," said the man, and for a while we all stood looking down at the carton.

It was a warm, sunny day, and even as we stood there flies began to gather, swarming down to crawl hungrily over the chicken. "I suppose somebody left that on his table two, three years ago," said Mr. Kaliski at last, "and the waiter stuck it into the cupboard, planning to eat it later, and then forgot all about it." He stared at it a moment longer and then turned to me. "But you wanted to look the place over, didn't you? What do you say we start around?"

MR. KALISKI went over the hotel with me, and then I went around with Stephen Jansky, the caretaker. Later I walked around the old place by myself. It was fascinating, and its appeal, oddly, was related only in small part to its history. Before visiting the States, I had talked to a couple of old employees of the place, and they had mentioned some of the personages who had stopped there—Colonel Bradley and Warren Wright, the Whitneys, the Wideners, and the Vanderbilts. They had told me of the excitement and bustle of the place when the crowds were in it; of the noontime crush at the bar and in the dining room, and the



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afternoon quietness, with the crowds away at the races, and how they'd come boiling in when the races were over, to leave again after dinner, in evening dress, for the horse auctions, gambling casinos, and night clubs. Beforehand, I suppose, I had a romantic notion that I might find something of all this glitter and movement lingering in the air. I found none at all. The big dining room—it is two hundred and fifty feet long and could serve a thousand guests—was empty except for a few chairs and tables stacked in a corner. With its bare plaster walls and tall, uncurtained windows, it looked as bleak and chill as an old railway station. Upstairs there were only the almost limitless corridors, their carpets pulled up and piled at one side, and door after door standing open. The furniture in the rooms had either been removed or had been taken apart and stacked ready for the movers.

In one of the lower hallways, I came upon a pile of old ledgers, and I spent some time thumbing through one of them, dated August, 1906. I came upon items indicating that a Miss Cobb, with two maids, had spent five days there, in Room 237, and that her bill for the stay had been $452.95; that F. G. Calhoun had run up a bar bill of $135 in approximately the same period; and that the George Wideners, with their two children, a valet, a maid, and a nurse, had stayed two days and paid $525.45. About all I learned from these pin-prick glimpses into the past was that even as far back as thirty-eight years ago the rates had been high at the States. Now and then, on the plaster walls of an upstairs room, I would find a scribbled notation: "August 12, 1912. Rained today. H. L. Flynn;" "Oliver J. E. Smith. End of Perfect Day. Sept. 6, 1919;" or "J. G. Elliott, 15 June, 1896." On such and such a day, in either high spirits or low, among the many thousand guests the hotel had sheltered, a Mr. Flynn, a Mr. Smith, a Mr. Elliott had felt important enough in the procession to write down his name. But in the main the atmosphere of the place was impersonal, was one of forlornness and devastation. It was dishevelment on a grand scale.

I think the thing I am likeliest to remember about my journey through the place was something that happened when Mr. Kaliski was showing me through the cellars. We had gone through a large wine cellar and an even larger meat-storage chamber. "In the old days, farmers used to drive whole herds of sheep and cattle through the big doors down here into this cellar, before the season opened," he had told me. "They'd slaughter them right here and store them for the table." Armed with a flashlight, we had peered into the boiler room; since the hotel was not intended for year-round use, it had no central heating, but it burned a hundred tons of coal a season for hot water and in the kitchen. Then we came to the steward's office, underneath the main dining room, and, wishing to show me the place better, Mr. Kaliski reached up to pull the cord of an electric-light bulb that was suspended over the steward's old-fashioned rolltop desk. The cord broke as he yanked it. He didn't say anything and he showed no surprise; he merely suggested that we look over the room by flashlight. There was something in his attitude, an acceptance of the fact that anything might break or give way at any moment, that showed me how far toward dissolution the old place had gone.

I SPENT four or five hours of the afternoon walking around the hotel. Then I went out and had dinner. Later in the evening, I walked past the place again. Saratogians, I had found, have an unexpected complacency toward the collapse of the States. Though it is one of the landmarks of the town, no one seems to care very much about its passing, and I was surprised at how little interest my inquiries revealed. This apathy is easy enough to account for. In the first place, the decline of the States has been gradual. For the past two years it has been shut completely; for a number of years before that it had been open only a month or so a season. Even in its heyday, it was closed down in wintertime. The townspeople have grown used to seeing the big place closed and deserted. Then, too, though the war has taken flat racing away from Saratoga, it has brought certain economic compensations. There are no war industries of any consequence in Saratoga Springs itself, but a good many of the natives have found employment in the railway shops at nearby Mechanicville and in the General Electric and American Locomotive plants at Schenectady. The war has had no effect one way or the other on the number of people taking the waters. There are as many as ever; on an average, there are five thousand of them in town the year round, and though they don't have the dash of the race-track crowds, it's likely that they are at least as profitable to the town, and perhaps even more so. Bars are crowded and restaurant prices are high; the town is prosperous. The one really dead spot on its main thoroughfare is the sidewalk in front of the States. The old building stands there, humpbacked and dreary, with its porch yawning cavernously, and it seemed to me that the people who passed there walked a little faster and talked louder, as a person will when he passes a cemetery late at night. As I passed there myself, I noticed a sign that I hadn't seen before. It was fastened to the wall beneath the porch railing, and it announced that the firm of Munds, Winslow & Potter, Members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 25 Broad Street, New York City, had an agency within. Munds, Winslow & Potter, I found out later, have been out of business for six years.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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The naval service, said the admiral, would have to gather from civil life specialists such as doctors, dentists, chaplains, engineers, aviation cadet material, and women.—*The Times.*

The greatest little specialists of them all.

•

. . . but his white hair—his wife used to keep it very white and put bluing in the water he washed it in—made him look older than he was. You couldn't tell how many years of age he was, but he was older than he looked.—*From a story by Louis Bromfield in Cosmopolitan.*

Start again, Bromfield.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Pittsburgh Press*]

BAR HARBOR, ME. (UP)—When Col. Haskell H. Cleaves of Bar Harbor was hospitalized with an ankle injury in England, he began to wonder if it wasn't old home week.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ernest to William to Humphrey

IN the past Ernest Hemingway has shown himself solicitous for the welfare of those of his novels that have got into the hands of the movies, endorsing or rejecting an actor here and a piece of business there. It seems fair to assume that the overhauling Warner Brothers have done on his "To Have and Have Not" was not performed while the author lay trussed in an oubliette with one or another Warner brother fending off lawyers from the ramparts, so I guess it suited him. It turns out, as a matter of fact, to be a pretty good picture, although by no means easy to recognize as Mr. Hemingway's book unless you have a keen memory for proper names. "To Have and Have Not," the least-known, probably, of recent Hemingway writings, was the one which contrasted certain drunks, cowards, millionaires, and neurotics in and around Key West with a tough and forthright fishing-boat captain, name of Harry Morgan. Harry Morgan is the name Humphrey Bogart goes by in the film, but his operations take place in Martinique, after the fall of France in 1940, and are deeply involved in Vichy and anti-Vichy intrigues. Bogart's fishing skipper, in spite of slight gestures at the start toward making him appear ruthless and mercenary, is plainly too respectable a man to follow the bent of the pirate Morgan or even to smuggle Chinamen into the United States, as the Hemingway hero did. Some gunplay is allowed him, and some violations of neutrality in behalf of the Free French—a cause always worthy and long since safe in the eyes of the most diplomatic producer.

The screen play was written in part by William Faulkner, which may possibly have reassured Mr. Hemingway of its artistic well-being, but the truth is that neither Mr. Faulkner's influence nor Mr. Hemingway's is as noticeable in the picture as the influence of former Bogart melodramatic successes like "Casablanca" and "Across the Pacific." "To Have and Have Not"

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follows the pattern and spirit of these with fidelity, and the star is familiarly rugged, terse, and handy with his gun and his dukes. If the new film is better than the earlier models, and I liked it better myself, it is thanks to neater, more intelligent dialogue, good subsidiary acting by Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan, and others, and some nice touches in the way of atmosphere—one of the best of which is the wistful barroom piano of Hoagy Carmichael, a popular composer with a fine face for the screen. Not to write off Mr. Hemingway entirely, the screen authors open proceedings with an episode of his own, about the relations of Morgan with a querulous and hypocritical amateur fisherman named Johnson: a good scene in the book and a good scene here.

“To Have and Have Not” may owe only a trifling debt to the author of the novel from which it was taken, but I can’t see that “Gypsy Wildcat” is in debt to anybody, except maybe society. It continues the exploitation in Technicolor of the topography of Maria Montez, which is admittedly convex, and the manly strength of Jon Hall, an actor who stated in court recently that the man does not live who can knock him off his feet barehanded, without the help of a weapon of violence. In “Gypsy Wildcat,” another actor, Douglas Dumbrille, knocks him off his feet repeatedly, and barehanded, showing the lengths of delirious fantasy to which a scenarist will go to get an effect. In previous appearances, Miss Montez and Mr. Hall made contact at the bottom of a swimming pool and on the surface of a desert. This time they pitch a medieval variety of woo in a Central European forest, and the latest installment of the series is worth mentioning only because it seems so clear that these pitchers have pitched themselves out.

“Dangerous Journey” is a collection of travel pictures made by Captain Armand Denis and Leila Roosevelt in Africa, India, Ceylon, and Burma before the war. There is some attempt in the commentary to relate the scenery to current events, but the film remains standard travelogue material, although better made and coördinated than usual. —John Lardner

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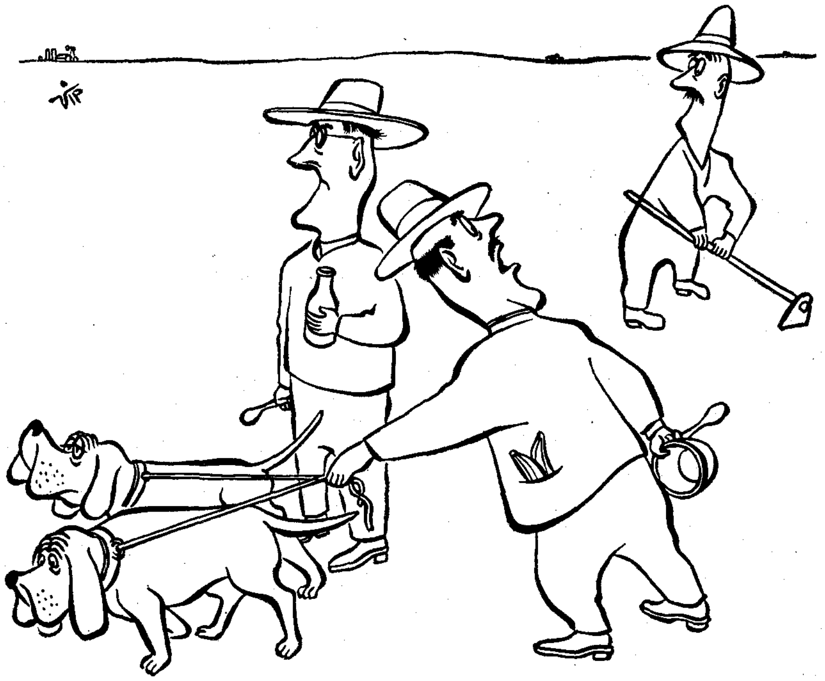
Francesco Peregine, who fought and bred for Mussolini, has another job now working for the United States army.
—*Los Angeles News.*

Well, it’ll be a change, anyway.



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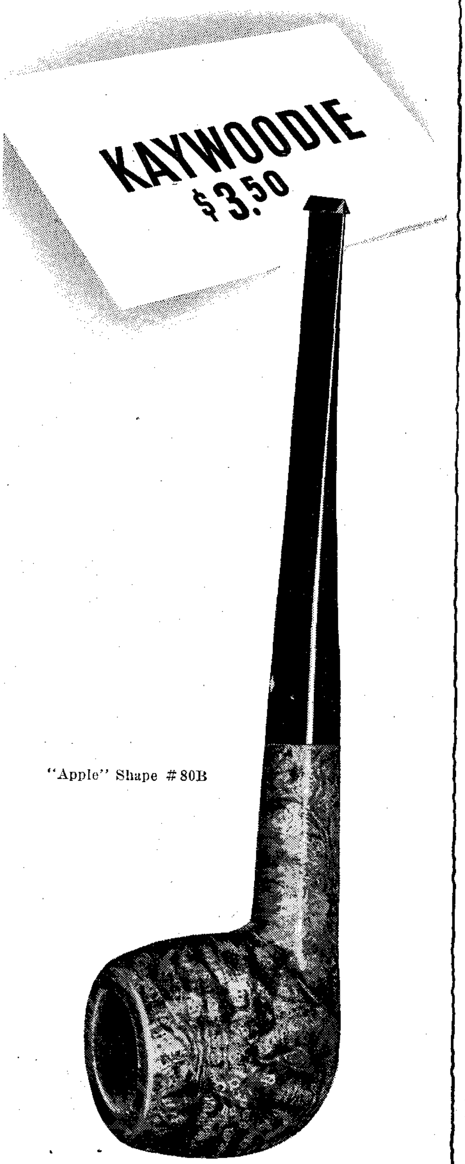

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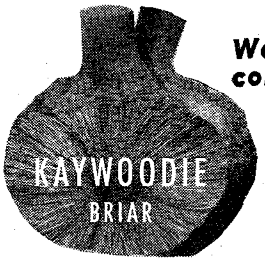

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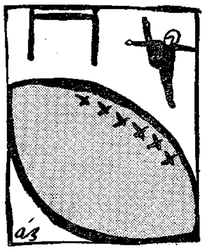

THERE is one thing a young man starting out on his career as a college athlete can be sure of today—no matter how youthful or how inexperienced he may be, he is not going to spend the football season providing experimental material for the varsity to work out on during the week and then have to sit on the bench Saturday afternoon while his senior teammates have all the fun. In other words, this is one season in which the mousy little understudy will almost always get his chance to go on in the leading rôle and knock the audience dead.

These profound thoughts were induced by what happened over in Philadelphia last Saturday in the game between Pennsylvania and Dartmouth. These two teams are about as good Grade B teams as you will see this year (Grade A, to stop any arguments, consists solely of Army and Navy), but I could remember, after a lot of hard thinking, only five Pennsylvania players from the season before and only three Dartmouth men. Only half credit can be given for two of the Dartmouth performers, because one, it turned out, had played football for Cornell the previous year and the other, also ex-Cornell, had been a hundred-yard-dash man and had never been on a gridiron before. On statistics, therefore, Penn should have won, and it did, 20–6. Still, I think habit had more to do with it than anything else.

Habit, both physical and mental, is a tremendous business in football, and Penn is a habit-ridden team, as it should be, after six years under one coach, George Munger. A team comes to have certain characteristics when one man has been running it a long time, but Penn, with so many newcomers this season, could be forgiven if it did for once deviate from the norm. But even if the players were mostly strangers, the team was the same old team—the same peculiar line formation (like a very flat, inverted V), the same rangy linemen, the same swift-footed and swift-witted ball-carriers, the same downfield blocking that makes long gains possible, the same look of general adeptness in October that most teams do not acquire until November.

On the other hand, Dartmouth,

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whose squad is bolstered by just as many Navy and Marine students as Penn's, is still in the experimental stage. On Saturday, you could see that the players had been working hard and had learned a great deal, and you could also see how some of their elaborate trick plays would have gone if Penn hadn't been fast enough to break them up. Earl Brown, who coaches Dartmouth, is only in his second year, and he hasn't got his team's physical and mental pattern established yet or his men into the habit of running fast and far enough.

Penn's Sica, Minisi, and Edenborn, who are the swift-footed and swift-thinking ball-carriers I was speaking about, are already, after two games, celebrities, as they probably deserve to be. There were, naturally, other men worth mentioning. One was Dartmouth's Dick Bennett, another was Dartmouth's Nick Fusilli. Bennett is one of thousands of youngsters who have gone from high school to war instead of college. He did a turn with the Marines in the fighting on Guadalcanal before he was sent to Dartmouth for Marine schooling. Life in the Marines is supposed to make you walk and talk like Louis Wolheim, but Bennett must have had ideas of his own about that. He looked rather milder than most of the players at Franklin Field on Saturday. He got into the game as a substitute and, after making several useful plays, butted through the Penn line for the first touchdown of the afternoon and the only one Dartmouth made. Fusilli caught my eye because, after being put in at left guard as a replacement, he began to bob up all over the field in a fashion very irritating to Penn. Football heroes are expected to play their big scenes deadpan, with a highly professional air of "Aw, what the hell, I could do that anytime." When Fusilli picked off a Penn pass that would have made grave trouble for Dartmouth if it had been completed, he acted as indifferent as tradition demands. Later on, though, after he had barged through into the Penn backfield to fall on a blocked Penn punt, his face, as he handed the ball to the referee, was awash in a smile of innocent, unashamed wonder at his own magnificence. It was, I hope, an augury of the return of the true amateur spirit to a sport of which I happen to be very fond. —J. W. L.

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Arrival and Departure," by Arthur Koestler*]

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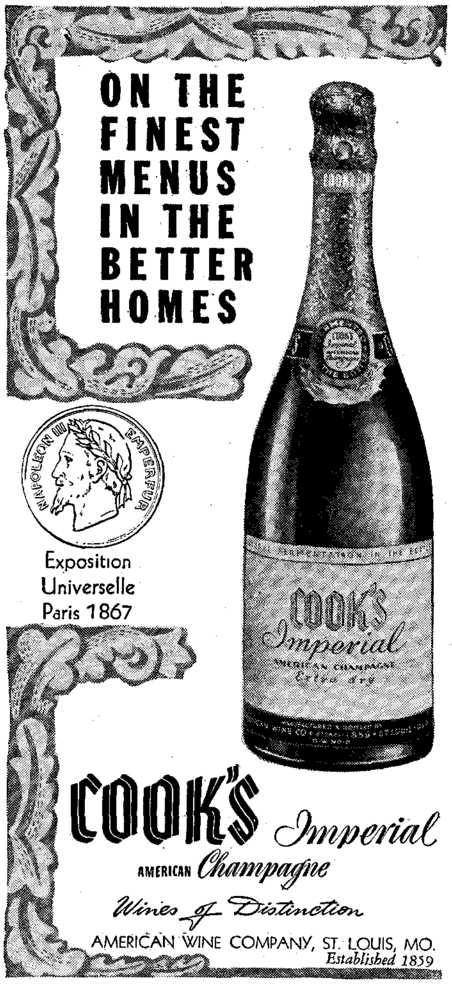

ON THE FINEST MENUS IN THE BETTER HOMES

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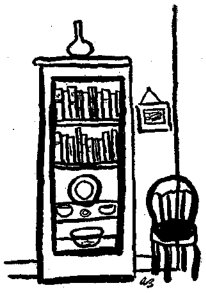
Established 1859

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

MORE and more shops around town are digging up old trinkets to satisfy those home-loving folk who are determined to have something different even if they can't find anything new. The most recent collection of the sort is on view at Lord & Taylor—a Brass Show of such miscellaneous character that I am sure it was assembled by people who loved their work. Every sort of household object that ever was made of brass is represented, with the exception of beds, a sight for which I had braced myself. Some of the things, such as an ornately framed dressing-table mirror of the swinging type ($95), are one-of-a-kind pieces, but there are many other items, not as spectacular, in quantity: American-eagle wall plaques, and chafing dishes, and door knockers, and hanging lanterns, and easel photograph frames of brass lacework (some empty and others filled in with mirror). Curtain holdbacks, such as oversized brass buttons, are plentiful, too. They start at $10.50 a pair. In this collection you will also see tea kettles hung in swing stands over spirit lamps; for around $30 you can have one which would be about big enough for tea for two. They couldn't get me away from the bells, either, especially the old teacher's-desk ones with the dome and a button on top, upon which you clap a forceful, executive hand to produce that intimidating little "bing." They're $12.50.



The best things of the lot are in the group of lamps, which includes everything from student to parlor types. All of them were built to burn oil, but I saw only one or two that hadn't been converted for electricity. The student lamps (from about $50 up) wear the customary glass globes of white or green. Others, of medium size, such as the familiar urn-shaped table lamps which once had glass or china globes, are offered without shades at $20 and up, and at slightly higher prices with inoffensive modern shades of green or brick-colored paper. Some tea kettles and giant samovars have been converted into tricky but rather attractive lamp bases. Then there are tall column lamps that to my way of thinking are just plain wonderful—two or three feet high, with intricate and beautiful carvings and pierced work covering every inch of the base, the whole thing topped with frosted and cut crystal globes.

IN accordance with an old fall custom, there are decorators' shows in a number of the big shops. The one at Lord & Taylor, which they choose to call When Johnny Comes Marching Home, has some ideas in it which ought to be easy to live with under any circumstances. It also has a much too astounding bedroom, for (so they say) a Wac to come home to, which has more lace, embroidery, robin's-egg-blue taffeta ruffles, and white fur rugs than you would believe could be got into twice the space. Crowded in among this finery are an Empire bed, a chaise longue, a mother-of-pearl chair, a glass dressing table with mirrored panels on three sides, and probably other furniture which I didn't notice in the confusion. It's rather a spectacle and might easily make an impressionable girl gasp. Whether with delight or something like terror would depend upon the girl.

At W. & J. Sloane, another one of those mythical families of which the stores have grown so fond (this time the Hiltons, of the movie called "Since You Went Away," if you are keeping tabs) is at home in the perennial House of Years. In other seasons the House of Years has been by turn grand, gay, and giddy. Now it is quite down to earth, and saturated with the good old-fashioned virtue of coziness. I liked very nearly everything about it, except its poster with the sweeping claim that this is a typical American home. If it is, I don't know where I've been all these years. The Hiltons certainly seem to have inherited better things than most families and to have bought with a great deal more discrimination. The house, by the way, has a maid's room, with soft reading-in-bed lights, ruffled curtains, pretty wallpaper, and flower prints, but no guest room. That should give you an idea of what Sloane thinks the postwar world will be like.

Guilford House, at Macy, also is done up new, but you will hardly notice the difference in most of the rooms unless you've paid close attention through the years, because Macy's decorators have held so carefully to the familiar Connecticut-farmhouse pattern. My favorite room this season is the entrance

Sure, we were Spoiled... and Thank God for it!

We bought things that only the very rich could afford in other countries.

Shop girls dressed as well as the smartest women in Paris . . .

30 million average Americans drove cars when the average European couldn't even hope to own one . . .

And luxuries like plumbing, hot and cold running water, and central heating were accepted as the most natural things in life!

It was the envy of the world, this American way of living . . . and it probably saved the world.

To meet your demand for more and still more cars at the prices you wanted to pay, you made us at Chrysler, for example, build the production system that was later to pour out weapons to our fighting men.

To give you the speed, safety and efficiency you wanted in your cars, you made our engineers and scientists develop the high-compression engine, Fluid Drive, the all steel body, Superfinish and other improvements that helped make us the best-mechanized nation in a mechanized war.

Yes, you made all of us in American industry fight for your favor. And, in this free, peace time competition, we learned to do our share in the biggest fight of all.

Today, as we hopefully look forward into long years of peace, we at Chrysler hope to hear you say again, "Make your cars even better than before."

For, if that drive and ambition "spoiled" us once, let us stay "spoiled" forever. That is "The American Way."

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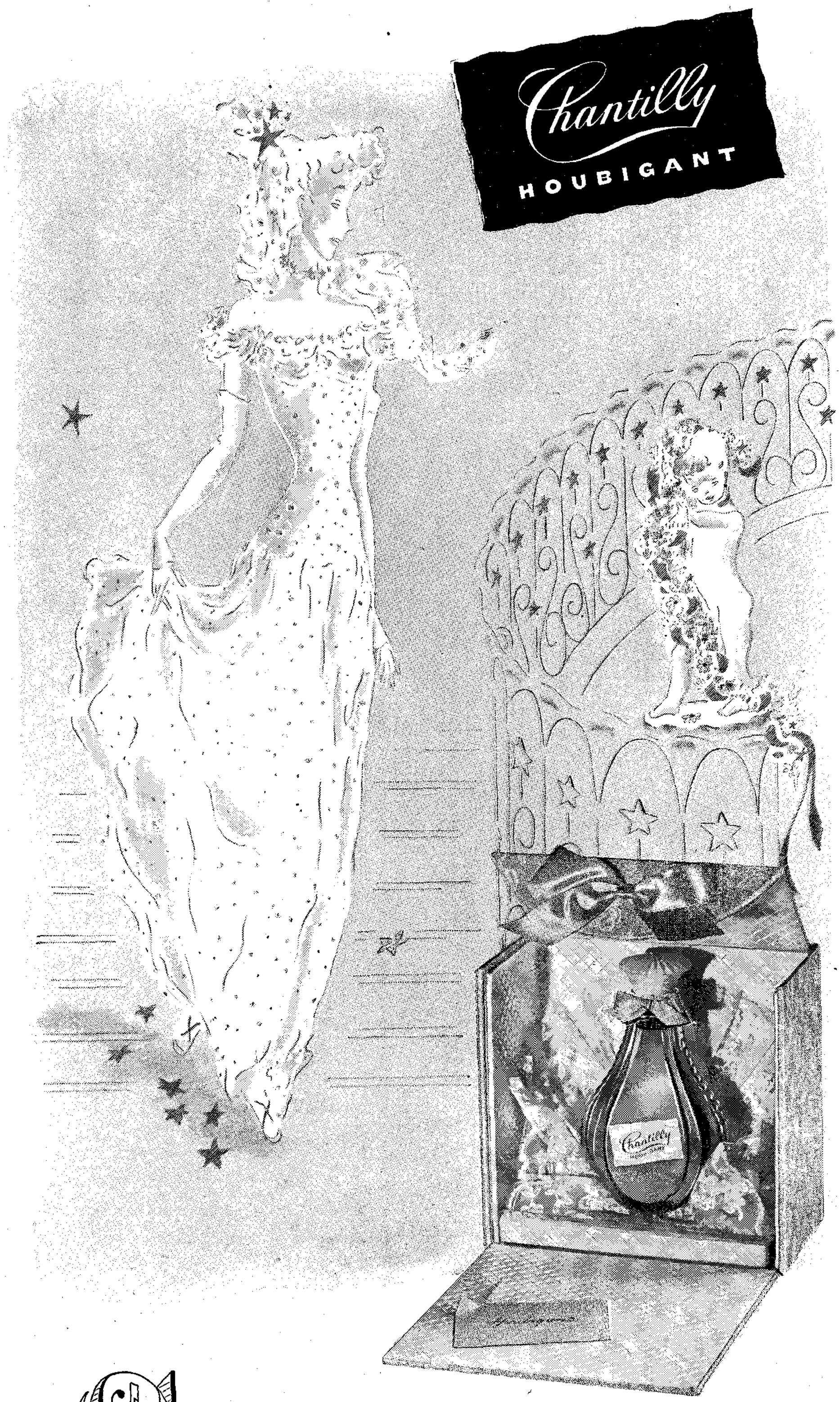

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A little is enough to turn a man's head!

Powder de luxe, with huge, fluffy lamb's wool puff . . . Eau de Toilette, richly perfumed, delightful

hall, which now has a Diament wallpaper—one of the old flower stripes—and curtains and upholstery (this goes on a loveseat) of a sturdy new herringbone cotton in a carnation design in fine shades of chartreuse and dirty greens to match the paper. This pattern has never been used on fabric before. It is every bit as handsome as it has always been on wallpaper. Macy sells the cotton, which comes in a thirty-inch width, for $2.59 a yard, and the paper is $5.49 a roll at A. L. Diament, 34 East 53rd Street. —B. B.

•

Mrs. Martin Gang's guests for the week were Mrs. Adolph Gang, Mrs. Mildred Elire and daughter, Renny, Mrs. Blanche Fegen and daughters, Janice and Kay, all from Los Angeles. Week-end guests were Mr. Fritz Lang and Miss Virginia Gilmore from Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gang entertained Saturday for luncheon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Luckman and three children. Mr. Luckman is president of the Pepsodent Co. Mr. Luckman has a large ranch at Julian. Also Mr. and Mrs. David Noyes, assistant to Donald Nelson, W.P.B.

Mr. and Mrs. Gang entertained a number of friends and relatives Saturday with a dinner of barbecued pig and all the good food Mrs. Gang is noted for. The dinner was served outside in the lovely yard. The evening was enjoyed by the guests, playing cards. Guests were: Mr. and Mrs. George Lacks, Mr. Van Meter, Mr. Ed. Colby, Mrs. Colby was in Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Vicktor Tischler, Seaman Webster, U.S.N., and wife, Mrs. Marion Purdy and Mrs. Anna Fesler of Lilac Ranch, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Ting, Mr. and Mrs. Wohlford from Escondido, Mr. Fritz Lang, Mrs. Virginia Gilmore, Mrs. Adolph Gang, Mrs. Mildred Elire, Dr. and Mrs. S. Fegan from Los Angeles.

Sunday the Gangs had for luncheon guests, Mr. Fritz Lang, Miss Virginia Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Spencer and daughter, Mabelle, for a picnic lunch.

Mrs. Martin Gang reported back for work at Lockheed Tuesday as inspector. —*Society column of the Escondido (Calif.) Times-Advocate.*

Tuesday?

•

DEPARTMENT OF BELLES LETTRES
(BANTAMWEIGHT DIVISION)

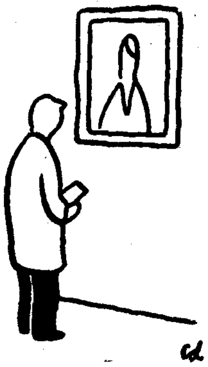
[*From a story by a ten-year-old child of the Boston area*]

Mr. Rose was the most flurishing farmer for miles an miles. He was handsome too which always helps. His eyes were big and flashing his eyelashes swept on to his bright ruddy cheeks like a ripe juicy apple, his nose was acquiline and a beautiful shape. When he opened his mouth his teeth glistened like real pearls. His hair was glossy black and stood up in graceful wavey plumes. It shone too without any brillantine and his voice—his voice was like a rolling organ.

Mrs. Rose was plain.

THE ART GALLERIES

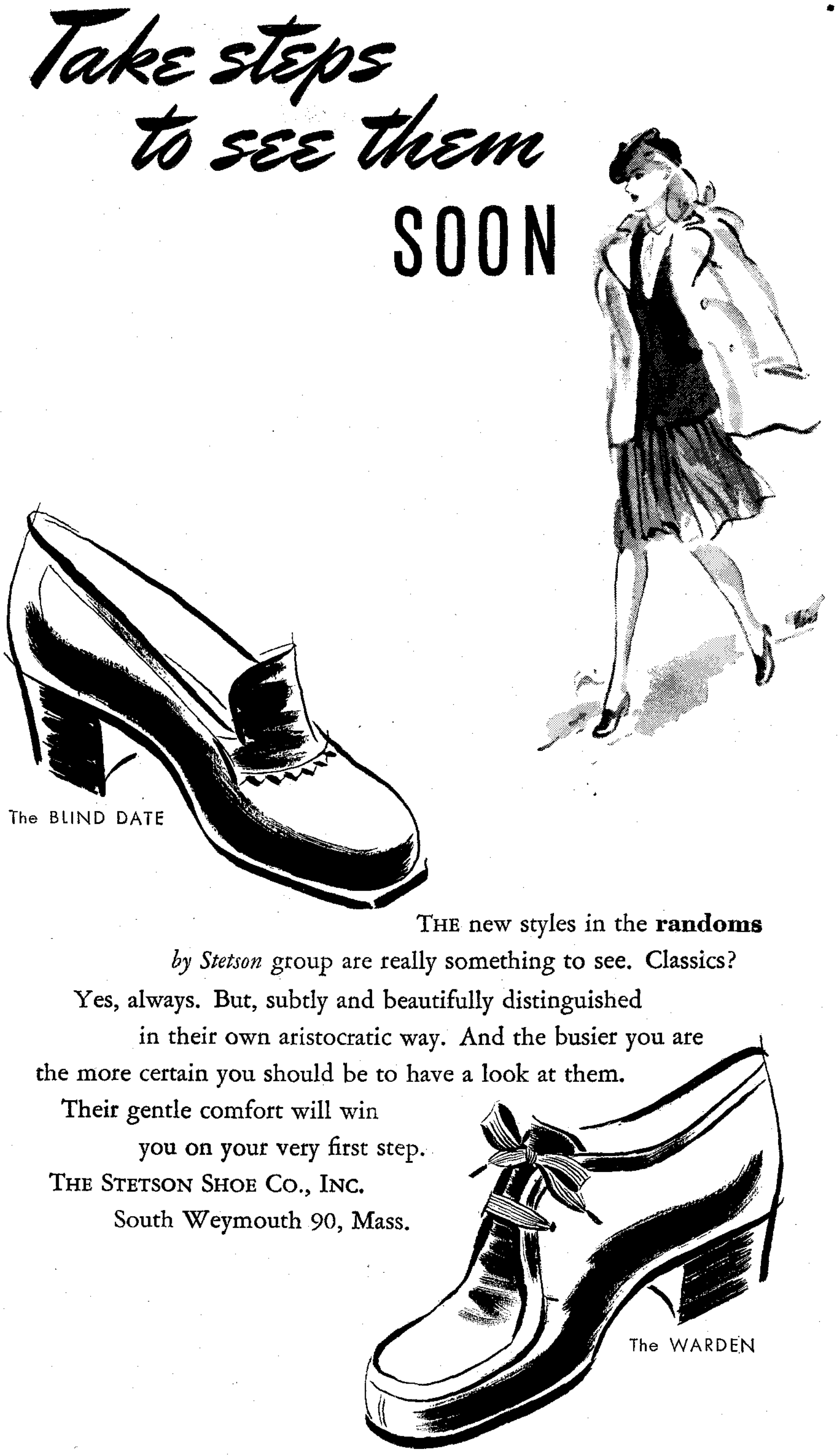
Winslow Homer—Pepsi-Cola Presents



AT the Whitney Museum there is a memorial show of fifty-odd paintings, equally divided between oils and water colors, by Winslow Homer. There is one characteristic that seems to have been common to almost all the really good American painters of the late nineteenth century: they had very little contact with their fellow-artists. The second-raters had the Academy, their clubs, their associations, and, from what one reads about life in the nineties, they probably had fairly gay times. Meanwhile, Eakins and Ryder, for example, were working away, the one in Philadelphia and the other in New York, not only out of touch with each other but out of touch with the major art movements then getting under way around them. Winslow Homer was no exception to the rule, either. Crabbed and suspicious, he was a recluse all his life, and, after seeing this show, one can't help feeling that in his case this isolation was particularly unfortunate, since it cut him off from all understanding of the one technique, Impressionism, which might have lightened his style and accelerated his development considerably.

In a sense—in a limited sense, to be sure, but a valid one—Homer seems to have been working toward Impressionism all his life. He had almost no formal artistic education. He learned draughtsmanship working as an illustrator, first for a Boston publisher and later for *Harper's Weekly*. Oils he picked up for himself; he began painting in that medium in 1860 or a little after, when he was in his middle twenties, and it seems to me that a good part of his life was spent in trying to resolve the conflict between the crispness and immediacy demanded of the illustrator and the qualities of depth and all-embracingness that alone can give value to oils.

Meantime, he painted his series of Civil War scenes, and, since he was a man of sincere genius, he succeeded in conveying in these a greater sense of



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what might be called the "homeliness" of war—say, the feeling that even at its most critical moments the men engaged in it are really only ordinary men, like one's self—than almost any other painter I can think of, and certainly more than any other American up to his time. There are only a few of his war paintings in the exhibition, and none of them is a good one. The one called "The Briarwood Pipe," of two Zouaves smoking beside a campfire, is the best illustration of what I have been saying.

After that, in the seventies and eighties, he turned to genre. But in his hands it was a different thing from the romanticized concoctions of many of his contemporaries, and in such pieces as his "Snap the Whip," the handsomely organized "Weaning the Calf," and "The Country School," which is almost naïve in its insistence on specific detail, there is an honest rusticity, an unabashed naturalism, which give them peculiar value. It wasn't till the nineties and later, however, when he was well into his fifties, that he reached maturity as an artist. He had retired to Maine by that time, and except for his superb Bahamian water colors, painted on vacations in the south, he turned most of his attention from then on to the seacoast and the sea. It was then that he painted by far his best pictures. This period is represented in the show by such canvases as "West Point, Prout's Neck," "On a Lee Shore," "Eastern Point," "The Wreck," "Driftwood," and "Coast in Winter."

"Coast in Winter," with its diagonal design, lacy details, and austere coloration, is the most truly imaginative picture he ever painted. The others have uniformly a sureness of intention, a boldness that were lacking in his earlier canvases. Yet with all that there is something static about them. He was trying to paint the sea in movement, he was trying to convey the plasticity of landscape, and perhaps because of his background as an illustrator, perhaps because of other pressure, he was trying to do it with a directness that had rarely been attempted before. To the modern eye at least, he failed, and he failed because the Impressionists had already done the same thing better.

There is a good deal that is silly about Impressionist theory. But it did prove one thing—the supremacy of light over form as a means of portraying evanescent movement. One has only to look at the slightly too literal spouts of spray in "West Point, Prout's Neck," for example, or at the flatly metallic rocks

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in the foreground of "Eastern Point," to realize how much Homer would have been helped had he had just an inkling of the knowledge that the Impressionists had already applied to such themes.

BUSINESS and advertising have been dabbling in art for some time—in "art" art, that is, as distinguished from the commercial—with varying degrees of success. Two or three years ago, Lucky Strike commissioned a group of prominent painters to do a series of pictures of the tobacco country, and since then Standard Oil, Abbott Laboratories, and numerous other firms have become large-scale patrons of art. The latest and most ambitious venture has been made by Pepsi-Cola, which last spring announced a competition, for American artists, in which no less than $11,000 would be distributed among twelve awards. The twelve prizewinners were to be used in a Pepsi-Cola calendar, but even so the company attached a minimum of strings to the selection. The admissions jury, which picked a hundred and fifty canvases, was made up of artists, and the jury of awards was made up mainly of museum people, and in general the firm went about as far as possible in the direction of complete freedom of choice.

The results are all on display at the Metropolitan Museum, in an exhibition called "Portrait of America." On the whole, the company did very well for itself. It got very little really advanced stuff and none at all in the prizewinners, which may be fortunate, for a Surrealist April or an Abstract October might have extremely puzzled some calendar users. But apart from that the show is a lively and representative one. I think that it is about the most intelligent of the many attempts to combine industry and the arts.

—Robert M. Coates

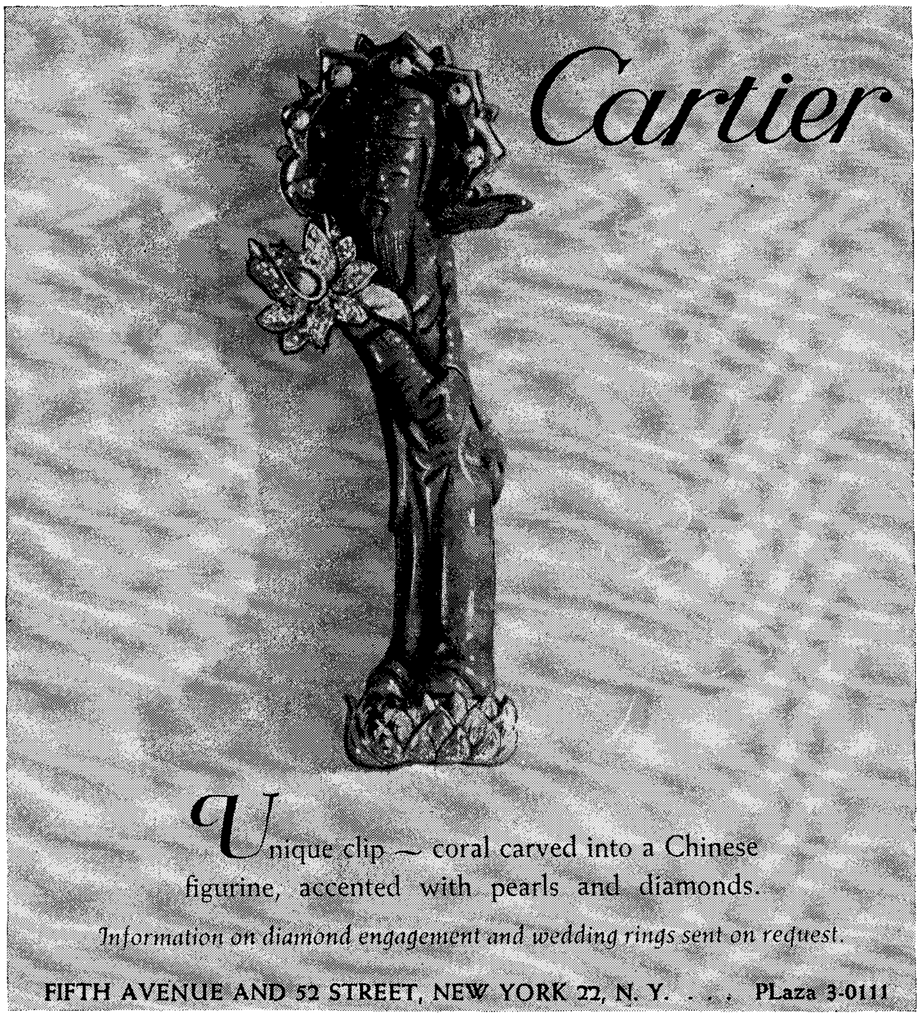
•

OCTOBER

This is a very pleasant time of evening.
Lights have come on and in the gray are
glowing,
Yet road and hill the daylight still are
showing;
This is a very pleasant time of evening.

There are leaves somewhere in a pool
of water,
A lamp inverted and a lighted curtain.
See how the way is certain yet uncertain.
This is a very pleasant time of evening.

—Harry Rosenstein, Jr.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THE METAMORPHOSIS OF MR. CRACOVANER

I HAD forgotten Mrs. Cracovaner and her husband and poor forlorn little Stoyan until the other day, when someone sent me a copy of the High Bridge *Gazette*. On the front page was a picture of a smart soldier, with the name in capitals—Stoyan Cracovaner—and a column of praise. He had, the story said, been decorated for his part in a bombing raid on Zagreb. Here was a theme for a poet, I reflected, for his parents had come from Zagreb. They were mentioned toward the end: "Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Cracovaner and their five other children are proud of their hero."

He had not been heroic on that first day I saw him, listlessly trailing after his mother up my front-porch steps. I wondered why he came, then and later, unless his presence was an oblique compliment to my masculinity. But even if I had been dangerous, I felt certain his mother could protect herself. She was a gust of energy.

I had elected to ride out the depression in a cottage in Jersey and Mrs. Cracovaner came and cleaned for me twice a week during my stay. She was in her middle thirties, heavy and strong as a horse, and somewhat horselike in the way she clopped about the house. Meanwhile, little Stoyan, about ten years old, sat outside on the top step and did nothing. Once in a while he said, "Mom, can I go play?" and every time flinched at her explosive "No!" But all the while there flowed in his veins the blood of a hero, as I was to discover before the summer was gone.

On the first day, by way of putting myself at ease, I asked whether she had any other children. "Ya," she said. "Got four kids—and no more."

"And a husband?" I asked, scouting the menace in her tone.

"Ya, I got a husband aw right, da no good salmobitch."

I set aside "salmobitch" with "no more" children for later digestion and contented myself with giving useless directions as to house cleaning. But she stopped me there, too. "I know," she said, and I understood her to mean that I did not.

In time we became quite friendly, especially after I had undertaken, at her request, to help her "spik more better." She was earnest and presently almost intelligible, but when the conversation got around to her husband, her English sank to sub-basic.

One day, after she had silenced her son, I asked whether Stoyan had been born in the old country or in Cleveland. "No, not in old country. I come a bride to Clevverland," she said, and gave a terrific snort.

I asked, with a trace of malice, "Weren't you happy as a bride?"

"Oh, ya, bride always happy," she said. "Den come kids, den my man lose job."

I was beginning to feel sorry for Mr. Cracovaner, and tried to explain that losing a job was no man's fault in the midst of a depression. She agreed that it was no disgrace for her husband to be working on "Dobble B. A." Mr. Cracovaner had earned good wages in Cleveland, it seemed, and, having come to High Bridge, at the urging of a cousin, he had held a job at the Wharton Iron Works until the depression finally closed in. Then he lost that job and, with it, certain privileges.

The first hint of his plight came one day when Stoyan went to sleep at his post and I spoke, with the high authority of a bachelor, of the necessity of putting children to bed early. "He go early aw right, but my man big man," and, when my expression asked what that had to do with it, Mrs. Cracovaner explained. "He slip with Stoyan in little bed." I put that arrangement down to the exigencies of poverty, but she set me right at once. "Da no good salmobitch no slip with me, Mister."

I thought it wise to discontinue the language lesson for that day, but I became Mr. Cracovaner's advocate, for in the imagination of a bachelor, marriage is a lusty business, and I let slip no chance to speak a word for the unhappy man.

ONE of the phenomena of road building that has often interested me is the effect on some workmen of carrying the flag. Where the road narrows to a single traffic lane, the instrument of order stands, flag in hand, and directs traffic. Occasionally, he remains as lowly as when he was shovelling dirt, but as a rule his elevation makes him lordly. The next day he may sink back into the ranks of labor, but that day he is magnificent.

Mr. Cracovaner's relief job was on a new road being built near Clinton, and on my next trip to New York I slowed down, going and coming, and tried to single him out, though I had nothing to go by except that his wife had said he was a big man. The description was useless, of course, for all ditch-diggers look alike in the ditch. I looked

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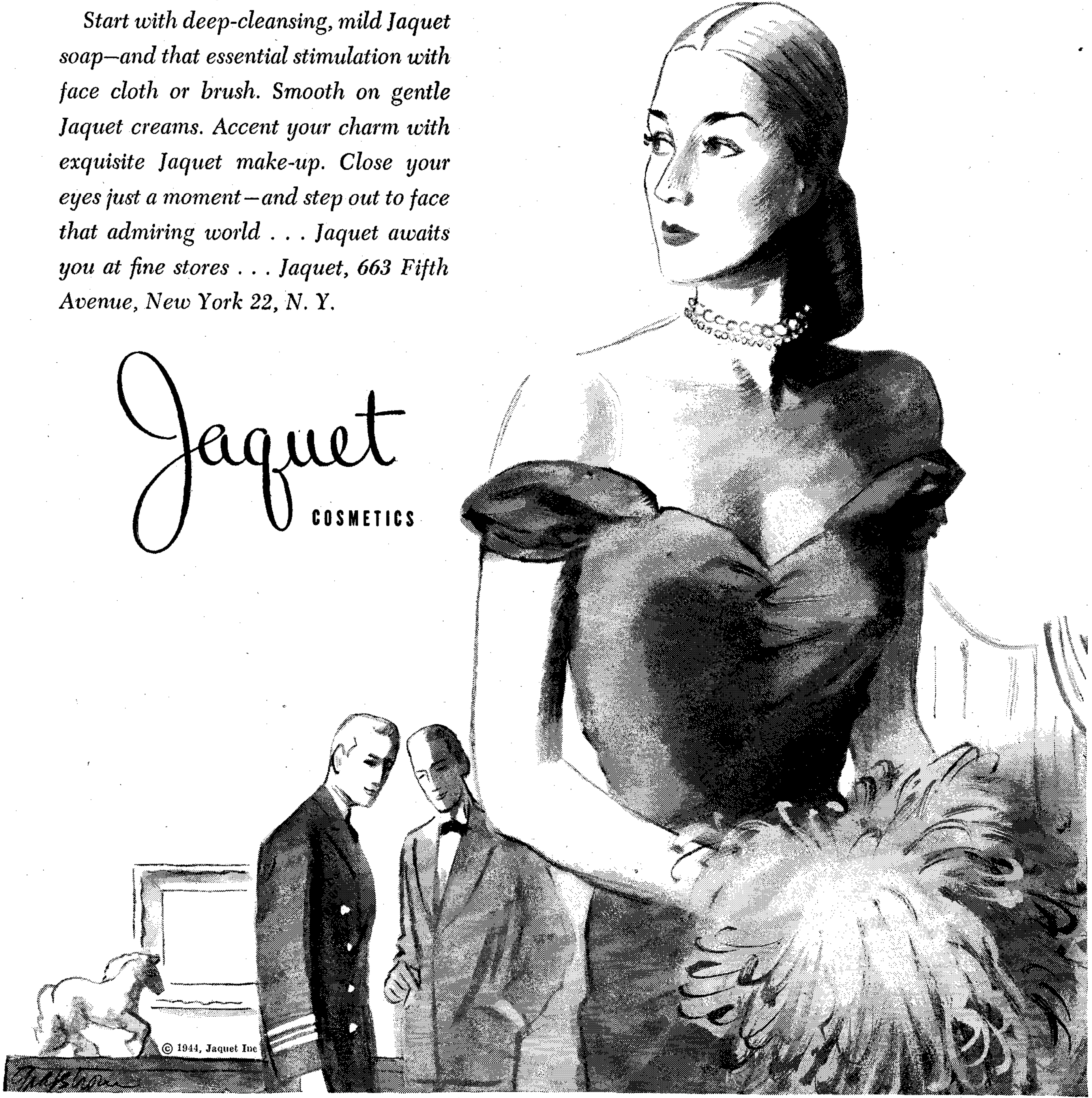

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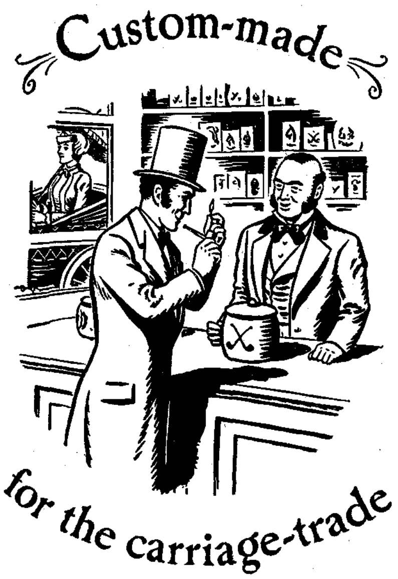
THAT YOUNG LOOK STARTS WITH SKIN CARE



(*Walnut is still tops with top-hat tastes*)

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at the man who held the flag, but he was small and scrawny. On the second trip, I thought there was a bare chance that I had spotted Mr. Cracovaner. The next day, when Mrs. Cracovaner came, I said, "I think I must have seen your husband yesterday."

"Why you think?"

"He's a big man, isn't he?"

"Ya."

"Well, yesterday the man who directed traffic—"

"What you mean, 'traffic'?"

"You know," I explained. "The man who tells cars to stop and go, waves a flag," and I made the motion.

"Him?" she burst out. "No, not him! Dey never let him carry no flags, Mister. He no good, I tell you."

I gave up and we spoke of other things. That day little Andrea, whom she persisted in calling "de last," had come with her.

"You don't mean 'last,' you mean 'youngest,'" I said.

"Say 'last,' mean 'last,'" she retorted.

Toward Andrea and Stephanie she was gentle and motherly; when Stoyan and Louis came into the conversation, she became an unrelenting censor. "Dey no good, too," she would say, and I would know we were in the neighborhood of her dearest grievance. "Dey got, what you say, no guts," she said to me once. I had not said that of anybody, but I did say, "They are still young, Mrs. Cracovaner. Give them time." I gathered, however, out of the clutter of words, that time was not of the essence. Males, man and boy, were sweepingly no good. I ventured to suggest that, being one myself, I was unwilling to take her judgment as final.

"You different," she protested, and left me gasping at the dubious compliment.

This was toward the end of the summer, when we had got to the point where communication between us was easy; I am not sure whether it was because she began to speak my language or I hers. At any rate, as long as I steered away from her husband, she was fairly coherent. Although she now talked continuously, she never for a moment slackened in her work, punctuating her movements with the steady clop of feet.

One day she came in quietly and moved about almost mouselike. The change was so startling that I looked up from the book I was reading and was more startled still. She looked like a young girl. Her cheeks were aglow and I heard her humming a song. This was indeed something new and I must have looked my astonishment. She caught my eye and blushed. Just at that moment, little Stoyan called from the top step, "Mom, can I go play?" and she answered, in words that were silk, "Sure, Stoyan, you go play, you a good boy."

She watched him clatter down the steps, looked at me, and blushed again, and her smile, hitherto rare and always impersonal, was feminine, almost female. "You seem quite cheerful today, Mrs. Cracovaner," I said, making my tone as cool as I could.

"So?" she said, and, after a pause, "Nice day."

"Yes," I said, "fine day."

"Fine night last night," she said. "You slip well?"

"Very well," I said, "and you?"

"Oh, ya," she said, and then she laughed out loud.

"What happened last night?" I asked.

She laughed again. "Who say anything happen?"

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Cracovaner, you can't fool me," I said, although she had, badly.

"My man carry de flag," she said. Then, having waited for that to sink in, she came out with a torrent. "Last night he come home, he run up steps, say, 'Maria, Maria, I carry de flag!' Den he talk so fast I say, 'Talk our language.' Dat mean old-country language. Well, he go boss man, say, 'Why you never let me carry flag?' Boss man say, 'You wanna carry flag? Sure, sure, you carry flag right now.' He carry flag all day, den he come home."

She stopped suddenly and I said, "Well?" Then I laughed, too. "I guess Mr. Cracovaner is O.K."

"Sure, he O.K.," she said, and added slowly, "da no good salmobitch." Then she rushed out into the kitchen and began throwing pots and pans about.

Toward mid-morning, she went into the bedroom and I heard her singing a song whose words I did not need to know. About noon, Stoyan stuck his head in the front door and said, "Mom, you ready?"

She came bustling. "Sure I ready," she said, and to me, "Goodbye, Mister!," and down the steps she went, leading by the hand the son of a hero, into his own heroic future.

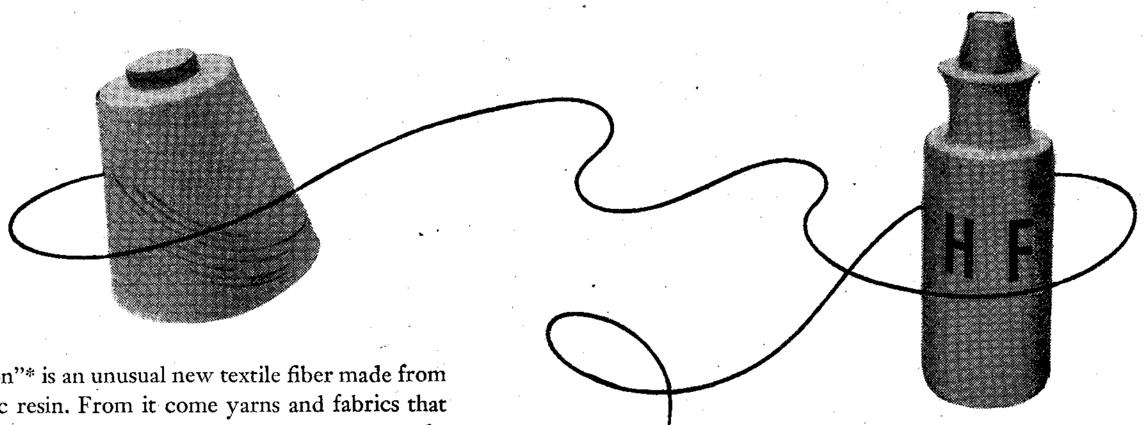
—JOHN ANDREW RICE

•

Captain Gentile credits his own skill as a pilot to his superior eyesight, which is 20/10, or considerably better than perfect.—*The Times Book Review.*

Some peepers.

A new *Thread* in the story of Aviation Gasoline



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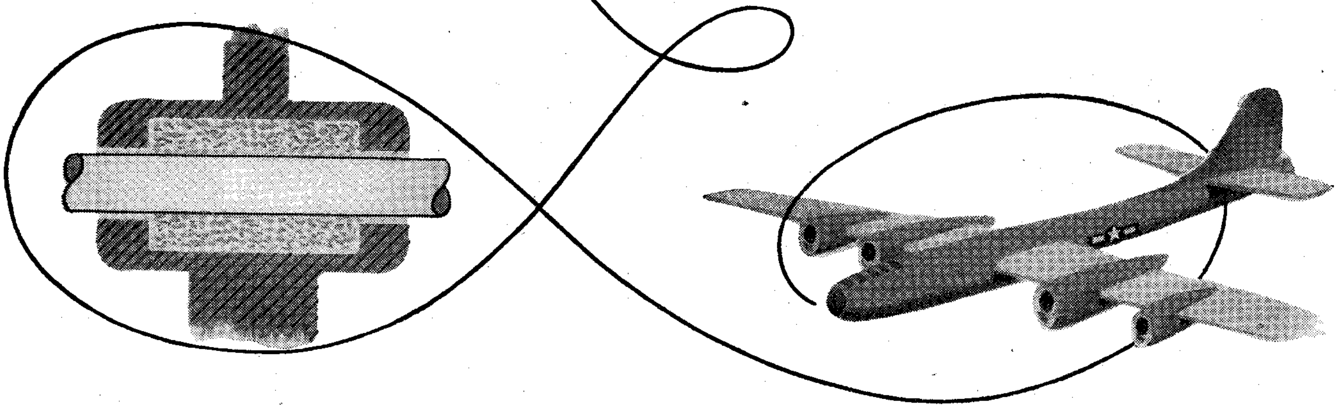

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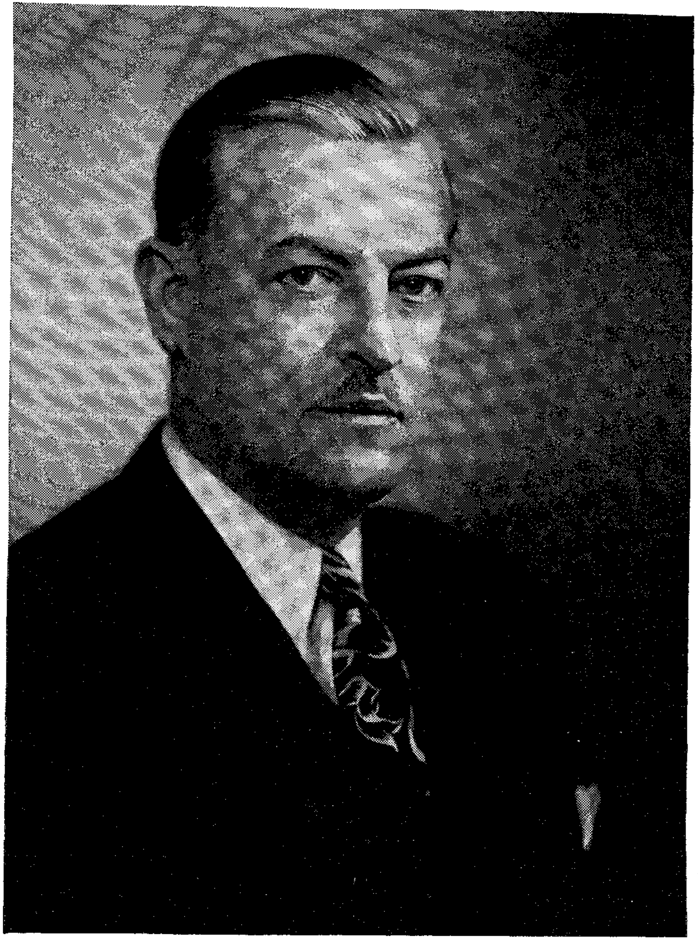

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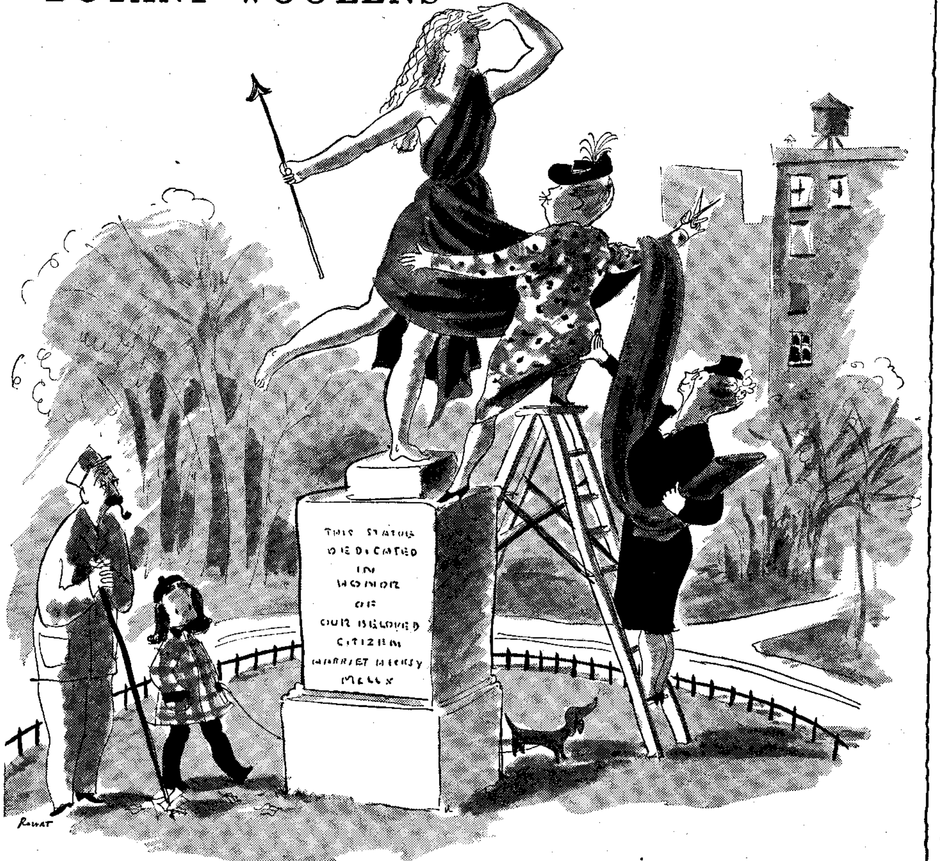
***BOTANY WOOLENS**



"Pity to let her freeze when Botany flannel is so warm and handsome."

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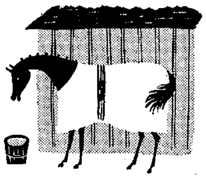
THE RACE TRACK

Weights and Measures



AN interesting thing about the New York Handicap at Belmont last Saturday was the way it convinced a lot of unhappy horseplayers that there must be something to weights after all. The new converts point out that Caribou, who won, carried twenty-two pounds less than Bolingbroke, who ran second, and twenty-two pounds is obviously no small advantage in a race at two miles and a quarter. Those who remained unconverted got a little tame fun from recalling that Caribou was once just a not especially brilliant jumper. If memory serves, and it does, because I looked the matter up, he ran in steeplechases at Belmont last spring, which, no doubt, is how he acquired his stamina. I must say that he is not a particularly handsome animal. In fact, he has been described as the sort of horse a child might draw. Nevertheless, he picked up a purse of $18,550 for his owner, Mrs. Dodge Sloane. As for old Bolingbroke, whose legs are no better than they should be, I expect that he has had too much racing. In the fortnight before the New York Handicap he had two long races. Also, in the New York Handicap he had to go around four runners at the stretch turn, while Caribou cut the corner. The whole thing, to sum it up, was just too much for Bolingbroke. The race was interesting enough to watch, but the other runners in it really aren't worth remembering.

AMATEUR crystal gazers believe that Warren Wright has another Kentucky Derby winner in Pot o' Luck, who won the Champagne Stakes. I don't know about that. I can tell you, though, that Pot o' Luck, who is a sturdy bay colt, finishes out his races well. You may recall that he was very slow to get going in the Futurity and yet managed to wind up fifth in a field of fifteen. Well, he started even more slowly in the Champagne. This was a blessing in disguise, for he escaped the goings on at the far turn, where Chief Barker stumbled. Permane was able to steer him around the confusion, and, since the distance was a furlong and a half farther than the Futurity, he had time to work his way up to the front and win by a head. Perhaps, as his owner remarked after the race, it was about time. I daresay that he was thinking of his stable's disappointing succession of seconds earlier in the season: Sun Again in the Suburban, Pensive in the Belmont, and Twilight Tear in the Alabama Stakes. Luck in racing is a curious thing. This spring the Calumet Farm horses were in such form that it seemed a good bet that they would win half a million in prize money by midsummer. Then all sorts of things began to happen to them, and it looked as though the stable wouldn't even equal the money-winning mark of $475,091 it set three years ago. Calumet has passed that now (the Champagne, which was worth $16,050 to Pot o' Luck, helped), but I can't tell you exactly by how much because my abacus broke down after tallying the pari-mutuel handle at Belmont last Saturday. That was $3,618,846, an all-time high for mutuel betting in America, or anywhere else.

MAYBE I've become cynical with the years and too critical of steeplechasing, but I am not too stiff in the joints to turn a handspring for the show the six runners in Belmont's Grand National put on last week. I'm always for the upper dog, and I would have liked to see Elkridge win, because he had won four races in a row this season. Nevertheless, Burma Road deserved his victory. Another race at Belmont last week worth remembering was the five-and-a-half-furlong handicap won by Twilight Tear. Susie, as we horseplayers call her, is not supposed to be at her best at short distances, but she had speed all the way. For the record, the Ladies Handicap was not as good as usual; only five mares ran and it was just a good gallop for Donitas First.

HERE we are at Jamaica again, watching the leaves, and the favorites, falling. After the Metropolitan Jockey Club's regular meeting, which ends on October 21st with the $50,000 Gallant Fox Handicap, there will be another fortnight under the direction of the Empire City Racing Association.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Post*]

UNEVEN CAKES

Might be due to an uneven oven heat, or an uneven oven, or an uneven pan. Or the batter was stiff and spread unevenly in the pan. An uneven cake is usually due to something uneven, somewhere or other!

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Bands Begin

THE new orchestral season began rather solidly last week in Carnegie Hall with Philadelphia Symphony and Philharmonic-Symphony concerts that consisted mostly of staple materials. Eugene Ormandy brought his orchestra over from Philadelphia for a standard program of Brahms, Debussy, and Ravel, and, by way of novelty, the Kodaly concerto for orchestra. This work was written for the Golden Jubilee season of the Chicago Symphony (1940-1941). It proved to be not only a skillful and useful display piece for an orchestra but good-sounding, rhythmic stuff for the pleasure of an audience. Mr. Ormandy's group projected the concerto with fine tone, instrumental virtuosity, and floods of color. The same report applies to the playing of two Debussy "Nocturnes" and Ravel's second "Daphnis et Chloé" suite. The Brahms symphony went well, too, but this was not an especially eventful performance of that composition.

A couple of nights later, the Philharmonic-Symphony opened its hundred-and-third season by featuring Bach and Beethoven before intermission time and serving up three first performances after the lobby-chatter session. Bach was represented by the C-minor passacaglia, scored for orchestra by Respighi, a massive enterprise that was handled impressively. Beethoven's entry was the Seventh symphony, which has been something of a Philharmonic-Symphony regular since 1843, when it led off the first Philharmonic concert of that season. The director on that occasion, Ureli Corelli Hill, was able to list his performance as a "first time in New York." Rodzinski's performance was straightforward and well modelled. The three 1944 "first times" didn't introduce anything completely unknown. John Alden Carpenter's "Sea Drift," one of the trio, was a first showing of a revised version of a composition that was heard at Philharmonic-Symphony concerts a decade ago under the direction of Werner Janssen. The new edition is more compact than the original, and there is no reason to change earlier opinions on the music, which remains a finely written and atmospher-

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ically engaging contribution. Nothing was said about who assembled the second novelty, an orchestral suite from Richard Strauss' "Der Rosenkavalier," a sequence of moments from the opera, which turned out to be a hits-and-bits job, topped off by a curious zowie finale. Excerpts from "Der Rosenkavalier" are always good listening, and Mr. Rodzinski conducted these samples expertly to great approval. However, the construction of a really satisfying "Rosenkavalier" suite, epitome, essence, roulade, or whatever it is going to be called, is still unfinished business.

The third novelty was an unexpected added starter—Morton Gould's arrangement of George Gershwin's "I Got Rhythm," a gay and glittery business that has had a husky career in radio. The orchestra batted it out with ample sting and just a bit of self-consciousness. The subscribers seemed to like the notion of a popular dividend at the end of the program, so don't be surprised if there are other experiments of this nature.

PEARL PRIMUS and her troupe are at the Belasco Theatre for a run of dance recitals, ranging from African and Haitian primitive evolutions to entertaining exhibits in blues. It isn't just dancing. You get lots of drum playing, singing, narration, and an interlude of jazz by Frankie Newton and his orchestra, along with other features, and sometimes the accessories may actually take your attention away from the dancing itself. The main thing, of course, is the dancing, and there is plenty of it by Miss Primus, who is a superb performer and who gets handsome assistance from her troupe. There may be too much in the show, but it is run off crisply and with a good sense of the dramatic values of the dances. It's something to see, and to hear, too. It will not, unfortunately, be around after this Saturday.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

I think, though, after we have once tasted, again, the wild strawberries we remember with such fond sweet sadness that we will be happy with our California berries . . . and United Fruit Airlines can return its ships not filled with Maine lobsters—but with people headed for Paradise, people wise in the knowledge that you can't get ahead of California and that half the fun in living in the Golden State is shopping at the Farmers Market, W. 3rd at Fairfax, where we are thinking seriously of discontinuing the sale of The New Yorker.—*Marketing column in the Los Angeles Times.*

You'll be cutting your own throat.

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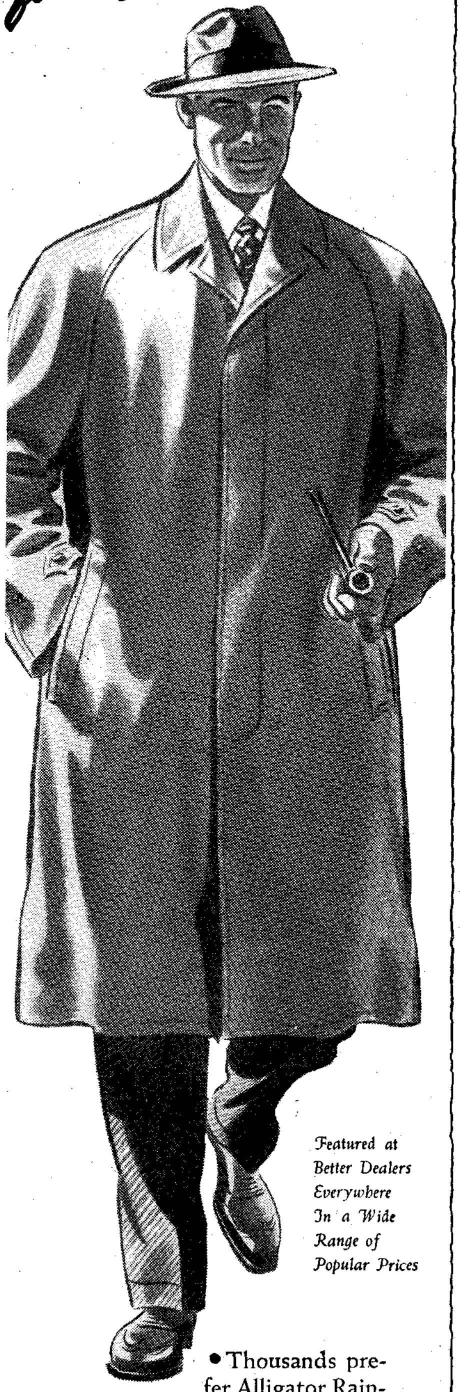

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OF ALL THINGS

REPORTS indicate that Dr. Goebbels has not been able to cure the numerous Germans who have grown sick of the war. The more serious cases are therefore being turned over to Dr. Himmler.

•

The Germans are beginning to realize that they have advertised the beauties of their country all too well. Thousands of Americans can hardly wait to visit points of interest along the historic Rhine.

•

Roosevelt did not tell any dog stories in his second campaign speech. We must regretfully assume that even Fala has had his day.

•

Residents of New York and Brooklyn have been looking with amused tolerance at the spectacle that St. Louis has been making of itself this past week. We, too, once took a childish interest in sports and games.

•

The Republicans keep reminding us that millions of people were still out of work when the war boom began. They feel strongly about this great army of the unemployed because so many of them were in it.

•

Dewey says that, if elected, he will continue most of the federal agencies set up by the New Deal. They will be run, however, not by bureaucrats but by honest, efficient bureaupublicans.

•

Emil Hurja predicts that Dewey will win by at least two and a half million votes. We presume that he is as sure of this as he was of the Republican triumph of four years ago.

•

Churchill cautions us that victory over Germany may not come before spring. Hitler's performance of "Götterdämmerung," the Prime Minister believes, is apt to be even more exhausting than the standard one.

•

The soldiers of the Red Army have been warned against the capitalistic glitter they will find as they go out into the world. The Moscow government does not want travel to broaden these simple fellows too much.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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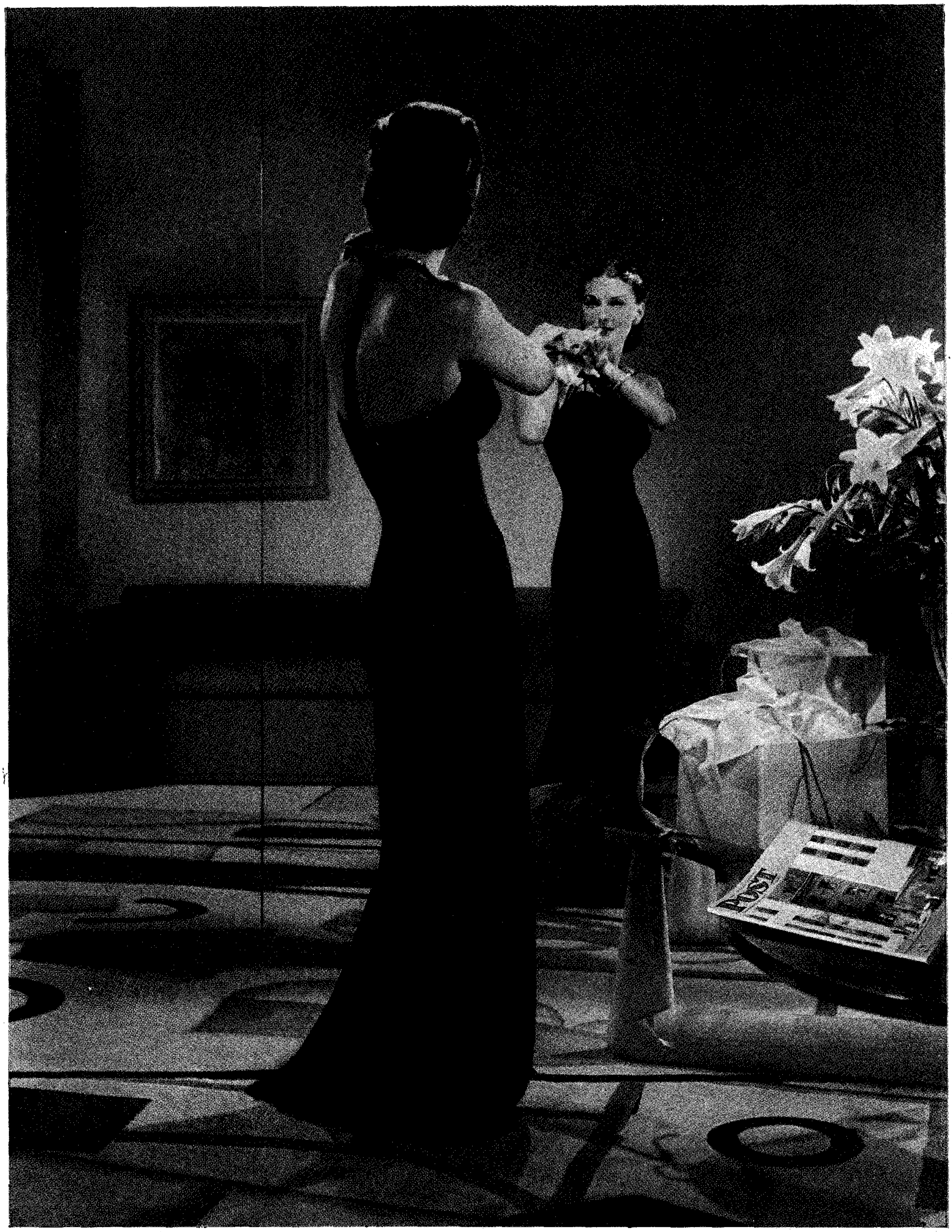

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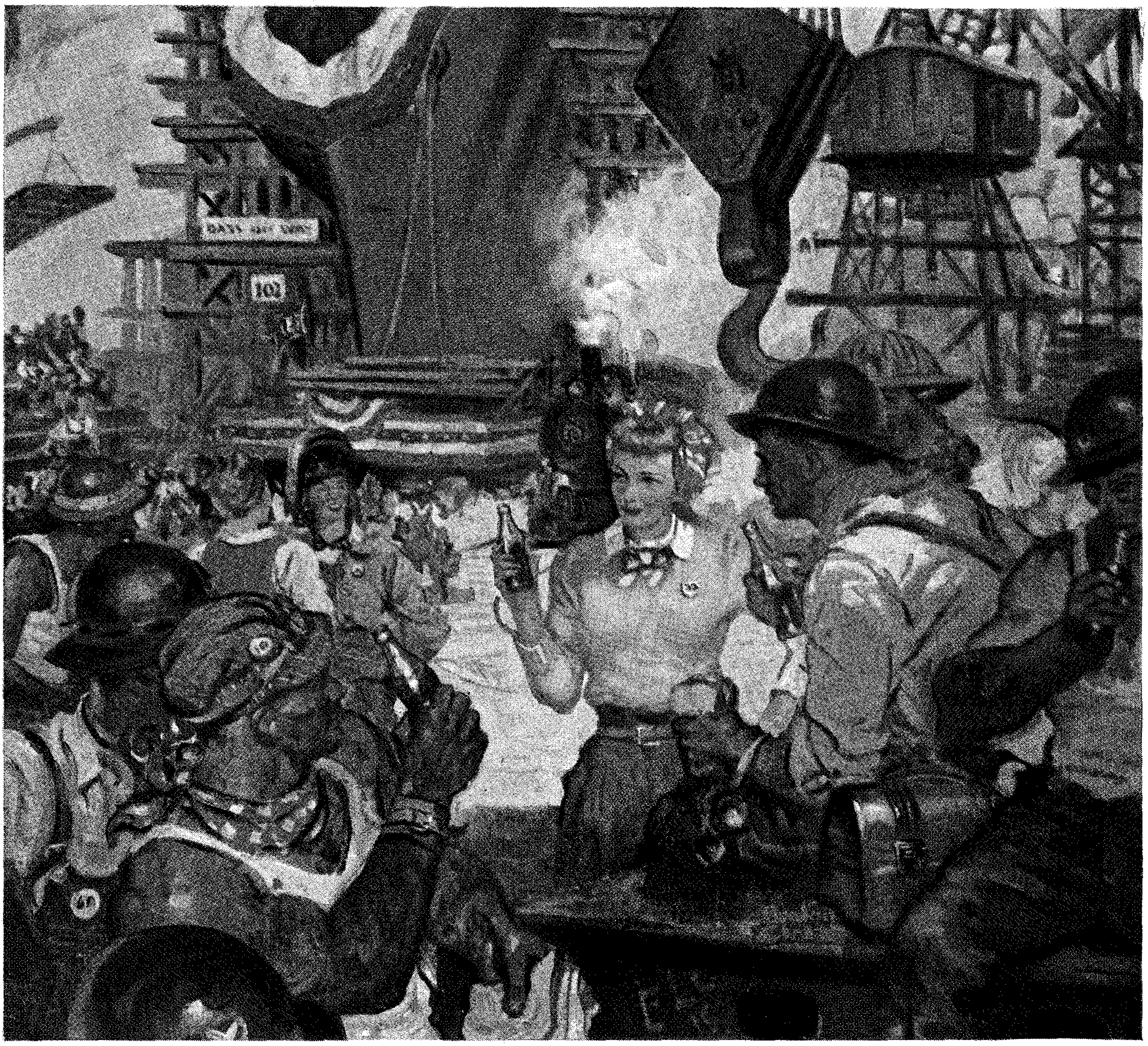

...or keeping up the good work

Faster and faster the ships go down the ways in the wartime shipbuilding program. From sunny California to the coast of Maine, workers have learned that *the pause that refreshes* helps everybody do *more* work and *better* work. *Have a "Coke"* says a hard-working shipbuilder to his mates. It's a little minute long enough for a big rest. Whether in a shipyard or in your own living room, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes,*—has become a symbol of friendly relaxation.

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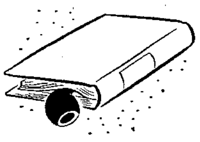
BOOKS

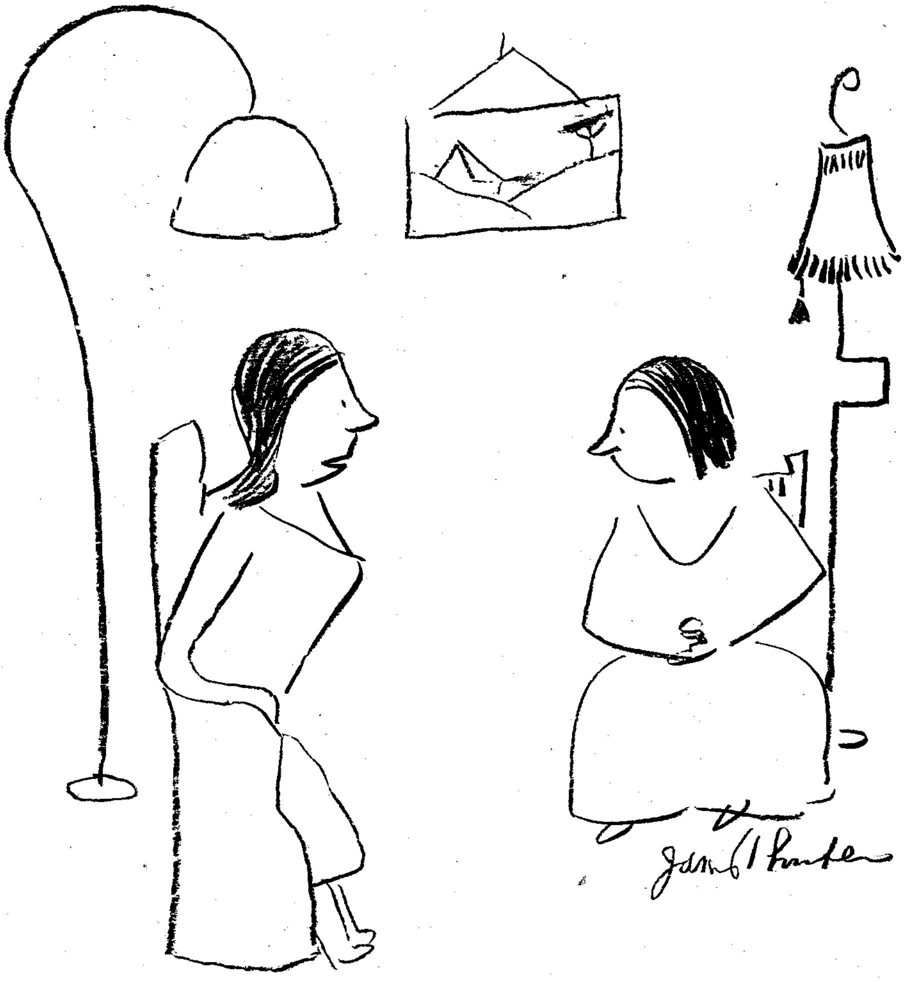
Why Do People Read Detective Stories?



FOR years I have been hearing about detective stories. Almost everybody I know seems to read them, and they have long conversations about them in which I am unable to take part. I am always being reminded that the most serious public figures of our time, from Woodrow Wilson to W. B. Yeats, have been addicts of this form of fiction. Now, except for a few of the Father Brown stories by Chesterton, for which I did not much care, I have not read any detective stories since one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of the imitators of Sherlock Holmes—a writer named Jacques Futrelle, now dead, who invented a character called the Thinking Machine and published his first volume of stories about him in 1907. Enchanted though I had been with Sherlock Holmes, I got bored with the Thinking Machine and dropped him, beginning to feel, at the age of twelve, that I was outgrowing that form of literature.

In my present line of duty, however, I have decided that I ought to take a look at some specimens of this school of writing, which has grown so prodigiously popular and of which the output is now so immense that this department has to have a special editor to deal with its weekly production. To be sure of getting something above the average, I waited for new novels by writers who are particularly esteemed by connoisseurs, and started in with the recent volume of Nero Wolfe stories by Rex Stout: "Not Quite Dead Enough" (Farrar & Rinehart).

What I found rather surprised me and let me down. Here was simply the old Sherlock Holmes formula reproduced with a fidelity even more complete than it had been by Jacques Futrelle almost forty years ago. Here was the incomparable private detective, ironic and ceremonious, with a superior mind and eccentric habits, keen on money and regarding himself as an artist, given to lapsing into apathetic phases of gluttony and orchid-raising as Holmes had his enervated indulgence in his cocaine and his violin, but always dramatically reviving himself to perform prodigies of intellectual alertness; and here were the admiring stooge, adoring and slightly dense, and Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard, energetic but completely at sea, under the new name of Inspector Cramer of Police Headquarters. Almost the only difference was that Nero Wolfe was fat and lethargic instead of lean and active like Holmes, and that he liked to make the villains commit suicide instead of handing them over to justice. But I rather enjoyed Nero Wolfe, with his rich dinners and quiet evenings in his house in farthest West Thirty-fifth Street, where he savors an armchair sadism that is always accompanied by beer. I was somewhat disappointed in the stories that made up this most recent book—"Not Quite Dead Enough" and "Booby Trap"—but, as they were both under the usual length and presented Nero Wolfe partly distracted from his regular profession by a rigorous course of training for the Army, I concluded that they might not be first-rate examples of what the author could do in this line and read also "The Nero Wolfe Omnibus" (World), which contains two earlier book-length stories: "The Red Box" and "The League of Frightened Men." But neither did these supply the excitement I had hoped for. If the later stories seemed sketchy and skimpy, these seemed to have been somewhat padded, for they were full of long episodes that led nowhere and had no real business to be in the story. It was only when I looked up Sherlock Holmes that I realized how much Nero Wolfe was a dim and distant copy of an original. The old stories of Conan Doyle had a wit and a fairy-tale poetry of hansom cabs, gloomy London lodgings, and lonely country estates that Rex Stout could hardly duplicate with his backgrounds of modern New York; and the surprises were much more entertaining: you at least got a room with a descending ceiling or a snake trained to climb down the bellrope, whereas in Nero Wolfe—though "The League of Frightened Men" does make use of rather a clever psychological idea—the solution of the mystery was not usually either fanciful or unexpected. I finally



"I told Womrath's I don't want to read anything instructive until the war ends."

THE GORY GAZETTE

If you have ever brooded about the occupational hazards of an actor playing detective roles—or even if you haven't, as seems more likely—you will find them hilariously set forth in *Crime on My Hands,* by GEORGE SANDERS, an Inner Sanctum Mystery just published.

GEORGE SANDERS played The Saint in the movies. He played The Falcon. In picture after picture, there he was, large as life and considerably more imperturbable, outwitting the villains, out-maneuvering the police, out-shooting the murderer—and all without disturbing so much as the impeccable crease of his trousers. Trouble was he did it so well that even his best friends—who should have known better—began to think GEORGE could solve crimes just as easily off as on the screen. This was a dangerous situation, GEORGE felt, practically begging for trouble. So he wrote *Crime on My Hands* to prove it.

In his first novel, GEORGE SANDERS plays himself—a Hollywood actor—off on location with his company. And bang!—literally as well as figuratively—at the end of the first scene there's a dead extra not called for in the script. Naturally, everyone turns to GEORGE. Dead body, disappearing weapon, no clues—it cries out for detecting. And the word goes out: "Let GEORGE do it."

Crime on My Hands is the hilarious account of how GEORGE does it.

For it gradually dawns on GEORGE that, insofar as detecting goes, he knows the music all right, but somebody else has always been around to write the words. So he decides to forget the parts he's played and concentrate on being a normally bright guy. Need we say that he gets his man?

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CRIME ON MY HANDS

by George Sanders

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felt that I was unpacking large crates by swallowing the excelsior in order to find at the bottom a few bent and rusty nails, and I began to nurse a rankling conviction that detective stories in general profit by an unfair advantage in the code which forbids the reviewer to give away the secret to the public—a custom which results in the concealment of the pointlessness of a good deal of this fiction and affords a protection to the authors which no other department of writing enjoys. It is not difficult to create suspense by making people await a revelation, but it demands a certain originality to come through with a criminal device which is ingenious or picturesque or amusing enough to make the reader feel the waiting has been worth while. I even began to mutter that the real secret that Rex Stout had been screening by his false scents and interminable divagations was a meagreness of imagination of which one only came to realize the full horror when the last chapter had left one blank.

I HAVE been told by the experts, however, that this endless carrying on of the Doyle tradition does not represent all or the best that the detective story has been able to do during the decades of its proliferation; there has been also the puzzle mystery, and this has been brought to a high pitch of ingenuity in the stories of Agatha Christie. So I have read also the new Agatha Christie, "Death Comes as the End" (Dodd, Mead), and I confess that I have been had by Mrs. Christie. I did not guess who the murderer was, I was incited to keep on and find out, and when I did finally find out, I was surprised. Yet I did not care for Agatha Christie and I never expect to read another of her books. I ought, I suppose, to discount the fact that "Death Comes as the End" is supposed to take place in Egypt two thousand years before Christ, so that the book has a flavor of Lloyd C. Douglas not, I understand, quite typical of Mrs. Christie ("No more Khay in this world to sail on the Nile and catch fish and laugh up into the sun whilst she, stretched out in the boat with little Teti on her lap, laughed back at him"); but her writing is of a mawkishness and banality which seem to me literally impossible to read. You cannot read such a book, you run through it to see the problem worked out; and you cannot become interested in the characters because they never can be allowed an existence of their own even in a flat two dimensions but have always to be contrived so that they can seem either reliable or sinister, depending on which quarter, at the moment, is to be baited for the reader's suspicion. This I had found also a source of annoyance in the case of Mr. Stout, who, however, has created, after a fashion, Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin and has made some attempt at characterization of the people that figure in the crimes; but Mrs. Christie, in proportion as she is more expert and concentrates more narrowly on the puzzle, has to eliminate human interest completely, or rather fill in the picture with what seems to me a distasteful parody of it. In this new novel she has to provide herself with puppets who will be good for three stages of suspense: you must first wonder who is going to be murdered, you must then wonder who is committing the murders, and you must finally be unable to foresee which of two men the heroine will marry. It is all like a sleight-of-hand trick, in which the magician diverts your attention from the awkward or irrelevant movements that conceal the manipulation of the cards, and it may mildly amuse and amaze you, as such a sleight-of-hand performance may. But here the patter is a constant bore and the properties lack the elegance of playing cards.

STILL fearing that I might be unjust to a department of literature that seemed to be found so absorbing by many, I went back and read "The Maltese Falcon," which I assumed to be a classic in the field, since it had been called by Alexander Woollcott "the best detective story America has yet produced" and, at the time of its publication, had immediately caused Mr. Hammett to become what Jimmy Durante, speaking of himself, has called "duh toast of duh intellectuals." But it was hard for me to understand what they had thought—in 1930—they were toasting. Mr. Hammett did have the advantage of real experience as a Pinkerton detective, and he recharged the old formula of Sherlock Holmes with a certain cold underworld brutality which gave readers a new shudder in the days when it was fashionable to be interested in gangsters; but, beyond this, he lacked the ability to bring the story to imaginative life. As a writer—despite the praise of him one has heard—he is surely almost as far below Rex Stout as Rex Stout is below James M. Cain. "The Maltese Falcon" today seems not much above those newspaper picture strips in which you follow from day to day the ups and downs of a strong-jawed hero and

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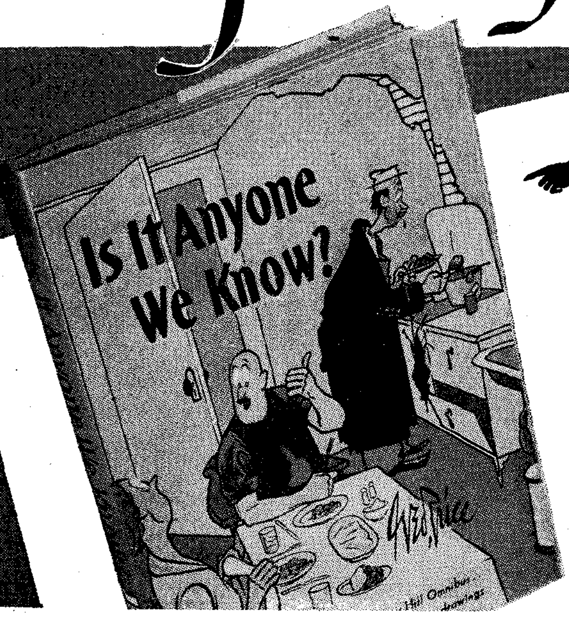
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What, then, is the spell of the detective story that has been felt by T. S. Eliot and Paul Elmer More but which I seem to be unable to feel? As a department of imaginative writing, it looks to me completely dead. The spy story may only now be realizing its poetic possibilities, as the admirers of Graham Greene contend; and the murder story that exploits psychological horror is an entirely different matter. But the detective story proper bore its really fine fruit in the middle of the nineteenth century, when Poe communicated to M. Dupin something of his own ratiocinative intensity and when Dickens invested his plots with a social and moral significance that made the final solution of the mystery a revelatory symbol of something that the author wanted seriously to say. Yet the detective story has kept its hold; had even, in the two decades between the great wars, become more popular than ever before; and there is, I believe, a deep reason for this. The world during those years was ridden by an all-pervasive feeling of guilt and by a fear of impending disaster which it seemed hopeless to try to avert because it never seemed conclusively possible to pin down the responsibility. Who had committed the original crime and who was going to commit the next one?—that murder which always, in the novels, occurs at an unexpected moment, when the investigation is well under way, which may happen, as in one of the Nero Wolfe stories, right in the great detective's office. Everybody is suspected in turn, and the streets are full of lurking agents whose allegiances we cannot know. Nobody seems guiltless, nobody seems safe; and then, suddenly, the murderer is spotted, and—relief!—he is not, after all, a person like you or me. He is a villain—known to the trade as George Gruesome—and he has been caught by an infallible Power, the supercilious and omniscient detective, who knows exactly how to fix the guilt.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ROAD IS BEFORE US, by Agnes Boulton (Lippincott). Four people who have not known each other before—a young newspaper man, an old couple, and a Negro woman—make an automobile trip together from Pittsburgh to Florida to share expenses. In their five days on the road, the characters of three of the travellers—the kindly, unselfish old

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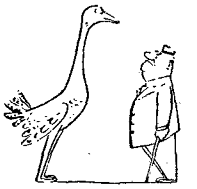

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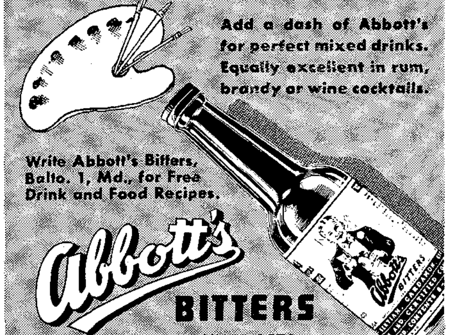

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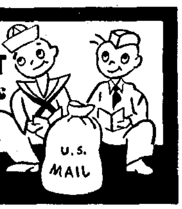

The Paramount Line, Inc
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man, his spoiled old wife, and the Negro woman—emerge with startling clarity in a series of pictures done not only with skill but with compassionate understanding. The fourth, the hero of the book, never seems real, nor is the unhealthy relationship which has existed between him and his dead sister made to sound as important or, for that matter, as interesting as it is obviously intended to be. Miss Boulton is given to too many high-sounding reflections about the past and future of the America through which her characters are passing, but all the same hers is a talent worth following.

GENERAL

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS, Volume III, by Douglas Southall Freeman (Scribner). The third part—from Gettysburg to Appomattox—of the vast and authoritative work on the Confederate command. Through his enormous knowledge and study and a lifetime's proximity to his subject, Dr. Freeman is able to bring the bloody drama of the Civil War, and the men who played big and little parts in it, to life. The critic who said that "Lee's Lieutenants" was as exciting as a novel was not indulging in book-review talk-talk. There are portrait photographs of the principal actors and excellent maps for those who like to follow battles with an index finger.

INVASION!, by Charles Christian Wertenbaker (Appleton-Century). The inevitable book on the events leading up to D Day and after, by one of *Time* and *Life's* war correspondents. Beginning with a lively description of the landing on the beaches, the narrative gets weaker as it goes along. It ends in an account of the American entrance into Paris that adds little to what every newspaper reader already

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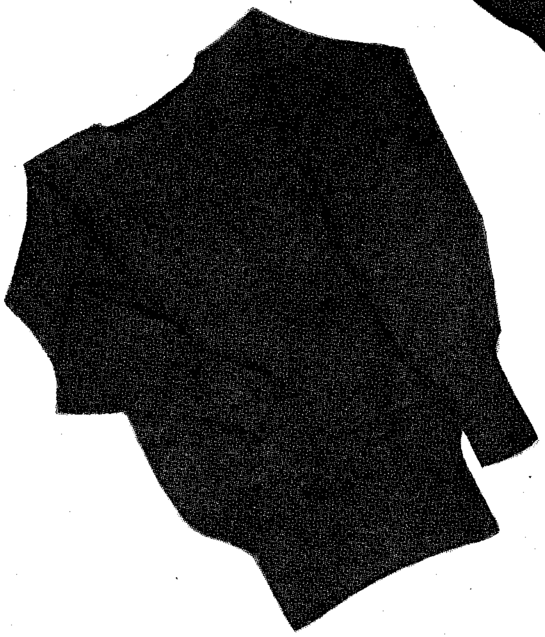

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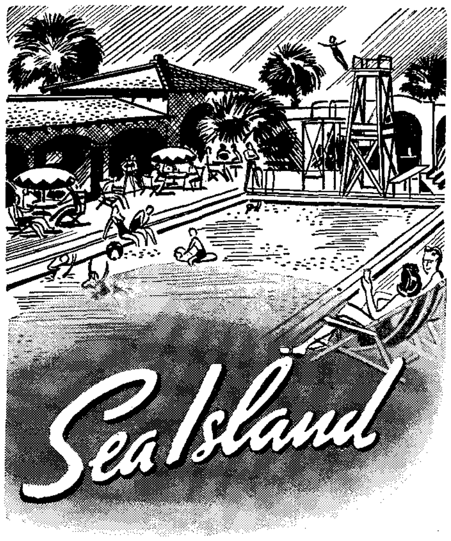

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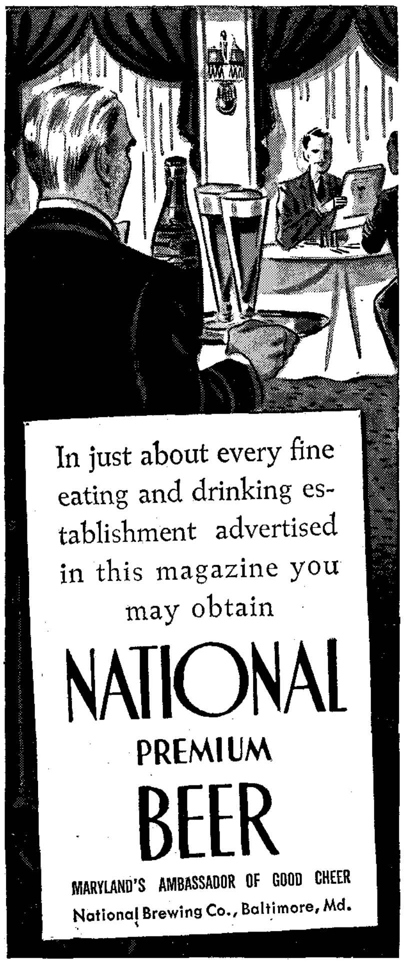
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knows. Included are brief, admiring biographies of Generals Omar Bradley and Walter Bedell Smith and a few sideswipes in the direction of General Patton.

Invasion Journal, by Richard L. Tobin (Dutton). There is a small red herring in the title of this book, another volume in what will undoubtedly soon become a parade, for the author, a *Herald Tribune* man operating out of London, saw little of the actual invasion of France, where he went in mid-July for a brief stay with the troops. Most of Mr. Tobin's story is devoted to an elaborate and subjective rewrite of more or less recent news, interesting in spots and occasionally sententious as the dickens.

Men of Science in America, by Bernard Jaffe (Simon & Schuster). The lives and accomplishments of nineteen American scientists, from Thomas Harriot and Benjamin Franklin to Willard Gibbs and Thomas Hunt Morgan, along with a study of the part that science has played in the development of the United States. The author, a teacher of science, handles his biographical assignments with sufficient competence and writes about motion, magnetism, mesotrons, and the rest in a way that should make them intelligible to anyone who can understand *Popular Mechanics*. His attempt to relate the growth of American science to the growth of America is by no means so satisfactory, largely because he tends to consider the two identical, and his final chapter, which discusses the future of science in America, adds up to nothing more than that there will be a lot of it. Illustrated.

Without Bitterness, by A. A. Nwafor Orizu (Creative Age). A sincere and interesting book, by an intelligent young son of a Nigerian ruling house, about Africa, the state of its civilization, its past, its future. The chief complaint of the author, who must be the most literate prince alive today, is that in all postwar planning so far broached the interests of the African people have never been mentioned. If he doesn't quite keep his promise to write without bitterness, it is not surprising.

The Modern Hoyle, by Albert H. Morehead (Winston). A rule book, by the card-games editor of the *Times*, with instructions on how to play and how to win just about every table game you ever heard of, or

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF THE NEW YORKER, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1944, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared E. R. Spaulding, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the general manager of THE NEW YORKER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editors, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York 21, N. Y. Editor, H. W. Ross, Stamford, Conn. Managing Editors, G. S. Lobrano, Chappaqua, N. Y. William Shawn, 50 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey. Business Manager, None. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York 18, N. Y.; R. B. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Virginia Van S. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York 21, N. Y.; Jane Grant, ℅ The Fiduciary Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Rea Irvin, Newtown, Conn.; E. Melville Price, Chappaqua, N. Y.; Viola P. Rosett and Max Rosett, Trustees, 1185 Park Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.; H. W. Ross, Stamford, Conn.; Vivian M. Samuels, 433 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y.; William Shawn, 50 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Daniel H. Silberberg, Washington, D. C.; E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, N. J.; R. H. Truax, 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Ruth G. Vischer, Lambertville, N. J.; Katharine S. White, North Brooklin, Me. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. E. R. Spaulding, General Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1944. (Seal.) WILLIAM G. GEBERT, Notary Public, Queens County. Queens Co. Clk. No. 710, Reg. No. 27G5, Certificate filed in New York Co., N. Y. Co. Clk. No. 47, Reg. No. 36G5. (Commission expires March 30, 1945.)

haven't heard of, either, from Chinese checkers and stud poker to Spit in the Ocean and Oh Hell.

Winslow Homer, by Lloyd Goodrich (Macmillan). Homer, one of the great men in nineteenth-century American painting and one of its more complex personalities, treated with really distinguished insight and understanding. His nature was paradoxical; though he was precocious as a painter, he reached real maturity only in his later years, and he combined dandyism in dress with a hermitlike love of solitude. Mr. Goodrich brings all his qualities into focus and provides a singularly just critical estimate. Ninety-five halftone illustrations.

French Impressionists and Their Contemporaries, by Edward Alden Jewell and Aimée Crane (Hyperion Press). A hundred and fifty-five reproductions, in halftone and color, of paintings by French Impressionists, plus biographical summaries of their lives and achievements. In an oddly cautious preface, Mr. Jewell spends so much time disavowing popular misconceptions about the theories of the Impressionists as a group that he seems at times to be disavowing the artists themselves.

Ernest Dowson, by Mark Longaker (University of Pennsylvania Press). A biography interesting not only for the new material it contains on Dowson but for the cross-lights it sheds on the brief and rather thwarted Bohemia that existed among the writers, artists, and publishers of London in the nineties. Dowson, in spite of a neurotic character peculiarly abetted by every circumstance of heredity and environment, appears a gentle person, far less afflicted with self-pity than one might suppose. Some of his sturdier friends do not show up nearly so well. Three portraits, two manuscript holographs, and twelve hitherto unpublished letters to Dowson from Wilde, written after Wilde's imprisonment.

VERSE

The Iliad of Homer: A Line-for-Line Translation in Dactylic Hexameters, by William Benjamin Smith and Walter Miller (Macmillan). Whether or not one cares for the all-over effect of the Greek narrative put into a metre not native to English, this work by two American professors has interest because of Professor Smith's real feeling for and

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THE MIDDLE KINGDOM: POEMS 1929-1944, by Christopher Morley (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Morley, a master of light occasional verse, manages to keep fresh and interesting—no mean feat, considering the tendency to fade instantly which usually afflicts verse of this kind. His good humor and firm sense of language help.

THE SUMMER LANDSCAPE, by Rolfe Humphries (Scribner). A new collection of verse by a sensitive and gifted lyric poet. Mr. Humphries moves back and forth easily and perceptively between the actual world and the action of dreams, the recurring seasons, and the troubled weather of the mind. About half of the poems have appeared in this magazine.

•

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A story often told about Paderewski bears repeating. During one of the great pianist's visits to a small town in upstate New York, he took a stroll along the main street one afternoon. He heard a piano, and, following the sound, came to a house on which was a sign reading:

"Miss Brown. Piano lessons 25 cents an hour."

Pausing to listen he heard the young woman trying to play one of Chopin's nocturnes, and not succeeding very well. Paderewski walked up to the house and knocked. Miss Brown came to the door and recognized him at once. Delighted, she invited him in and he sat down and played the nocturne as only he could, afterward spending an hour correcting her mistakes. Miss Brown thanked him and he departed.

Some months later he returned to the town, and took the same walk. He soon came to the home of Miss Brown, and, looking at the sign, read:

"Miss Brown (Pupil of Paderewski). Piano lessons $1.00 an hour."—*R. Ashfield in Your Life, March, 1944.*

One day Paganini, the Italian violinist and composer, passed an organ-grinder wheezing out one of his compositions. He was, naturally, irritated, which in itself shows how the mind acts like a machine. Grabbing the crank—that is, the crank of the organ—he stepped on the gas at the right place, threw it into high and low gear, applied the brakes at the proper points, and made it sound like the wonderful composition that it was. Then he said to the organ-grinder, "Maybe you would like to know who showed you how to play this piece." The organ-grinder said he would. "Well," said the composer, "I'm Paganini, the man who composed it." Next day the great man, in passing, was astonished to see the organ-grinder had erected a large sign above his instrument: PUPIL OF PAGANINI!—*Albert Edward Wiggam in Your Life, September, 1944.*

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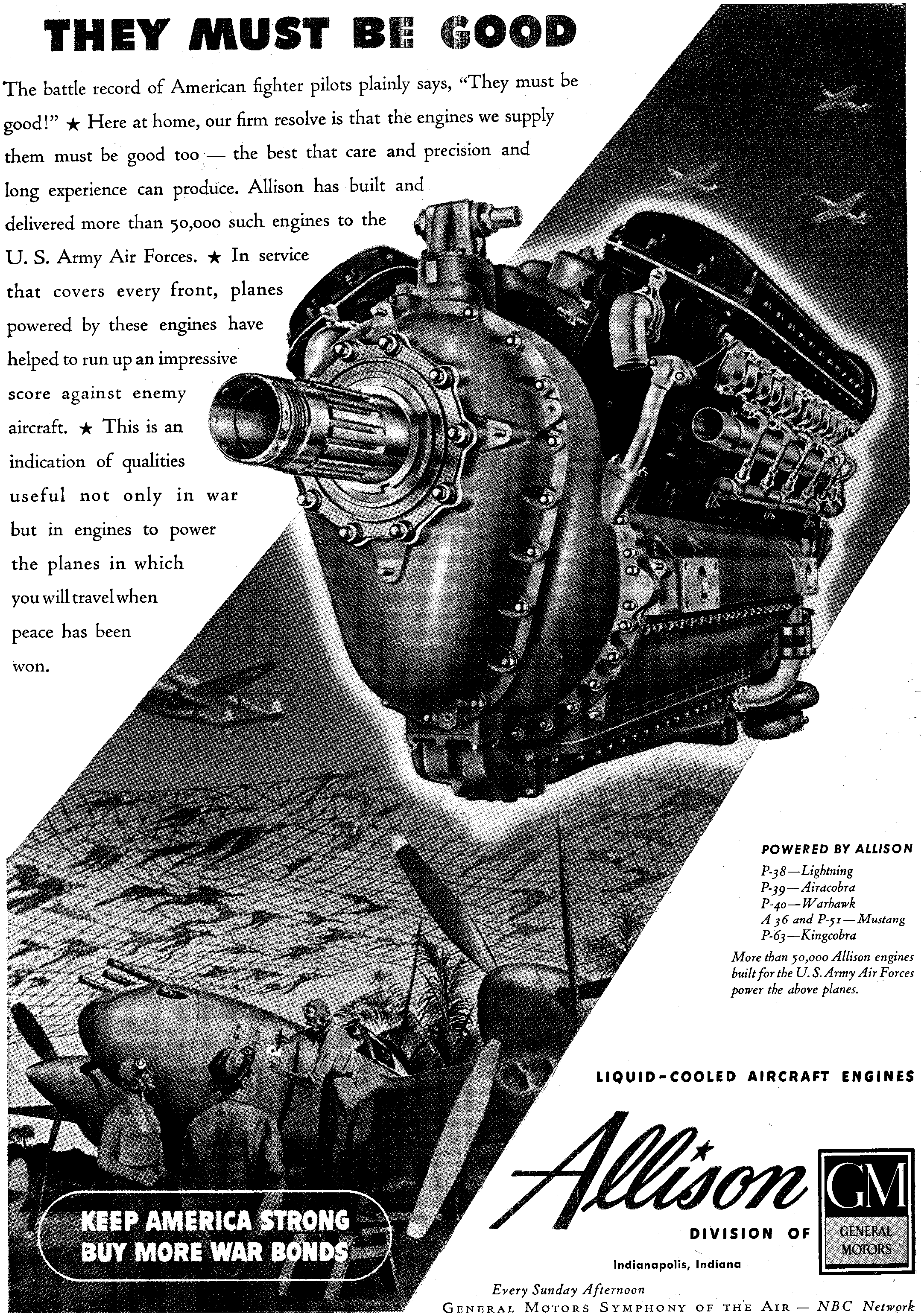

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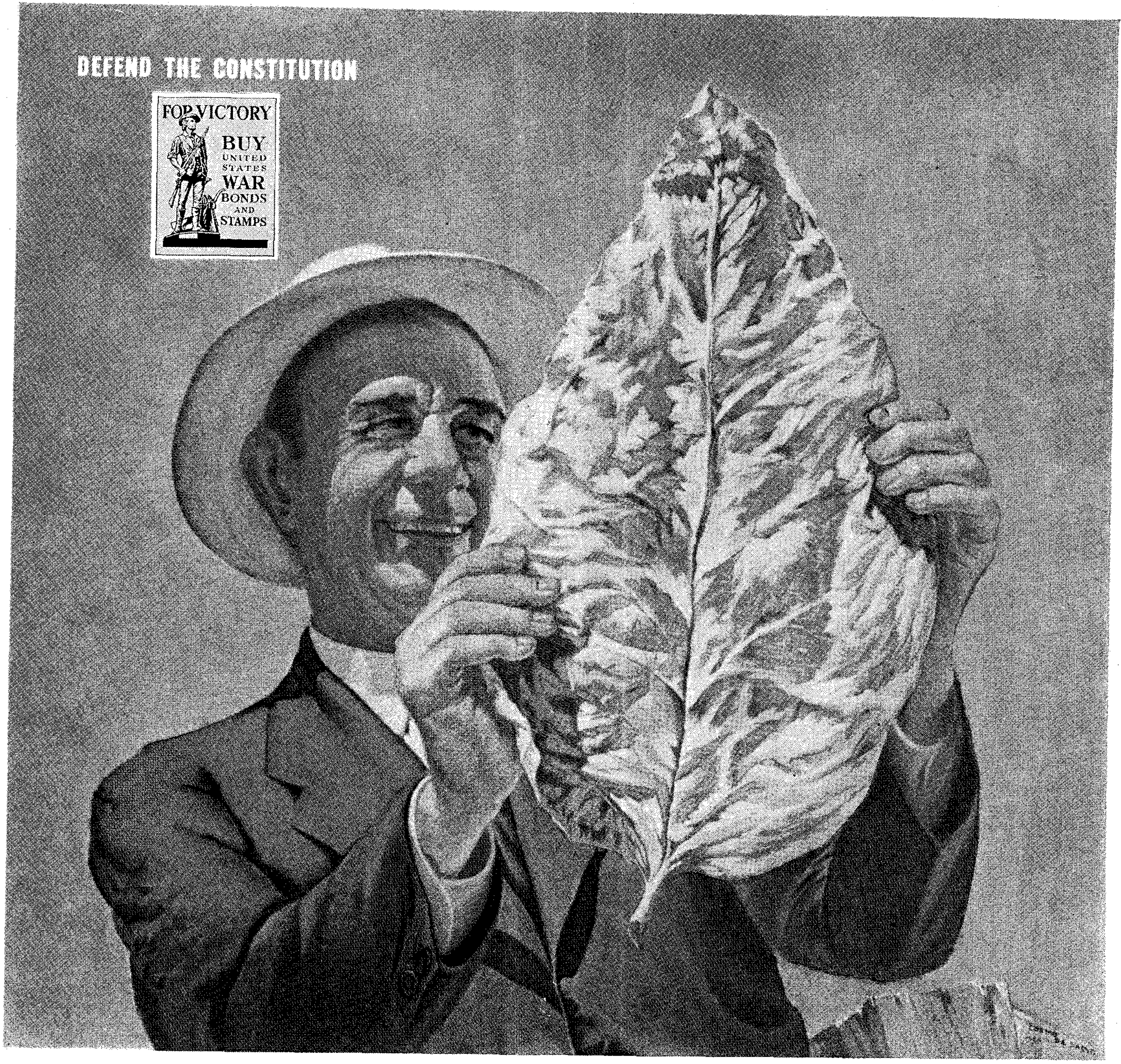
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